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FAIR OXFORD

BY
OPHIA D. SMITH



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EDITOR'S NOTE

I take pleasure in presenting to the loyal friends of the village of Oxford, the Miami University, Oxford College for Women, the Oxford Female Institute, and The Western College for Women this third volume of the Oxford Historical Series. "Fair Oxford" is published now with the hope that it may give pleasure to those who knew Oxford and its schools in the Eighties and Nineties. The second volume, which will take up the early history of the classic village, is in preparation and will be published at a later date.

W. E. Smith

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INTRODUCTION

In the 1870's, Oxford was a quiet, easy-going village. According to the *Oxford Citizen*, the playful cow anon reposed upon and embellished the sidewalks. The pensive goose rested peacefully beside the gutters. In fact, a flock of geese loitered around the town pump on the village square. There was a continuous chorus of cowbells, right in the heart of town, for it was the inalienable right of every citizen to allow his cow to range the town.

High Street was full of mudholes in winter and ankle-deep in dust in summer. Ladies walked down High Street with skirts sweeping up the filth of the sidewalks. On rainy days, they modestly lifted their skirts clear of the mud—with only one hand, mind you, for no lady would lift a skirt with two hands.

In the 1880's Oxford was still trying to become a summer resort. The *Citizen* pointed with pride to clean shady streets, good water, pure air, a magnificent campus with fine shady walks, good society, and unusual recreational facilities, not the least of which was good fishing in the "sparkling Talawanda." The editor's peroration was a noble bit of writing:

The seeker after quiet can here find a harbor where health and happiness will join hands in giving him the boon of vigor and contentment. O, ye seekers after health, do not go to the seaside or the Sunny South to capture it. You can find it here, free as the pure air of heaven. Come and obtain it.

Fine new residences were built by Lloyd & Hewitt, contractors. They were elegant houses with bathrooms containing wooden tubs with tin or copper lining. In 1887, a handsome new school building was dedicated. The kerosene street lights were superseded by electric lights which "almost rivalled sunlight." A little later, homes and public buildings were wired for lights. New residences continued to be built in the 1890's, becoming more and more pretentious in design.

In the Nineties, Oxford had a redoubtable brick-layer, H. S. Thobe, who is known to the present generation as the veteran

baseball and football fan. Fifty years ago, the *Oxford News* printed an orchid of rhyme to him:

The boys stand by and blink one eye
As if up to old tricks;
And still they gaze with much amaze
While Thobe slings the bricks.

Believe it or not, carpets were cleaned in the Oxford parks at housecleaning times. There were certain fastidious people who objected on the theory that dust and germs would spread disease. The carpet-cleaning went right on. Whose parks were they, anyway, the cleaners wanted to know.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, in the summer of 1891, carried a glowing description of Oxford. For quaint, picturesque, rural beauty, Oxford could not be surpassed. In fact, the beauty and salubrity of the town made "the genus summer boarder" "a familiar sight to the Oxonian vision." The *Gazette* prophesied that Oxford might yet hear the music of the electric car as it would dash around the corner of College Avenue and High Street enroute from the C.H.&D. railroad station to the Western Female Seminary, which in Oxford was equivalent to going from Dan to Beersheba.

The reporter noted that there was a distinct difference between East High Street and West High. East High was the Fifth Avenue of Oxford, while West High was Oxford's crowded business mart. There were on West High Street

two or three well stocked dry-goods stores, groceries innumerable, bakeries and meat shops, shoe stores, three drug and bookstores, an "Art Emporium," and two jewelers . . . two photograph galleries.

In 1891, Oxford claimed two thousand inhabitants, many of whom were professors and clergymen. "With such an element and so many and varied educational advantages offered," there was a "refined and cultured society."

Early in January 1895, the Oxford Telephone Exchange opened with a switchboard that could be connected with thirty phones. The *Oxford News* exulted:

Hello Central! Hello No. 9! College! Hello there, at almost anybody you please . . . You have no trouble at all hearing every word spoken . . . Hurrah for Oxford's latest metropolitan acquisition! And, by the way, the Cincinnati and Suburban Company will come round all right presently and let us connect with their system and as they are shortly to have the "Long distance" phones, we will almost be enabled to talk round the

world to ourselves. Here's to Messrs. Adams, Stewart & Adams for their enterprise in working up the company and fitting us out with this telephone system.

In 1895, the new depot was built. The old building and its neglected surroundings looked like the slums of a city. The stockyards and smokestacks and the disorderly surroundings of the mill and the electric light plant were even more dismal in appearance than the old unfenced graveyard with its tangle of undergrowth and weeds. The new depot was dedicated on the Fourth of July, 1896, on the same day that the Oxford Waterworks were formally turned over to its trustees. A display from the fire plugs was made with the old and the new fire engines. A Wild West show with seven real American Indians performed in the public parks. Ten cowboys gave "a thrilling exhibition" of throwing the lariat and riding broncho ponies. The climax of the show was the exciting scene in which a mail coach was robbed by the Indians and cowboys. A parachute, containing live birds, was released from a rocket after a flight of five thousand feet—it was "the greatest wonder of the age." Fireworks, brass bands, bicycle and foot races, greased pigs, open air concerts by colored minstrels, box races, hat races, and "a world of other sports" made memorable a day of jubilant celebration.

The citizens were extraordinarily proud of their new waterworks. Day by day, new hydrants were put in. Nine-tenths of the subscribers, however, used the water only for sprinkling their front lawns.

A new vision—a vision of traction cars running up and down the length of Main Street and two miles of track outside the corporation—burst upon the town in 1897. An electric road from Dayton to Eaton, from Eaton to Richmond, would extend through Fairhaven, Morning Sun, Oxford, Reily, Harrison, and Cincinnati. One car barn and one powerhouse would be built in Oxford. This brave dream never came true, but the citizens had a good time while they were dreaming.

Like all towns, Oxford was what its inhabitants made it. It progressed with the thinking of its citizens. In the following chapters, beginning in 1870 and continuing to 1900, we shall see the people of this community as they amused themselves in their leisure hours, as they battled for reform, as they kept up with the trends of the times in sports, fashions, education, and the arts.

Oxford is a microcosm. In its culture and social habits may be seen the cultural and social habits of the region. This story of Oxford, Ohio, is not a work of statistics and analysis, but a gossipy narration of happenings in the town and on the college campuses. Its social history is an epitome of the social history of the Middle West as it struggled to emerge from provincialism into a more sophisticated state of society.

Each chapter is based on contemporary documents of various kinds—newspapers, scrapbooks, letters, personal recollections, and college records and publications.



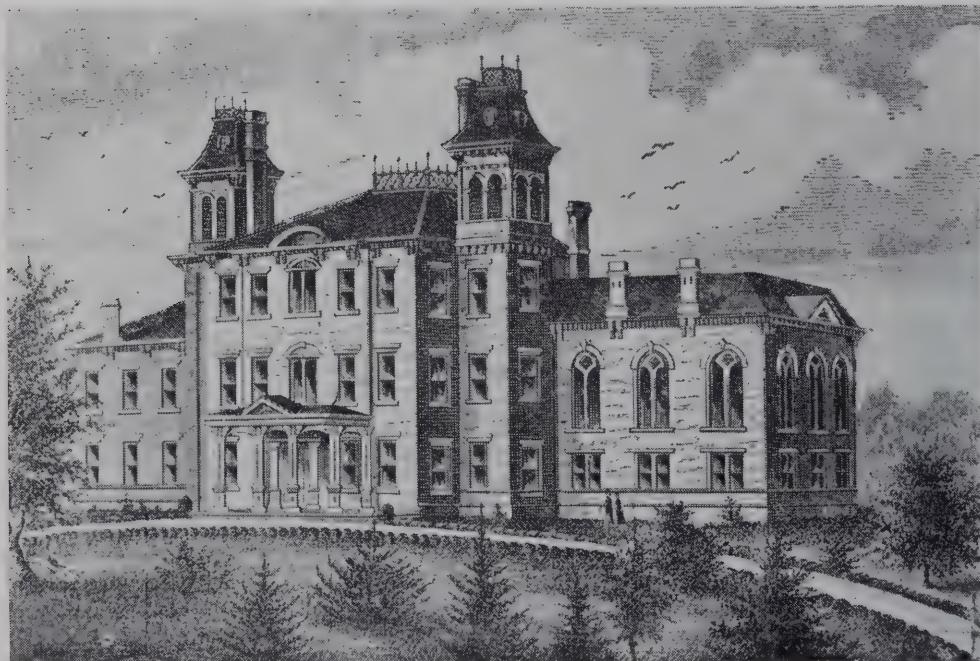
High Street in the 1890's



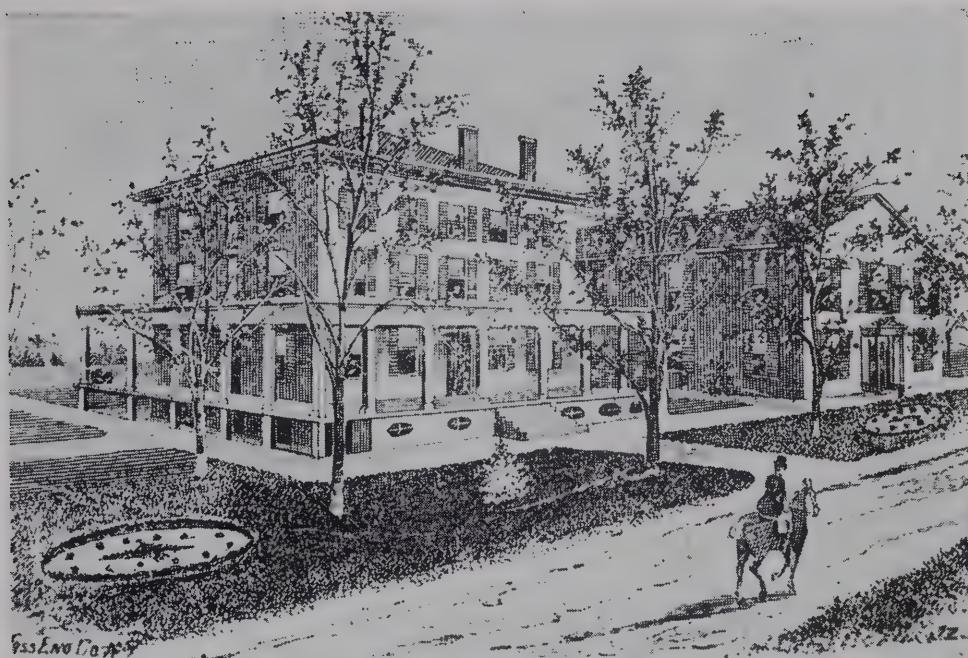
West Park in Civil War Days



Oxford Female College (Fisher Hall)



Miami University in the 1870's



Oxford Female Institute



Oxford Female College, the Institute building remodelled



Young bicyclists of the Nineties



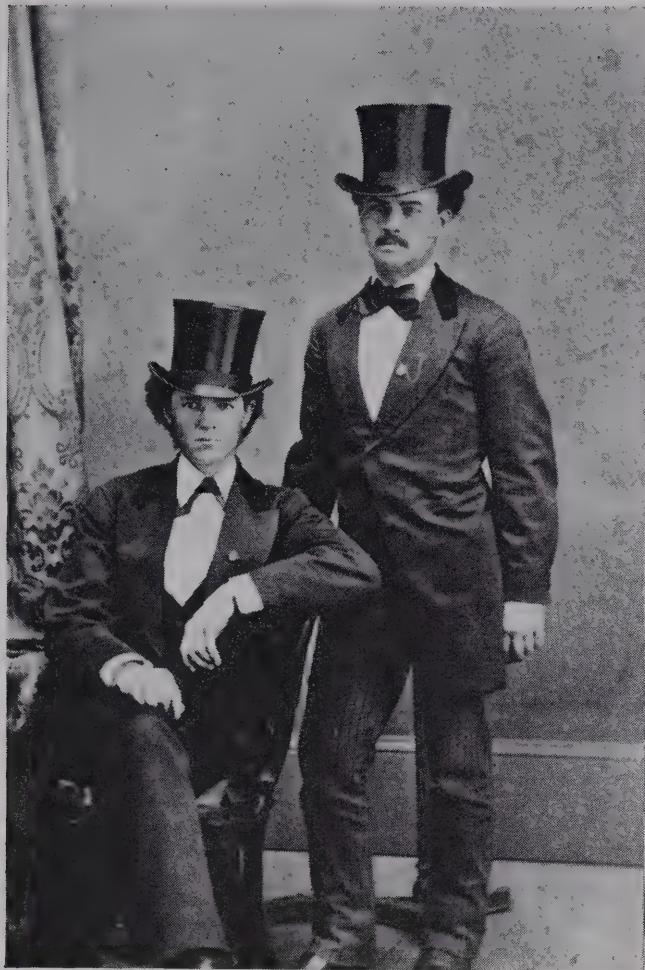
Miami University Banjo Club



The Western Female Seminary, remodelled after the fire of 1871



Miami University Campus in the 1890's



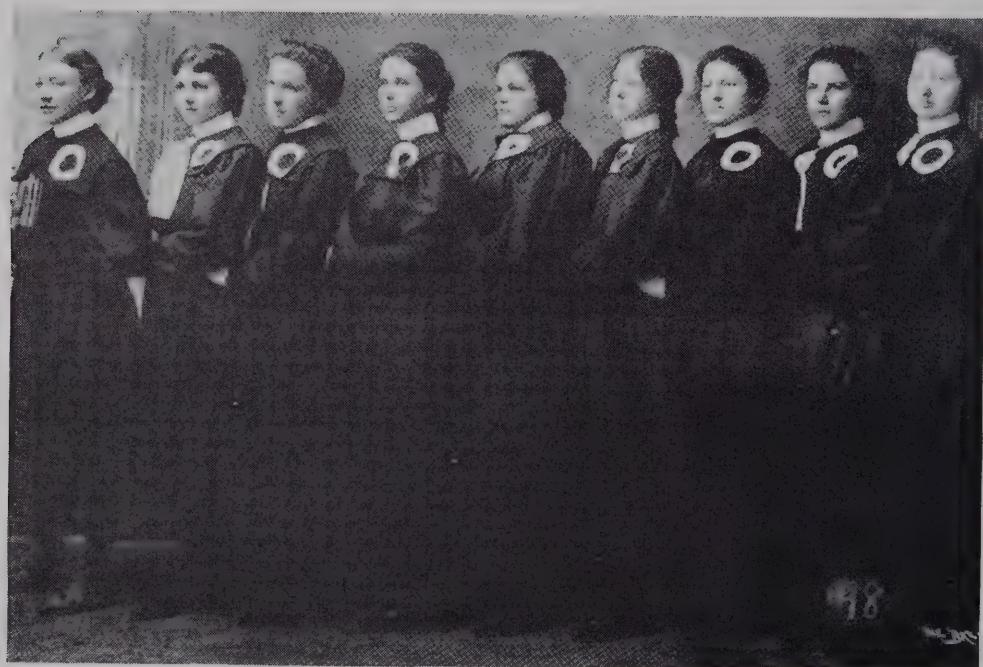
Gentlemen of the Miami Campus



Miss Helen Peabody



The Latin Room at The Western about 1895



Oxford College Basketball Team 1898

CHAPTER I

CLASSIC CITY VANITY FAIR

The social life of Oxford revolved around the churches, the colleges, and the University. The local press gave to its society columns such titles as "The Social Swim" and "Classic City Vanity Fair." The doings of Oxford society were recorded there with more rhetoric than sober reality.

Few records of the social life of the village in the 1870's are available. The girls of that decade liked to dress well, go with the boys, and have a good time. That the young ladies of the 1870's were up to a trick or two, even in church, is suggested by a local rhymester in the *Oxford Citizen* (1872):

Her face it was round, it was rosy,
And pretty as Venus, I think,
And then she would sit there so cosy
And once in a while she would wink.

She looked like a seraph but was no angel, for "No seraph from the Holy City" would titter while at prayer.

The young lady of the 1870's wore her garments skin-tight over a glove-fitting corset. When cold winds blew, she kept her hands warm in gaily decorated plush mittens. A white or black opera shawl protected her from chilling drafts. Switches and false curls enhanced the natural beauty of her crowning glory, and these could be bought from Mrs. T. E. Rockhold, wife of a local colored barber.

College girls were doubly glamorous because they were fenced in by college walls. One young Miamian wrote verses about that psychological mystery, ending his little poem with

Once an aged gray-haired farmer
Said, with manner quite demure,
"Cows won't eat buckwheat straw,
'Less you fence it round secure."

The girls of the Seventies intrigued the college boys with the "mystic book" as well as the mystic look. Each page of the

mystic book was folded, as it was written, and securely sealed, and it was to be opened only according to the instructions written on the outside, which might be for three months or three years.

The campus dandy dressed to attract the young ladies, of course. In 1872, he wore a Dolly Varden cravat, a Dolly Varden shirt, and a Dolly Varden collar. One venerable Senior made himself conspicuous by wearing a Dolly Varden hat. By 1875, the young man of fashion was wearing the "Come and Kiss Me" cravat, "the nobbiest thing out." Young men parted their hair in the middle and carried fancy canes. The Miami boys vied with each other to see who could wear the shortest hair, a fashion thoroughly detested by the girls. The *Miami Student* complained that too many bright boys were slaves to tobacco. A student with a quid or a pipe in his mouth was an all too common sight.

In 1884, young men disported themselves in Alpine hats. In the summer of that year, some of the gentlemen showed their political feeling by wearing Blaine and Logan hats. In the second term of 1888, Miami Seniors appeared in new silk plug hats and Prince Albert coats. The *Miami Journal* remarked, "There's no flies on them." Low-crowned maple-colored stiff hats were stylish in the 1880's, and a gentleman's coat buttoned high with one button, to part generously for a dazzling fancy vest to show through. By 1889, "dudes" were wearing small artificial flowers in their button holes. In 1890, they wore the Tolstoi collar which was startling to behold. The stiffly starched linen triangles stuck out, "like a studding sail," on either side of the Adam's apple.

Gentlemen of the 1890's found the latest styles at Munns & Gerber's, a firm that showed awareness of the aesthetic movement. Awake to the fact that "the arts soften, lighten and ennoble life," they quoted Ouida in their advertisement:

. . . a milk jug shaped gracefully lends its own grace,
like a flower, to the homeliest board upon which it stands.

So, said Munns & Gerber, do well-fitting clothes lend grace to the homeliest man.

The girls of the Eighties were curvaceous, whether Nature made them that way or not. Tight-fitting basques accentuated what was never mentioned in polite society. The braided wire dress form camouflaged bosomly deficiencies. It was lace-

covered, cool, flexible, and clean. A pinched-in waist and well-padded hips were the fashion. Evangelists roared about the nipped-in waist and vowed that God would not "keep a young lady pious" who had her tiny waist "encircled seven times a week by a spider-legged dude." The girls went right on to G. W. Adams' store and bought Ball's Spiral Spring Corsets at one dollar a garment.

The advent of Lily Langtry had a distinct effect upon woman's dress. Lily came to Cincinnati for the first time in 1883, and some of the less pious of the Oxonian elite went down to see "The Jersey Lily." They found the shop windows full of the Langtry jersey, the Langtry toque, the Langtry fan. They came back home and went to Mrs. Susie Williams to have Langtry bangs and Langtry knots made from their combings.

Blue-eyed girls tried to look like the "inviolate" Lily, with eyes "like bluest water seen through mists of rain," "a lily-girl not made for this world's pain." Oscar Wilde had described Mrs. Langtry as the lily of love, pure and inviolate, as a tower of ivory, as a red rose of fire. Romantic maids preened before their mirrors and practised the art of being a tower of ivory, a red rose of fire. Even Joaquin Miller had described Mrs. Langtry as brave and pure as snow, vowing that if he were a bee, he would hum God's garden through till he came to the lovely Lily.

Ten years later, Lily was again uppermost in the minds of Oxonians. *The News* editorialized:

Lily Langtry says that in order to be beautiful, a woman must bathe twice a day. Mrs. Langtry overdoes the matter. Once a day, where health or duty will not interfere. Once a week where vigorous health exists.

By 1885, the Langtry knot was being superseded by short hair. Ellen Terry is said to have introduced that fashion. One mere man opined that if Ellen had known what she was doing, she would have hanged herself before introducing such a horrible fashion. Many of the college girls in Oxford wore short hair. Dick Brandenburg, tonsorial artist, made a specialty of cutting women's hair.

The skirts of the 1880's, with their tortuously draped overskirts, demanded bustles. No lady would appear in company

without her bustle. For sixty cents, a "Three-row Pearl" wire bustle could be acquired, or for only forty cents a "Daisy" could be bought. The Daisy beat them all, so the advertisements said. It had the great advantage of yielding to the slightest pressure and returning immediately to its proper shape. Some village wit claimed to have discovered something three hundred times as sweet as sugar—that substance was eighteen years old and it wore a bustle.

The editor of the *Citizen* had a grievance against the thrifty ladies who made their bustles out of newspapers.

It's pretty tough [he lamented] to think that a man's best journalistic efforts shall thus be set upon. It crushes out all the glory of the profession, and were it not that an editor can feel that he has not only enlightened a woman's mind but improved her shape, he might throw up the sponge in disgust and retire from a world of bustle and deception.

The ladies wore button shoes with tassels at the top, and with them striped stockings. With their pumps they wore clocked stockings. Red, white, blue, and black hose were fashionable, also. A local editor reminded his female friends that two centuries before not one in a thousand wore stockings of any kind. He little dreamed that Oxford women would revert to that ancient mode in less than half a century later.

Dress goods in the mid-Eighties bore the exotic names of Jacquard, boucle, tricot, Crepe de Alma, Gros de Lyon, Satin Berber, Wool de Beige, satin rhadames, merveilleux, and armures. Buttons on women's garments were so large in 1887 that men prophesied that women would soon be snatching a button off in a rainstorm to stick it on a hairpin to use it for an umbrella.

Coulter's "Oxford Bargain House" advertised, "We are an authority on Underwear." There the sophisticated young lady of the 1890's bought black vests. At G. W. Adams' Store, vests of pure silk could be bought at 87½ cents. That store admonished Oxonians with weak chests to buy extra heavy underwear with chest protectors back and front.

Fashions for ladies in 1891 took a masculine turn. Plaited bosoms and plain fiddle bosoms for the lady's shirt were all the rage, but the tail was tucked tidily inside the skirt. The girl of 1893 was described in verse:

She has cast aside the garments that a while ago she wore;
The Eton jacket and the skirt of serge she wears no more;
The sailor hat is put away, and shoes of patent leather
Or dainty russets and the hose that suited summer weather.
The dress she wears today is built upon a different plan;
The jacket's pretty long, and trimmed perhaps with astrakan.

In 1895, ladies wore the "Trilby" shirtwaist, named in honor of the heroine of a current novel which some considered not quite nice.

'Ninety-four brought big sleeves and small sleeves with caps. The Oxford *News* hoped that the "classical city girls" would wait until the Council had time to widen the sidewalks before more "shoulder attachments" were put on their clothes. When Dean Sawyer of The Western went calling, she looked "very stylish in huge sleeves."

Oxford ladies felt that they must always wear their very best to the Senior reception at The Western. Mrs. McFarland wrote of such an occasion:

Daisy [McCullough] looked beautiful in a pink silk dress, overdress pink brocade, low neck, short sleeves, long gloves, underskirt trimmed with soft ruffles of chiffon, overskirt coming down in points over the ruffles . . . Lizzy [McFarland] fixed over her light surah silk with small sleeves with caps, and trimmed the waist with lace, and made a bonnet of green velvet, lace and flowers. When the rain was pouring down when they were coming home and the old hack was leaking, Mrs. Langsdorf was greatly troubled lest Lizzie's bonnet would be spoiled.

On a certain Sunday, Mrs. McFarland noted the hats at church. Never before, she said, had she seen such hats. "They were of many shapes and colors or rather of many colors and all colors combined on the same chapeau and the colors in costumes similar."

A ripple of excitement grew into a veritable wave in college halls and village when a French dressmaker arrived at Oxford College in 1896. She came to make the gowns of Jane and Julia Hardin to wear at the wedding of their brother to Ruth Stevenson, daughter of the Vice President of the United States.

The new styles of Ninety-eight disturbed Mrs. McFarland. "How inconvenient the tight skirts are," she said, "the pictures of ladies standing, leaning against chair backs, tables, &c are funny."

* * * *

In the 1880's, hostesses gave thought to their parties. The old-

time taffy-pulling was giving way to more elaborate entertaining. Marion Thayer, newly-arrived from the city of Cincinnati, scorned bucolic forms of entertainment. When her friends, the Misses Reno and Avery, visited her in the old Stanton Mansion on Spring Street, she gave a dancing party. Under the stairs in the spacious hall, two violins and a cello discoursed gay tunes. The two parlors and the hall provided plenty of dancing space. The preparations for that party had not been serene. Unknown to her mother, Marion instructed a negro boy to shave candles and dance them into the floor. Dutifully the boy bought the candles, shaved them, and cakewalked and jigged the shavings into the floors. Marion was dismayed to find that those candles were not made of wax, but of tallow. They perfumed the house with such a very tallowy smell, the rooms had to be thoroughly scrubbed with liberal applications of soft soap. Then the house smelled of both suet and soap. It took months for the rooms to lose their peculiar aroma.

Mr. Ed Hill, aesthete, celebrated the Fourth of July, 1884, by giving a lawn fete, an ever popular form of summer entertainment in Oxford.

The mellow moonlight and the gleaming torches alone made a pretty sight but when added to this the number of lovely Chinese lanterns, the banks of flowers, the camp chairs here and there, great pyramids of hollyhocks and the snowy tables, festooned with Virginia creepers, glittering with china and silver and the napkins containing a button-hole bouquet for every guest, made it a sight both picturesque and beautiful.

Every lady present wore some fleecy white goods . . . and to Misses Mary Keely, Bertie Bauman and Frankie Newton much praise was accorded in assisting Mr. Ed in receiving the guests and arraying the tables.

Ices and cakes were served, and the evening passed all too soon "in one round of jolly amusements."

About two weeks later, this artistic young man "electrified" "a few of Oxford favored ones" by giving an art reception.

On Tuesday afternoon he gathered around a table spread in the most *recherche* style a group of his neighbors— . . . all dressed in great style and elegance. After a refreshing repast of cake and most delicious ice cream (the work of his own hands) he entertained his friends with exhibitions of his work in china painting.

A rustic amusement was the moonlight hop. To the lilting

strains of violin, guitar or mandolin, the dance on the green by the light of the moon was enjoyed by young people, especially. The old ones liked it, too, but were less prone to take advantage of the shadows.

Young ladies in Oxford observed the urban custom of receiving on New Year's Day. They dressed in their best and counted their gentlemen callers as carefully as city belles. Since the town was so small, and gentlemen so few, the girls received in quartettes and sextettes, as the case might be. Young men donned their Prince Albert coats and tall silk hats and sallied forth to call on their lady friends.

Winter months brought oyster stews and sleigh rides with pretty girls and "frozen kisses" and two hands in one end of a muff. Calico suppers, church fairs and leap year parties were occasions for rollicking fun.

When December rolled around, the Oxford girl began to size up her best beau's feet with an eye to working a pair of slippers for his Christmas gift. The ultra-fashionable young lady worked his initial on an elegant silk handkerchief with a lock of her very own hair. A new craze in photography came in in 1886. Likenesses of fair ladies were photographed upon silk handkerchiefs, scarves, and hat-markers for gentlemen friends.

A new book came out in 1887, a book destined to fill a long-felt want in fashionable society, said the *Citizen*. It was Kate Sanborn's *How to be Entertaining Though Stupid*. A new game came into favor that year. It was called the Boston Donkey. We call it Pinning the Donkey's Tail nowadays.

Something new—a phantom masquerade—was given by Miss Fannie McFarland at Stanton House to about forty guests on February 9, 1888. "The mazy dance" held sway till eleven o'clock, when masks were removed and "quietude reigned supreme" while a bountiful repast was served. Refreshed, the frolicsome phantoms danced until morning. "Phantom masquerade" was only an elegant name for the ordinary "sheet-and-pillowcase party."

The apron and necktie party came in in 1888. Each lady provided herself with matching apron and necktie. She wore the apron and handed the necktie in a sealed envelope to the

hostess. Just before the grand march, the envelopes, alike in size and shape and color, were handed to the gentlemen. Each young man, after drawing out his necktie, sought the lady with the matching apron and took charge of her for the evening.

Daisy McCullough introduced the "white lilac tea" in lilac time in 1889. Five girls dressed in white went to Daisy's for tea, and "several gentlemen" came in in the evening. The tea was given in honor of Marion Thayer who was leaving the next day for Montreal to visit her fiance's sister. White lilacs made the society column again in 1893 when Mary Kumler gave an "At Home" at the Kumler mansion (Beta House) at 200 East High Street. The parlors were filled with white lilacs, "while delicate refreshments were served in the dining rooms at small tables trimmed with the same flower."

It was in 1889 that Oxford saw its first coming-out party. Mary Kumler was Oxford's first debutante. Her debut was made in January, Jennie Richey's in October, and Winona Barbour's in December. The village paper pronounced Mary's party brilliant, Jennie's superb, and Winona's "one of the most brilliant social occasions of the season." The Barbour house, which is now the Westminster House at 14 South Campus, was "brightly illuminated, wax tapers being burned in many appropriate places." "An elegant course of refreshments were served in the dining room at ten o'clock."

Under the heading, "The Social Swim," the doings of Oxford society were faithfully reported in 1889. An October issue described a reception given by Mrs. Frank Grulee in honor of Mrs. Bain from Chicago.

It was one of those exclusively feminine affairs that from their very nature, being feminine, are delightful. The receiving ladies wore imported gowns of exquisite material in that pretty shade known as "old rose."

The ladies assisting the hostess wore "becoming toilets" of black silk, black lace with coral jewels, and ecru India silk. Daisy McCullough and Julia Bishop chatted with the most fashionable and important ladies of the town "in the tea rooms."

When Mrs. Palmer Smith gave a tea in honor of her guest, Mrs. Fletcher, the *News* remarked:

A "Tea to ladies means to them very much the same as a "Club Dinner" to gentlemen. Entirely on their own, no one not thoroughly congenial to all within the charmed circle . . . Bright stories, the admissible "tiny bit of gossip," lots of wit and of seriousness just enough to give a tone of sincerity to all.

After tea, Miss Jennie Richey was asked to sing. She "gracefully responded." Miss Marion Thayer, who had not "delighted listeners with a recitation for a long time, proved to them that with her elocution [was] not a lost art."

With the advent of a new faculty, largely composed of young bachelors, at Miami in 1888, came more elegance in entertaining. Dr. Faye Walker, president of Oxford Female College, contemptuously referred to the young professors as the "Dude Faculty."

On a March evening in 1891, Mrs. Georgia Horner and daughter Lizzie "elegantly entertained about a hundred friends." The parlors were "beautifully decorated and brightly illuminated." In a bay window, hidden by a bank of flowers and plants, an Italian harpist "sent forth many sweet strains of music." A supper of three courses was served. At a late hour, "the brilliant conversation ceased and goodbyes were said." The guest list, with President and Mrs. Warfield at the top, reads like a social register.

A member of the Dude Faculty was not above attending less pretentious affairs. Professor Collins, being gay and adaptable, was master of ceremonies at a party given by the Young Ladies Christian Temperance Union to the young men of the Miami Young Men's Christian Association. The young professor presided over the game of "Conversations," and no doubt listened with relish to the closing feature of the evening, a debate. The subject for debate was, Resolved, That cider is a harmless beverage. The negative won.

The summer of 1891 found a number of young ladies of the town spending the summer in a Miami University dormitory. Oxford was trying hard to be a fashionable summer resort. Local girls, by summering in the dormitory with out-of-town girls, took an inexpensive but modish vacation. Among the out-of-town ladies was Gertrude Smith of Cincinnati, who had the distinction of being a contributor to *Harper's Magazine*. The slow pace of

the campus social life was occasionally quickened by a dancing party or a watermelon feast.

The latest fad that summer was "progressive hammocks." It never failed as a means of raising money for benevolent purposes. The hostess swung a number of hammocks in shady places and invited young ladies to swing in them. Young fellows paid a fee to get in, then they picked their hammocks. Every time a bell rang, the gentlemen had to move on. After the rounds were made, a vote was taken to determine who might be the best conversationalist, and the men paid for the privilege of voting. Any young man found with powder or a long hair on his coat was "soaked with a heavy fine." But, perhaps, the penalty was cheap, at that. It was a saying then, and it still holds true, that a kiss is sweet not because it contains saccharine matter, but because a man does not know what else to call it when he feels the effect traveling through his system on a lightning express with no stop-overs.

It was in 1892 that *The Man About Town*, a local columnist, remarked that Oxford did not have a Four Hundred like New York, but that there was a select dozen or so. The editor of the *News* christened the younger set "The Buds." In 1893 he observed: "What a merry time the 'Buds' do have with their little social gatherings, hops, circus parties and moonlight rambles. They are really the life of the Beau monde."

In the Nineties, dancing was just as popular in the country as in the town. Rural hostesses cleared two rooms of furniture and placed a canvas on the floor. Cotillion, waltz, and schottische followed in quick succession until a late hour. An intermission gave the couples time to line up around the walls of the rooms and partake of oranges and cakes and other delicacies provided by the hostess. In 1894, there was a Moonlight Dancing Club, a rural organization that sometimes brought out as many as two hundred people to dance on a smooth lawn in town or in the country. A cake was generally awarded to the handsomest couple.

In the fall of 1893, a dancing master from Hamilton visited the classic city to see about opening a dancing school. That started again the controversy about dancing. *The Man About Town* complained that the dancing teacher wanted the daughters of "the

best people," "as dancing in its best form is now considered an accessory of aristocracy." The columnist did not know how to dance, but he noticed regretfully that many of "the worthy" indulged in "the intoxicating diversion," in spite of stubborn opposition to it.

Strangely enough [wrote *The Man About Town*] both divinity, according to scripture, and the devil used dancing as a means to an end. Our modern exercise, however, is a different style of dancing from that which swayed the actors in Biblical times. We do not read of these Scriptural people mingling the sexes in close embrace and gyrating over acres of waxed floor for a whole night at a time. That part of the scriptures which I have read do not record these amorous antics in the dancing of the fine old people in those times . . . Neither are the round dances of today as harmless and modest as the Virginia reel or the quadrille. The pulpit has always resounded with denunciations of the dancing custom, yet the lambs and the lambkins of the flock break through the fold and disport themselves sinuously to the seductive strains of the waltz whenever opportunity offers. The embrace of the male and female in modern dance is as close and as prolonged hugging as one wants to see without participating in it. I think there are a number of forms of Terpsichorean exercise in this day which afford a trifle too much freedom of the sexes.

Once Dr. Alston Ellis (Miami '67), superintendent of the Hamilton Public Schools, addressed a farmers' institute in Oxford on "Literature in the Home." He deplored the frivolous forms of amusements and pointed out the advantages of good literature in the home. He urged parents to play games with their children and to enter into their amusements. He must have recommended cards and dancing in the home, for a week later an indignant answer to Dr. Ellis from an Indiana farmer appeared in the *Oxford Citizen*:

. . . Around this institution [the American home] . . . have sprung up to guard it . . . various unwritten but inexorable social laws . . . Under these laws were a stranger to come into your parlor, for aught you know with a nature as corrupt as that of the Prince of Wales, and five minutes after being introduced to your daughter . . . lay hold of her person with the familiarity allowed in the ballroom you would kick that man over your front gate, and every family in the community would say Amen.

Now pray explain how a thing is wrong, abhorrent, . . . in your private parlor and perfectly modest, pure and ennobling in the ballroom. I have seen attitudes of the sexes with reference to each other, in the ballroom for whose invention, if they were not intended to make the sexual nerves tingle, I could see no reason under the shining sun; and yet the dance is called elevating . . .

Nor have I anything better to say of cards . . . There is a corrupting principle in all games of chance.

Dancing and cards held sway till early morning, when the Beta Theta Pi fraternity brought the year 1893 to a brilliant close with a reception at their hall. In one corner of the room, a punch bowl of innocent lemonade refreshed elegantly attired young ladies and gentlemen. Those enjoying the festive occasion were: Misses Bessie and Leontine Hamilton, Etta and Jeannette Gath, Delia Cone, Constance Bierce, Olive Flower, Nellie Young, and Ida Fenton; Messrs. Lou and Mont Munns, Everett Bierce, George Eastman, Asher Work, Paul Hoffman, Sam Richey, John Keely, Dwight Hinckley, Harry Fenton, Minor Markle, George Shera and Charles Greer. Nine girls to fourteen boys!

Two things disturbed the serenity of the village in 1894. The game of dominoes and the controversy concerning the toothpick. The Man About Town sided with the opponents of the toothpick. "By all means let the toothpick vanish from public use," said he. "It should never be used at the dinner table nor used in the presence of ladies."

The *Miami Student* was irritated by the swinging gait affected by fashionable ladies on the street. Regular exercise on the end of a broom, barked a contributor, would secure that gait to perfection. "Oxford girls take notice."

The Man About Town extended condolence to the young ladies who had thus far failed to capture a president or a professor of Miami University:

Don't lose heart or hope, fair ladies, there are yet five unmarried professors connected with Miami and every one of them is a jewel. Set your cap once more, get up card parties or taffy pullings and above all while attentively polite do not let the young men see you fairly dying over them. If you should fail in capturing a Master of Arts, keep sufficiently cool to try and capture one of Oxford's handsome young business men. A parting word, do not let your mother do the sparkling.

Christmas 1894 brought another round of festivities. The Misses Hamilton gave a "Progressive Proposals" party on Christmas Eve. Prizes were awarded for the best proposals. Three days after Christmas, "a gay company of Oxford's bravest and fairest indulged in a romantic ride" to Liberty, Indiana. "The excursion was styled 'a hayride'."

The female colleges played their part in the 1890's in lifting the tone of social functions to a high level. Miss Levy, at Oxford College, was noted for her elegant dinners.

A typical reception at The Western was given for Mrs. Haberly, art lecturer, in 1894. A Dayton harpist "discoursed elegant music." Miss Woodworth of the Cincinnati College of Music sang. Sixteen young ladies dressed in white and carrying pink roses gave a rose drill. About 150 Oxonians were there, the ladies in "full evening gowns" and the gentlemen "in full dress."

A number of young ladies gave "a very swell" Hallowe'en party for the Phi Delta Thetas in 1895, "in that society's elegant hall." Great bundles of cornstalks on the floor, surrounded by pumpkins, lent a rural autumnal atmosphere. Small pumpkin faces, made by fair hands, covered "the many electric lamps." The name of each member was attached to a pumpkin face by a dainty pink ribbon. Molasses taffy, apples, pumpkin pie, pop corn and cider were served by "waiters." At ten o'clock, Rocco Bovo, Hamilton harpist, played for the dancers till midnight. The glide polka and the waltz were the favorite dances. The two-step was just coming in. Hallowe'en jokes kept the evening lively, and the boys were presented with small turnips tied with ribbons in lieu of flowers.

January 1896 brought a reception that was the talk of the town. "Never since the old school days," said the *Oxford News*, "when Dr. Scott was president, has the Oxford Retreat building [Fisher Hall] been the scene of so brilliant an assemblage." The occasion was a reception given by Doctor and Mrs. George F. Cook for Doctor and Mrs. Harvey Cook, just returning from their honeymoon in the South. Corridors and parlors were fragrant with lilies and roses, ferns and tropical plants. Strains of distant music mingled with the words of welcome as the guests arrived. The bride was attired in a handsome evening dress of cream Duchess satin with pearl ornaments. Her mother wore a black brocade skirt with a Dresden silk waist "in handsome combination." The groom's mother was regal in black satin with heliotrope and chiffon trimmings. Under the supervision of Langdon & Company of Cincinnati, supper was served to eighty guests, "a wealth of the choicest viands that ever tempted the palate of the

most exacting epicure." Dancing to harp and violin engaged the younger people until a late hour.

Perhaps the most novel entertainment of 1896 was Ed Hill's party at his home on South Main Street (the present Van Ausdall Cottage). Forty guests from Liberty (Indiana), Dayton (Ohio), Cincinnati, and Oxford were entertained in the afternoon and evening. Shouts of laughter came from the back yard where the New Woman was showing what she could do with man's work.

Ed offered to the contestants in games and contests a number of his own water colors as prizes. The first event was a wood-sawing contest, the second a kindling-chopping contest. There was a coal-shoveling contest, and a wheeling-coal-into-the-shed contest. Charlotte Law was the best carpenter—she could drive a nail through the hardest oak board. Azalia Hunt filled her basket full of potatoes more quickly than any other girl, while her companion proved to be the best and fastest potato digger. The contests closed with a grass-cutting contest—with a sickle.

After supper on the lawn, the gentlemen tried their skill at the womanly arts. Smith Dubois was the best milliner, and J. R. Bickly the best of the "Deke" group in sewing lace on Deke aprons. Games played for prizes were the penny game, the flower game, the construction game, and "the popular people" game.

In spite of the uneasiness of war time, 1898 was a gay year, by Oxford social standards. With the warm days of March came the rising of the sap in the sugar maples. To the sugar camp of S. B. Douglas, in a beautiful spot on the banks of the Talawanda, repaired a merry party. The boys took captive a chicken from a neighboring roost and roasted it in primitive style, feathers and all. Potatoes roasted in the ashes, a la Johnny Appleseed, and roasted eggs made an acceptable al fresco meal, which was topped off with maple sugar as dessert.

A gypsy party was something new in Oxford in 1898. King and Queen, Counts and Countesses read the palms of the guests, and told their fortunes in the teacups. The Sybilla, Delia Cone, entertained a large crowd at the wagon, surrounded by horses and dogs. Countess Sara Norris was there, and Princess Nellie Keely, busy with their duties. Horse trader and street fakir were

represented there. Big Chief Al Sloane gave a war dance with Buck Sullenberger. An Italian (?) and a bear (?) gave an exhibition, and a dog fight—town versus country—added zest to the entertainment. A gay time the gypsies had at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. White. "Long live the tribe of Romany!" said those who were present at the merrymaking.

The young people had played "progressive hammocks" and "progressive proposals." In September, Jeanette Gath invited her friends to enjoy "progressive conversations" at a garden party. Forty of the town's most elegant young gentlemen and charming young ladies attended.

* * * *

In every well-appointed parlor of the Seventies, Eighties, and Nineties, there were sets of stereoscopic views, the pictures neatly stacked on the center table with the two-eyed stereoscope resting nonchalantly by their side. At the stationery counter at The Western Female Seminary you could buy a set of twenty-five stereoscopic views of the Seminary grounds as early as 1877.

By 1890, Oxford was seeing stereopticon views projected on a screen. Pictures of the West and illustrated songs, sacred and popular, were shown with colored slides. Tear-jerkers like *Just as the Sun Went Down* were always good for a knot in the throat.

At Davis Hall, on June 25, 1878, "Edison's greatest invention, the speaking phonograph! Talking Machine, The Miracle of the 19th Century" was exhibited. The handbills showed a metal cylinder anchored to a board, and a lady standing by, modishly dressed and coiffured, gazing pensively at this wonder of the age, daintily touching it with the tip of one delicate finger. The handbill proclaimed to all:

The Phonograph is a Machine, that will Record upon a Sheet of Metal all Sounds Talking, Singing and Instrumental Music, and from these records the machine can be made to repeat several hundred times whatever they contain, either now or at any time in the future.

Thus Messages or Phonogrammes can be recorded by the machine, and the thin sheet of metal removed and sent away to a friend or business correspondent possessing a similar instrument, and he can hear his friend talking to him.

In this way we may store up the voices of our friends and after they have left us, whether only for a season or forever, we can still hear them converse with us . . .

To specially accommodate those who not only desire to hear

the Phonograph speak, but also to inspect and examine it closely, exhibitions will be given during the day, when those present will be afforded opportunity to test and examine the machine. Those desirous of so doing should attend the day exhibitions, as at the evening entertainment this privilege can necessarily be only afforded to very few.

Admission 25 cents; Children 15 cents.

This exhibition was given in Oxford only three years after Edison had set forth the possibilities of the phonograph in an article in the *North American Review*. He predicted its use in connection with the telephone for recording conversation, a procedure that was not perfected until nearly forty years later.

In 1895, Ira Stout was giving phonographic concerts in and around Oxford for several weeks. The *Kenyon News* said of Mr. Stout's entertainment in Gambier:

If any of our citizens missed the phonograph songs and speeches, we feel sorry for them; for never has our city had a more enjoyable entertainment. We have frequently put our nickel in a slot machine and put the tubes to our ears and heard one smothered song, but with the new improved machines a trumpet is attached and the whole audience can hear as plainly as if a choir were singing. A full house was the best evidence that our citizens fully appreciated it.

In 1897, a cinematoscope was brought to town from a week's engagement in Columbus and twenty-two weeks in Cincinnati. By the aid of this "greatest electrical wonder of the age," Edison films were shown at the Town Hall. The cinematoscope was akin to the cinematograph and vitascope, but was superior in some ways. All used Edison films. By special invitation, one of these machines had recently been exhibited before Emperor Francis Joseph and the Imperial Court in Vienna. It had likewise been shown before President Faure of France and his household. In fact, according to the handbill, it had made the round of the principal courts of Europe, charming and fascinating all who saw it.

The *Oxford News* (February 5, 1897) described the cinematoscope:

The principle on which it works depends primarily on perfected photography. The films referred to above consist of strips of appropriate material 150 feet long, and on them photographs taken of the subjects selected at the rate of several thousands a minute. It is done so rapidly that every movement is caught, and in the projecting machine, by the aid of a powerful light reproduced on the screen with perfect faithful-

ness . . . Here moving infantry troops, marching cavalry, trains arriving and departing, and the bustle of a city street, etc. Nothing is lacking but the sounds and noises. Some positively refuse to believe the reality of the animation of these pictures until they have seen them . . . Oxonians are fortunate to see this machine right at home.

The advertisement was exciting enough to attract every child in the community and give their parents an excuse to go to see this wonderful machine. It read:

You see, . . . not merely the picture of an express train, but the great engine, natural size, come puffing on, and dash by at a dizzy speed. Not merely a picture of children is seen, but of boys romping, and playing leap frog as natural as life. Wrestling matches and prize fights are as plain before you in every step and motion, even to the expression on the faces of the contestants . . . In one scene, the fire engine and the hook and ladder crew dash by, going to a conflagration on Broadway, New York. In the next you see the tongues of fire shooting forth from the doors and windows and the collapsing roof of the burning building, and the smoke rolling up in clouds, and the firemen at work endeavoring to quench the ravenous flames and save imperiled human life . . .

The scenes range all the way from the sublime to the ridiculous; both domestic and foreign subjects—*instructive, dramatic and humorous*. Nothing indecent or immodest. Our purpose is to instruct and entertain.

Two weeks later the producer returned to Oxford. New views and additional graphophone selections attracted even those who had been there before. The *News* said: "To say that the cinematoscope is wonderful is putting it mildly . . . It goes just a little further than the ordinary individual's credulity until he actually sees it."

Such entertainments were well attended at the Town Hall whenever they came to town. The Vitascope and gramophone were soon entertaining at all kinds of social functions, also.

Another machine shown in Oxford was the projecting kinetoscope, "the latest and most marvelous product of the Edison Laboratory." It was shown in the summer of 1898. Without stirring from Oxford, the everyday life of far-away countries was seen. Realistic scenes in the Cuban war were brought before the eye, every motion of the troops on the march was seen as plainly as if in the camp itself.

Between these primitive movies, Oxonians amused themselves by playing with the Ouija board which was introduced about 1892.

The church played a very important part in the social life of the village. Entertainments of many forms were given to raise funds for many purposes—a new carpet, a new organ, or even new shingles for the little house out back at the parsonage.

The members of the Ladies' Sewing Societies gave socials regularly in their own homes and in the churches. The Presbyterian ladies, in the 1870's, met on alternate Thursdays. Woe to the member who was absent or tardy, or brought her own sewing! She had to pay a fine of ten cents. To discourage mothers from bringing their children to the meetings, a tax of ten cents a child was levied. When the ladies sewed at the church, the husbands joined their wives there for supper. It was a frugal meal, for culinary vanities were not allowed. Any lady who brought cake or sweetmeats to the supper was subject to a fine of two dollars on the spot. After the dishes were washed, there was a prayer meeting and a social hour.

Sunday School excursions to the Zoo, Sunday School picnics and Christmas entertainments lightened the somewhat rigid regimen of Bible study for the children. They were rewarded at Christmas time with candy and oranges. Santa Claus always remembered the minister and his wife with something very practical.

An occasional lawn party enlivened the social scene and brought in much-needed revenue. Strawberries or ice cream and cake, croquet, and music were the standard attractions of a lawn fete.

The most pretentious church affair in the 1870's was the Art Loan Exhibition given by the Presbyterians. Special handbills enumerated the unusual attractions offered in the "last week of the Oxford Loan Exhibition." A tea party; a fine exhibition of bread, butter, biscuits, cakes, jellies and canned fruits; an evening coffee party—gentlemen free—lured the Oxonians and their loose change the first of the week. Thursday was "positively" the "last opportunity" to see the "Rare, Curious, Noted and Beautiful Collection by daylight." Coffee and sandwiches could be had for ten cents; ice cream and cake, ten cents; oyster stews, only twenty cents. Admission to the Exhibition was ten cents, a silver dime.

In the 1880's, church fairs, socials, lectures and concerts helped to fill treasuries and entertained the public. Drills were nearly always a feature on the program of any entertainment given by school or church. A broom drill, given by the Presbyterians in 1883, is typical. The young ladies wore cheesecloth costumes. A band of red cloth trimmed the bottom of the white skirts, and red sashes defined slender waistlines. Each girl wore a red cap, its peak falling nonchalantly to one side of the head. Sewed to the tip of the peak were little bells that jingled delightfully as the comely maids marched and countermarched in military style, accoutred with gaily decorated brooms—the brushes covered with red cloth, the handles tied with red bows.

The next year (1884), the Presbyterians staged an elegant two-day entertainment at the Town Hall which was pronounced an "unbounded, universal, overwhelming success." It was in the style and form of an Old English village, street signs and all. There was an admission fee, and flowers and fancy articles were sold in the several booths. Music and elocution held sway in the evenings. A performance of the operetta, *Little Bobby Shaftoe*, was the main attraction one evening. Jennie Richey, Florence Mitchell, and Master Frank McCracken sang the leading roles.

The Presbyterian ladies again buckled on their armor and waged a noble battle against the old enemy, Depleted Treasury, in 1892. They opened their Easter Bazaar—an innovation—in the Town Hall on the afternoon of April 14. The Banjo and Guitar Club of Miami University, assisted by Professor and Mrs. Snyder, furnished the music on the first evening. On the next evening, President Thompson of the University lectured. On the third evening, the young ladies of The Western Female Seminary gave the program. The last evening was Oxford College night, winding up the whole affair with a highly rhetorical discourse by Doctor Faye Walker.

For one dime you could enter the bazaar, where cakes, jellies, canned fruits and Boston brown bread were on sale. For another dime you could stay for supper and hear the entertainment. The menu included sliced ham, biscuits, Boston brown bread and white bread, chicken salad, Saratoga chips, coffee and tea. There was a booth for each work day of the week in which supplies

could be bought for "Wash Day," "Ironing Day," "Reception Day," "Baking Day," et cetera.

Young gentlemen turned out in great numbers to see the college girls who were sure to be there. At a church bazaar, college girls were as good as cold cash, any time.

Entertainments were not confined to the white churches. The African Methodist Church in 1893 sponsored a debate between Richard Jewell and Henry Tanner on the subject, "Which is the greater, the pulpit or the press?" Jewell was certain that the press was the greatest educator of all time, while Tanner considered the pulpit the greatest moralizer of any era. Tanner contended that of all the churches the Baptist Church was the greatest. He clinched his argument with this statement, "You can open your Bible, look for the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian, and you will be sure to find John the Baptist every time."

A ballad-concert given at the United Presbyterian Church early in 1894 was typical of the many church entertainments organized and directed by Mrs. Henry Snyder. Nearly fifty performers took part. The Miami Mandolin and Guitar Club opened the program. Professor Snyder was there to show his stereopticon views. Just as a magnificent ocean liner in full motion was flashed upon the screen, Howard Brittain, basso, began to sing *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*, rolling out his tones "with a swing, volume, and expression that would have done credit to a concert singer." Mrs. Snyder, "a heaven-born artist," sang in German "with intense dramatic fire." Her encore "touched the heart and moistened the eyes." Jennie Richey, "one of Oxford's beautiful and talented singers," sang *Tirzah's Serenade* from *Ben Hur*. Oxonians will remember that Edgar Stillman Kelly wrote the beautiful music for the stage production of *Ben Hur*. The Oxford Ladies' Quartette sang *When the Bloom is on the Rye*. The United Presbyterian choir sang a psalm anthem without accompaniment.

Lottie Carter held the audience "in a spell of pure delight" when she read "The Courtship of Tom Sawyer." Gertrude Miller, pianist, dazzled the audience with Leschetizky and Liszt. "Her very first note caught the musical ears of her hearers and filled

them with delight which increased as she deftly handled the keys."

The climax of the program came when the electric light (new and always mentioned in press reports) gave way to the stream of light from the stereopticon and the "thrilling" voice of Minnie Snyder was heard in *A Bird in the Hand*. She responded to an insistent demand for an encore with *The Three Fishers* which was "touchingly illustrated with views." "Here the pathetic predominated and many an eye glistened with a tear when the electric lights were turned on."

Grace Derry relieved the emotional tension by reading "Louisiana." The Merz Mixed Quartette brought the program to a brilliant close, singing "with a fire and sparkle that filled the very air with the gay and entrancing spirit of the dance."

In November, the ladies of the Presbyterian Church gave a four-day chrysanthemum show at the Town Hall, which netted \$170.62 for the organ fund. The college girls furnished the evening entertainments, which attracted crowds to buy ice cream, candy, chocolate, flowers and coffee.

The chrysanthemum show was followed by a three-day holiday sale and social in December which was the beginning of the Presbyterians' Christmas Bazaar. The bazaar was politely described as a sale of "delicate fabrics, textures and devices wrought by the cunning hand of woman to adorn the person or add to the utilities of elegant civilization."

In the month of January 1895, the operetta, *Priscilla*, was given in Music Hall at the Oxford Retreat. Jennie Richey sang the role of Priscilla. This was an especially elegant entertainment given for the benefit of the Presbyterian organ fund.

In April, the Methodist ladies held an Easter Bazaar. Jennie Brooks lent her fertile brain to the organization and dramatized a little fairy play called *Double Darling's Dream*. Every mother's heart was ravished by her own little fairy. The play was followed by a program of readings by Miss Bogart of Oxford Female College and music by the Miami Mandolin Club.

The Presbyterian ladies were on the beam again in May with a birthday party. A door charge of fifteen cents entitled one to a supper of cold sliced ham, Saratoga chips, cheese straws, chick-

en salad, jelly, pickles, Boston brown bread, white bread and biscuits, tea and coffee.

In April 1896, the Presbyterian ladies sponsored Doctor Faye Walker's illustrated lecture on Paris. When Doctor Walker was in Paris, he strolled in the boulevards of that famous city and was shocked by sights that the streets of Oxford had never known. Overwhelmed by shame, he retreated to his room and blushed for full twenty minutes before he wrote to his wife, "Paris is a beautiful city, but, ah me, how wicked!"

The Methodist ladies gave the Presbyterians stiff competition in suppers. In 1897 they raised their supper charge to twenty cents for adults and fifteen for children. They, too, needed money for a new organ. A May menu included white bread, brown bread, ham, tongue, potato salad, deviled eggs, strawberries, pickles, cake, cheese and coffee.

The African Methodist Church really stumped the experts in church benefits when they gave a cakewalk entertainment.

In February 1898, the Methodists, profiting by the experience of the Presbyterian ladies, held an Art Loan Exhibit. Drawings by Charles Dana Gibson sold especially well. A valentine post-office was well patronized by the children. The music was provided by two young gentlemen who played the guitar and the mandolin.

A May Festival was put on by the Methodists in 1898, under the direction of Mrs. Snyder. The choir of thirty-six voices was made up of four organizations—the chorus, the Ladies' Lyric Quartette, the Merz Mixed Quartette, and the Moller Male Quartette. Jennie Richey and Mrs. Snyder were the soloists. Miss Finley from The Western received a compliment from the *News*, when that sheet declared that a first-class accompanist was a "rara avis." There were readings, violin solos, and stereopticon views. Doctor Porter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, remembered the war then in progress and asked that the program be ended with the singing of *America*. The festival was liked so much that it was proposed to make it an annual event.

The Catholics, catching the lecture-concert fever, offered an entertainment in St. Mary's Church in June 1898. The musical talent of the whole town was called into service. Father Denning,

taking advantage of a goodly number of Protestants in the audience, spoke at length on "What I Do Not Believe," clearly stating the Catholic beliefs and refuting current objections to the Catholic faith. The *News* pronounced the lecture-concert a complete success that added to the reputation of Oxford as an educational and musical center.

CHAPTER II

OXFORD CLUBS

Social and literary clubs began to be organized after the Civil War. The movement reached Oxford as early as 1870 when a group of women organized the Pickwick Club, presumably a reading club.

In 1873, a group of young people formed the Parmenian Society, which later became the Shakespeare Club. Young men were not plentiful, the University being closed at that time, but a few men joined the young ladies in their study of Shakespeare. Twice a month they met to act out scenes from Shakespeare's plays. Occasionally, they sponsored a lecture. This literary society was "of a high and very select order," feasting the mind but not the body at their meetings. A correspondent to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* sarcastically noted that only water was served at the meetings, and then only for medical purposes. The Cincinnati *Gazette*, in November 1877, announced that the club was in full blast again to hold the boards for the winter, with "the same powerful cast, with few exceptions, as that of last winter," and that they would do the legitimate in a style unsurpassed.

The Shakespeare Club in Oxford flourished at a time when amateur theatrical clubs were springing up all over the country. Even the little village of Reily had a dramatic club. In Cincinnati, the Davenport Club and the Shakespeare Club had regular theatrical seasons at the leading opera houses of the city. Cincinnati theater-goers patronized their amateur theatrical performances in preference to productions of the legitimate stage.

The Oxford Farmers' Club was organized by a retired publisher, E. P. Wetmore, in 1874. The club served as a model for hundreds of similar organizations, and by 1891 the proceedings of the Oxford Farmers' Club were reported in several hundred papers and read by three million people.

The programs consisted of three parts: music and recitation or essay; discussion of practical subjects; and the "Housekeepers'

Corner." The ladies discussed the delicate subject of the wife's allowance and perquisites; the matter of buying chances and taking prizes at fairs and stores; the flower garden; methods of preserving; the influence of carpets, curtains, and lambrequins on health; the elimination of insects and mice; and the causes of and remedy for the scarcity of domestic help. Not more than ten minutes were allowed for an essay or a discussion. Members avoided the vexing questions of politics and theology.

Refreshments, "plain and simple," were limited to the products of the farm, excepting the beverages and condiments. Inspection of farm and gardens, with suggestions, always followed refreshments.

Farmers' Institutes were frequently held in Oxford in the 1880's. These institutes were something new, having originated in Massachusetts in the Seventies. For one or two days, recitations, music, speeches, and discussions reigned in the Town Hall. Village talent as well as professional talent from the two female colleges ornamented the programs with elocution and music. Occasionally, the Miami University furnished musical talent. Distinguished farmers and agricultural writers of Oxford—Ben. H. Brown, Waldo Brown, and Lazarus Noble Bonham—took part.

Members of the Miami faculty gave lectures before the Farmers' Club and before the Farmers' Institutes held in Oxford. President Warfield addressed the institutes from time to time on systematic farm management and the theoretical and practical problems of feeding and breeding cattle. Once he lectured on the Education of Farmers' Sons. Professor Hargitt spoke on soils and insects. Professor Snyder gave illustrated lectures on Science on the Farm, and Water in Nature. At one meeting of the Club, he addressed the members on Science in the Kitchen, and made a quantity of coffee which the ladies pronounced exceptionally fine.

A Ladies' Shakespeare Club was in existence in the 1880's. This was a reading club, and on warm summer days they met under the trees in the University campus. These ladies were not so abstemious as the Parmenian Society—they served refreshments, dainty but bountiful. The South End Literary Club was made up of "a number of our most intelligent young ladies." They, too, refreshed the body as well as the mind.

Twelve of the young people of the town's upper crust called themselves "The Social Dozen." Their sole object was to have a good time. On special occasions, the young gentlemen flourished about in Prince Albert coats and tall silk hats, with gloves and stick in hand.

On November 4, 1886, a new literary club was organized. Because they met on Monday, they called themselves the Monday Club. It started off with twenty members and held its first meeting at the Ark, the home of Mrs. James (now the Simpson Guest House). Mrs. James, the wife of a Miami professor, had long felt that the women of Oxford needed something truly stimulating in a literary way, and it was she who was the real founder of the club. The ladies of the Monday Club were valiant for learning and amazingly hardy, for they endured twelve papers on Wordsworth at their first program meeting. The first year they devoted to English poetry. One of these early meetings was described by a member in a letter addressed to Marion Thayer (MacMillan):

Next I shall touch upon the "Monday Club." How I wish you were here to be in it! What fun we would have talking "it"—and people!—over. Miss Lizzie [Osborne] and I do *something* at it. I find on further acquaintance with Lizzie O. that she is—under certain given ("given" stands for Mrs. [_____]) circumstances—rather inclined to be pugnacious . . . not even the censure of Mrs. O. this morning when I was encouraging Lizzie in her warlike disposition toward Mrs. [____], prevented me from honestly saying I thought *some* people needed a down setting and was glad Lizzie felt equal to it . . . That club had for its subjects last week, Southey and his poems. Eleven persons were on the program—each one had been obliged to study her own subject or poem to the exclusion of everything else which Southey wrote—and those not on the program—(Southey's works being out of print largely—and only the copies which were in use by those having work for the day being accessible)—having no knowledge of him whatever—we were expected to learn all about S.—the style and different stories his poems expressed, etc. etc.—by listening to these eleven writers—their papers condensed (all but Mrs. [____]'s) into the smallest possible space and time—one after another, with no moment between for comment, question or criticism.

Naturally every one went home tired and discontented. Naturally at the meeting of the executive committee, the question arose as to whether some arrangements could not be made whereby so much should not be crowded into so little time. Suggestions were made by Miss Munns and Miss Osborn—Mrs. [____] considered this *causus belli*—and _____ my dear, *imagine* the rest.

The second year the club studied English prose. Six novels of

Charles Dickens or seven novels of George Eliot were disposed of in one afternoon without a qualm. In the year 1890-91, they studied church history. Murat Halstead commented in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* that not even the ladies of Boston would attempt a deeper or more solid subject than church history. Occasionally, a member would read so long that the presiding lady, in desperation, would have "to call her off." A village critic thought the Monday Club had too many Presbyterian members, which would "compel it to move in a narrow groove."

By 1887, even the little girls had a club. It was called the Violet Mites. Its badge was a bit of white satin ribbon fringed and decorated with hand-painted purple violets and green leaves. The activities of the club were of a benevolent nature. They met regularly at each other's homes to plan and execute, under the guidance of its founder, Marion Thayer. Gertie Trufant, a child with an inquiring mind, asked one day: "Miss Thayer, why are we called the Violent Mights?"

The Mites gave an entertainment in the Town Hall for the benefit of the poor in 1888. Marion planned and directed the affair, assisted by young Edwin Emerson. Edwin was different in dress, speech, and manner. The way he moved, the hint of foreign accent, his bow from the waist, entranced the young ladies. Even the Violet Mites understood that he was something very special.

Instrumental and vocal music, recitations, and tableaux made up the first part of the program. Then came a smooth performance of William Dean Howells' *The Mousetrap*. At the conclusion of the comedy, little Grace Norris received a basket of Parma violets from a Cincinnati florist, just like a real actress in a real theater! A card nestling among the violets bore the inscription, "The compliments of the Assistant Coach."

Some old-fashioned scribbler for the *Citizen* grumpily complained that young ladies who were always willing to assist in entertainments could use their time to better advantage and benefit by organizing a cooking school. That kind of knowledge "would be of lasting value." About ten months later, the Young Lady's Cooking Club was organized, though not as a result of the scribbler's words.

A new literary club, the Oxford Fortnightly Club, was organized in 1892. This was an erudite society composed of "two professors, several college teachers, a few of the young ladies of the town and four Miami students." Its reporter, "Rig-Veda," wrote that the design of the club was to foster what was "so needed in Oxford, a more free and cordial sociability." The editor of the *Citizen* pleaded for a dozen such clubs in Oxford.

We have so many gifted citizens, [he wrote] who ought to feel proud that they have comfortable and happy homes whence congenial spirits might meet for mutual pleasure and profit. Hamilton and other small towns have Longfellow, Whittier, Browning and Wordsworth clubs and one of the most valuable, perhaps of all—a tourists' or Psycho tourist's club. Here we have gifted ladies and intelligent men who would find rest and recreation in literary fields.

Within the first year of the Fortnightly Club's existence, its name was changed to the Shakespearean Fortnightly Club. The change of name did not improve the attendance which at times was very poor.

The Man About Town expressed his views on Oxford clubs in the *Oxford News*. He said that there were more card clubs than ever. There was the Flinch Club, the Whist Club, the Euchre Club, and others, "saying nothing about numerous poker clubs."

Everybody must be able to play cards well [he wrote.] Then there are weekly or semi-weekly meetings of the regular card clubs. All well attended by our most polite and respectable people.

Card-playing was so general and so fashionable, observed the writer, that preachers no longer cried out against it.

The Woman's Literary Club was organized in 1895 by a group of young college graduates who felt the urge to continue the pursuit of learning. The woman's club movement was spreading over the land at that time, and it was not long before the club called itself the Woman's Club. The ladies studied parliamentary procedure and devoted themselves enthusiastically to their organization. A typical Woman's Club meeting was reported in the *Oxford News*, December, 1897. The ladies and their guests met in the parlors of the Oxford College. The following program was "rendered."

Male Quartette.....	Messrs. W. M. and B. Porter, Shera, and Sullenberger.
Piano Solo.....	Miss Allen
Bass Solo.....	Mr. Sullenberger
Address	Miss Kennedy
Reading.....	"Since Mary Jined the Club"—Miss Young, by re- quest.
Soprano Solo.....	Miss Richey

Miss Kennedy's paper was filled with suggestions for the efficient work of women's clubs. Miss Young's reading was "full of fun and bristling with points." As usual, according to the *News*, the music was "well rendered and exceedingly appropriate to the occasion." After the program, a banquet was served in the dining-room, and a social hour enjoyed.

In 1895, the "R. A. Junior Club" was founded. They celebrated their first anniversary in November 1896 by inviting guests to an old-fashioned Southern "Possum Roast" prepared by caterer Ringold in the old Deke rooms over Gillard's Drug Store. On a long table, heavily laden with good food, "there reposed at each end a big fat juicy 'possum flanked by cornbread and sweet potatoes." Speeches and songs and general merrymaking followed the feast of 'possum an' fixin's.

Another group of young men, in May 1896, formed the Owl Club. The familiar greeting of the club members was, "How are you, Brother Owl?"

The Oxford Gliding Club was a result of the ardent desire of fifteen young men to dance. In the winter of 1897, they placed themselves under the tuition of John W. Keely, and as soon as they learned "to tread the intricate maze of the waltz," they initiated a series of social dances for the entertainment of their lady friends. The editor of the *News* remarked that amusements were scarce in Oxford, and as dancing, when not carried to excess, was harmless, the Gliding Club should be a grand success. A similar club had existed for a time in the 1880's. A New Year's dance (1898) was a festive occasion, indeed. About twenty-five couples danced away the evening to the music of Ellis Adams (mandolin) and F. W. King. The program covers were hand-painted by Adelia Cone. In the spring, the club changed its name to the "Oxford Social Club," though it did not change its form of amusement.

After many efforts, the Oxonian Club was organized in 1897 at the Girard House. On the evening of December 19, about seventy-eight members sat down to dinner at the fashionable hour of eight. The menu included "Green Sea Turtle aux Croutons," turkey with dressing and cranberry sauce, "Asparagus a la creme," "Petit pois," shrimp mayonnaise, salted peanuts, Queen olives, celery, mixed pickles, Neufchatel cheese, vanilla ice cream, assorted cake, "Reception Wafers," fruit, and "Cafe Noir." The main speech of the evening was made by President W. O. Thompson of Miami University.

In May, the club held its sixth meeting at the Girard House, the occasion being Ladies' Night. After dinner, the subject, "Why Don't Men Go to Church?" was discussed. E. E. Williams delivered an address on the subject. An innovation, and a surprise, was a paper written and read by a woman—Miss Sara Greer—who set forth her ideas on why men did not go to church. Miss Greer, representing the Woman's Club, acquitted herself well. Her paper was

both unique and entertaining, while it touched in a telling way upon the popular sins of the day. Abounding in brilliant thought and criticism, it was so stated as to interest the most thoughtful student of sociology while its phraseology elicited many ripples of merry applause.

President Thompson, also, spoke out, denouncing the immoralities of men and criticising the dull sermons heard from the pulpit. Those present were a little startled by the Doctor's forthrightness of speech. The discussion became general and very warm, continuing to a late hour.

Oxford had its horsy set, too. In September 1899, they founded the Driving Club. An eight-acre field on South Main Street was leased from Mrs. Elizabeth Davis and converted into a race-track. Mayor P. P. Flanagan was president of the club, O. W. Schultz, secretary, and George Burkhardt, treasurer.

Of all the clubs organized in Oxford from 1870 to 1900, only two remain. They are the Monday Club and the Woman's Club.

CHAPTER III

THE AESTHETIC MOVEMENT

Society in the 1870's presented a somewhat ridiculous incongruity in its behavior, with its curious mixture of crudity and refinement. There was an ardent desire to be correct in social affairs, but there was uncertainty as to what was correct. There was money enough in the cities to give rise to a whole new set of fashions. Oxford, small and remote though it was, kept up with the passing fads. Its elite sought a more fashionable and more leisurely existence.

Against a bucolic background, the modish young lady of the village picked her way daintily up and down High Street. Apparently oblivious to dust and mud and unmentionable obstacles, she executed the fashionable Grecian bend. A current jingle described it thus:

The Grecian bend, as I now show,
You must admit is all the go;
With your head well forward,
And your body you extend,
To be perfect in the Grecian bend.

College boys said uncomplimentary things about it, but tolerated it.

Oxford College girls came to town from Scott House (Fisher Hall) in hats that moved a Miami boy to say: "The latest agony is a four-story straw hat—a regular stunner. Of course, the young ladies look sweet under this young strawstack, but it isn't the fault of the hat." The girls wore the Dolly Varden dress that was popular in high society. It was usually made of chintz with a tight bodice and a panniered skirt, the pannier looped up with velvet ribbon bows.

On a hot August morning in 1872, Mrs. Robert White McFarland, a lady of the old school, was scandalized by the indecorum of youth. She wrote to her daughter Fannie:

Yesterday morning Mary Bishop and Lizzie Newton rode past, both on one horse—and astride the horse. I thought

it looked very bad—for such large girls. Pete [Bishop] was along on another horse. The girls were in their bare feet.

The purists of an older generation frowned upon the current slang. A simple "No" gave way to "Not much." "I do not wish to do so" became "Can't see it." "Go for him" has a peculiarly modern sound—there were wolfesses even in those days. Assistance was refused with "Not for Joe." "You bet" and "I bet" were used to excess by both sexes. "You make me tired" was simply passé. "Give me a chair" was its modern equivalent.

In the 1880's, there came sweeping into Oxford the aesthetic movement that came over to America from England in the late 1870's. Oxonians went to Cincinnati to see *Patience* and enjoyed its sparkling tunes and delicious nonsense. Oscar Wilde, the apostle of the aesthetic movement, came to America on a lecture tour in 1882. Every newspaper of any size in the land reported his uprisings and downsittings. Even the *Oxford Citizen* sometimes devoted a little space to Oscar.

The village folk eagerly scanned the Cincinnati newspapers for news of the "bard of the Beautiful." They read how he reclined in an exquisite medieval attitude upon a couch in Number 62 at the Burnet House. Before he lay his aesthetic body down upon the dismal slippery horsehair, he threw a silken cloth of old gold over the upper part and covered the lower end of the couch with his overcoat, furred side out. "Horsehair is so depressing," he sighed.

Oxford highbrows went to Cincinnati to hear Wilde's lectures. When the opera house curtain went up, they saw an ordinary parlor scene, with rather good rugs on the floor. The horsey manager of the opera house, however, had detracted from the general aesthetic effect by throwing his own giant laprobe of barbaric design over the sofa. The reading stand was covered with red. At Oscar's right, there was a "slender table" with a round top, the circle being the line of beauty. "Over it was a cover of infinitesimal pieces of silk and velvet of octagonal pattern falling in graceful departures from the strictly perpendicular." On this cover sat a basket of flowers "in full fragrance and beauty, where the stately calyx of the lily obtruded with an artistic prominence from the bed of roses."

To the great disappointment of the audience, Oscar was attired in plain gray woolen trousers instead of knee breeches. With the trousers he wore a gray sack coat, a cobwebby-gray velvet vest with "a tender bloom like cold gravy." His shirt with low-cut collar was almost hidden by the old-gold silk tie that matched the old-gold silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. His shoes were patent leather with yellow morocco tops.

The audience saw a man neither handsome nor homely, with remarkably fine eyes, a good forehead, and lips like those of a Greek statue, but looking a bit silly with a Pre-Raphaelite haircut. They heard a man who, in a pronounced British accent, clothed his thoughts in choicest words. He spoke in almost a monotone and seemed not to know what to do with his hands—he put them behind himself and flapped his coat-tails up and down.

The people heard him with mixed emotions. One woman said it was worth the price of the ticket just to see him. They listened respectfully to his plea for wide clean streets and aesthetic surroundings for workers. They listened with pride to his praise of Mr. Breuer's designs and Louise McLaughlin's work at the Rookwood Pottery. "Gath" of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* declared that Wilde was "a young apostle of beauty against a decaying age of trade and swap." He called Oscar's critics little jackals who neither respected nor understood him.

Downtown shops in Cincinnati decorated their windows with gold ribbons and silks or with lilies and roses in honor of the aesthetic visitor. Mabley's advertised, "Grand Gala Week, for the Lovers of the Beautiful and the Admirers of the Useful."

Oscar Wilde had come to Cincinnati to see with his own eyes the progress of art in that city. He admired the fine vases in Maria Longworth Nichols' home and spoke to her at length on the decoration of porcelain. No animals, birds or scenes on china plates, he said. He shuddered at the thought of sunset or moonlight scenes on plates going to the kitchen to be washed by a maid.

Wilde thought the upright piano with a stool of honest wood should replace the square piano, that looked like a coffin, and its plush-covered stool. He thought the cast-iron stove a monstrosity. Pictures must hang on a level with the eyes, he declared, and

carpets should be abolished. Wilde told the Americans that stained glass windows should be introduced to shut out the in-artistic surroundings around their houses. Mantels, he thought, should be remodeled to provide shelves for bric-a-brac.

Not many people could afford such mantels as Mr. Breuer painted for Maria Nichols. After Wilde left Cincinnati, Breuer immediately set to work on his mantel masterpieces. Mrs. Nichols' dining-room mantel he painted in a Japanese design, combining a pumpkin, a rooster, a little chicken and a branch of hawthorn. The parlor mantel was a pond design of pure gold in whose golden waters transparent crabs and fishes played.

It was Breuer who set the fashion for decorating walls with murals instead of wall paper. In the 1890's, Miss Levy, art instructor at Oxford College, decorated the walls of the main parlor at the college with Virginia creeper painted in all the gorgeous hues of autumn. Over the mantel she painted a flight of swallows, as aesthetic as the flight of Japanese fans that adorned Oscar's chambers.

Oscar Wilde had every reason to say, "Save me from my disciples," for he was made ridiculous by those who misunderstood his message. He advocated the classic gown, the unconfined "antique waist" for women. The Mother Hubbard was born! In the late Eighties, Mother Hubbard picnics were "the latest agony" among Oxford young ladies, though such picnics were strictly feminine affairs.

The Mother Hubbard was defended in the columns of the *Oxford Citizen* in 1884. The writer considered the Mother Hubbard "refined elegance compared to fashions of a few years back, when crinoline was out of style and 'pullbacks' were in." The Mother Hubbard could not possibly reveal the womanly shape, because it fell in straight folds from the armpits to the feet. This redoubtable defender of the Mother Hubbard prayed for the privilege of wearing one dress that neither betrayed too much embonpoint nor exposed too many bones.

Oscar Wilde's ideas of interior decorating put housewives in a dither. He adorned his chambers with exquisite Japanese fans. Painted umbrellas and parasols then broke out in drawing-room corners, thus enlarging upon Oscar's aesthetic idea. He put pea-

cock feathers in blue china. Housekeepers thrust peacock feathers into the homeliest jugs and behind the ugliest chromos. Oscar laid fine rugs on a bare and polished floor, put "pale plants in a row" in the window, and set slender tables about the room. Housewives ripped up their carpets, varnished and waxed their floors, bought rugs and small tables with slender shanks, and set flowerpots in their windows.

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Oscar advocated the decoration of fine porcelain. Hand-painted china became the rage. Oxford had some talented artists in that line. A number of the ladies went to the Cincinnati School of Design for china painting lessons, some of them becoming teachers in the village—Mrs. Emily Mollyneaux Hughes and the Misses Jennie Brooks and Elizabeth McFarland. Miss Lizzie, always thorough in her undertakings, operated a kiln in her home.

"Let there be no flower in your meadows that does not wreath in tendrils round your pillow," said Oscar Wilde. Flowers wondrous to behold bloomed on pillowsham and antimacassar, sofa cushion and throw. Elaborate evening dresses were exquisitely painted with blossoms, and even wedding gowns. When Cora Bogart married Doctor Charles Munns in her Oxford home, she wore a white surah satin with a brocaded train, the petticoat richly decorated with painted roses, her own handiwork, truly aesthetic and altogether lovely.

Wilde said, "No curving spray of wild rose or briar that does not live in a carven arch." Women seized their chisels and carved mantel-pieces, furniture, woodwork, and everything upon which they could lay their hands. In Oxford, the most notable exponents of woodcarving were Misses Agnes Morris and Elizabeth McFarland and Mesdames S. C. Richey and Frank Schweeting. Some examples of Miss Morris' work may be seen at the Oxford College dormitory today.

It was Wilde's theory that a competent artist might achieve the finest results with even the lowliest subject if he treated it with sincerity and love. Women in farmhouse and village home decorated their pots and pans, their rolling pins, their jugs and churns, tied them with ribbons and hung them on their walls or set them about the rooms. It was a common sight to see a wooden chopping bowl, a rolling-pin, or a piepan, painted and beribboned,

suspended on the parlor wall. Even the humble garden spade merited a winter landscape and bow of cerulean hue tied on its handle; it stood like a guard of honor by the side of the fireplace.

The ribbon bow was here, there, and everywhere. It decorated the brass umbrella stand and the slipper case made of a piece of stovepipe covered with velvet. Even the three-legged brass table with glass prisms suspended from its tortuous round top was tied with a ribbon where the three legs met. Ale jugs were painted with landscapes, the necks and handles bronzed, and finished with a ribbon bow.

A current jingle described the results of the feminine artistic urge:

Put away the little coal hod that our darling wants to paint,
For she fain would decorate it with devices queer and quaint.
Hide the dustpan and the washtub, and likewise the garden hose
Or Matilda will adorn them with the lily and the rose.

The common clover blossom came into great popularity. Brides' bouquets of clover, clover corsages, clover table decorations became fashionable. A sweet maid of Oxford College graduated with a bunch of clover blossoms tucked inside her belt. One young lady of Oxford gave a clover luncheon. The table was decorated with "the sweet-smelling pink and white clover of the field and wayside," and at each place there was a clover corsage. Even a ham bore a clover name. L. N. Bonham at his Glenellen Farm produced for the market the White Clover Ham.

Young girls played the piano for their sweethearts and thought they saw symptoms of Wildean emotions in their lovers' breasts. They imagined themselves the pale maid in *The Gold Room*, with ivory hands on the ivory keys, straying in "fitful fantasy."

At thimble parties, ladies solicited scraps of silk and satin for "Oscar crazy quilts." The Oscar quilt differed from the ordinary crazy quilt only in having a sunflower or some other aesthetic blossom appliqued in the center of each square. Canvas chair seats and sundry ornamental trifles were embroidered in the soft warm tones of russet, dark peacock, dull red, and olive green of medieval paintings.

Sometimes the aesthetic parlor fell far short of an ambitious housewife's dream. Mrs. McSurely of Hillsboro, Ohio, described her own disappointment in a letter to her son:

I am sitting down in the midst of dire confusion to answer your letter. I have undertaken this week to give the last pull at housecleaning . . . Your Papa went to attend Lane Seminary Commencement on Wednesday and Thursday; I sent with him for curtains, and a large rug made to order; and thought I would fix up the parlor in an aesthetic way. So at a great deal of trouble I obtained a recipe for staining and polishing the floor; got Geo. Colvin to help, but he couldn't stay long . . . and I just kept on myself determined to have it all beautifully finished when Papa came home. It didn't look just right; but I ran to the drug store and tried this and that; to bring the color out. Some applications brought out a faint shade; others took all color off; the whole result being a floor looking as it had simply been washed clean; with here and there a little purple shade; and a woman sick and sore discouraged; language fails to tell how I feel over it. When Papa came I heard him open the door and look into the parlor; and when he came into the study there was an unusual broad grin on his face—but I just said "good evening" with as much dignity as I could command. Carleton Brown has just come in; Papa brought him to see what can be done. The clerk in the drug store made one mistake that helped to ruin my floor. But I am tired of the subject.

The aesthetic movement was defended by Karl Merz, the beloved and respected Oxford music teacher. Too many people, he said, laughed at the movement because they found Oscar Wilde ridiculous. To be aesthetic, he pointed out, is simply to be able to perceive, comprehend, and enjoy the beautiful in nature and art; there should be beauty in everything—homes, schoolrooms, churches, workshops, offices, hospitals. In a lecture at Dayton, Ohio, Merz said:

When I appear before you as the advocate of the Beautiful and of AEsthetic culture, I am not unmindful of the fact that this subject has, of late years, suffered in public estimation through the efforts of that apostle of aestheticism, Oscar Wilde. But say what we will about him, we must give him credit for this virtue, that the end at which he aimed was a good one. Had he been a manly man, had he dressed like sensible people, had he cut his hair short—for in these days long-haired men and short-haired women are, as a rule, looked upon with suspicion—he would no doubt have spoken to more willing ears. As it is, his influence seems to have spent itself in one direction mainly. Instead of planting sunflowers in the rear of our garden patches, and giving the seeds to the chickens as feed, we now plant them in the front yard, and many maidens wear the big yellow flowers in their belts.

On the other hand, Oxford's beloved David Swing had attacked Wilde savagely. At that time, Swing was an outstanding liberal preacher in Chicago. The reverend gentleman thought Wilde was nothing but an intellectual and emotional abyss. Oscar

simply replied that next to having a staunch friend it was the greatest pleasure to have a brilliant enemy.

In 1890, The Western showed her sense of the beautiful by giving an "aesthetic concert." A Senior led the grand march, beating her drum with the precision of a professional. In light blue costumes—the Seminary color—sixteen young ladies put on a club drill, representing the departments of the school. Astronomy, covered with stars, marched with Botany, wreathed in flowers and vines. Zoology, decorated with snakes and toads, walked with Art, bearing palette and brushes. Greek and Latin walked together with familiar quotations inscribed upon their costumes. Modern Languages paired with Domestic Work, who carried a broom from which carving knives and dish mops dangled. History and Literature came next, then Music and Physiology who carried a bust of Socrates. Chemistry, adorned with bottles, accompanied Essay on whose banner was inscribed: "Resolved, That the Miami University boys study the anatomy of the Heart." Following the departments came "Chicago and the White Elephant," and sundry Flowers, Quakers, and Japanese.

Daisies and pinks were followed by a swarm of bees in yellow and black, carrying bags of honey under wings of gauze. Next came paper dolls in dresses and caps of red, pink, yellow, green, and orange. Then calendar days—Christmas and New Year's, Fourth of July and St. Valentine, April Fool and Ash Wednesday, Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day, Spring and Autumn, Winter and Summer, Yellow Days, Longest and Shortest Days, Monday and Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, and Auld Lang Syne. The grand march was followed by gymnastic exercises which are described in another chapter.

After an intermission, a curtain was pulled away from a screen painted to represent a flower garden. The centers of the flowers were faces. Charming! At a chord from the piano, the entire school began to sing, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." From Mary came an aesthetic response:

Kind Friends, now my flowers I show,
You see them all in a row,
There are roses and lilies . . .

One by one, the flowers sang their stories. The pansy told its tale of modesty, while the "soulful sunflower" in leonine beauty sang from its lofty height a noble plea for aestheticism and Oscar Wilde.

A perfect rash of Oscar Wilde parties broke out in Cincinnati and surrounding towns. Mrs. Hutchinson of Hamilton gave an Oscar Wilde entertainment for the benefit of the Universalist Church the very next night after Wilde's first lecture in Cincinnati. Monsieur Pinguely, Cincinnati dancing master, gave a dancing party at which even the little boys wore Oscar Wilde costumes. The grownups gave aesthetic favors at their germans—painted sickles, painted mandolins and guitars, little painted shovels, and other articles decorated according to the supposed aesthetic mode. Even in Oxford, young Professor Rogers of Miami University, at a costume party, impersonated Oscar Wilde in knee breeches from Beck's, the swankiest costumes in Cincinnati.

There was even an attempt to make knee breeches fashionable for men, but the movement died a-borning. Fear of being different held the men to their accustomed dress. The *Oxford Citizen* printed Bill Nye's comments on the horrible disclosures that knee breeches would make. Not many men had legs like Henry Irving's. Wilde had said that Irving's legs were "limpid and utter," the left one a poem, and both "delicately intellectual."

Everywhere the argument raged about Oscar Wilde. Every newspaper and magazine had something to say about the Apostle of Art. Young ladies wore bandanna-handkerchief dresses as a tribute to the Useful; they wore sunflower corsages, sunflower-yellow sashes, dresses made of sunflower-printed silks and cottons, and opera bonnets covered with tiny sunflowers as a tribute to the Beautiful.

The essence of aesthetic dress was truthfulness. There must be absolute truth in fabrics—all wool, all linen, all cotton. There must be no mixtures and no artificiality in cloth, not even starch. The aesthetic movement brought into women's clothes a whole new world of color: the greens of grass and leaves, the colors of old china, of antique tapestries, needlework, and paintings. A new school of design was really needed for dressmakers. The figure

must go uncorseted, unbusked, unbustled, in limp clinging garments. The classic gown that hung from the shoulders was advocated for its concealment of the figure and the promotion of modesty. The baby waist and long full skirt were considered aesthetic. A model gown was one of cream cashmere combined with soft-blue silk the color of Oscar Wilde's old blue china, the cashmere lending itself perfectly to the antique style of drapery.

From the ideas of Oscar Wilde came many things strange and new. One of those things was dress reform, which definitely had one of its two roots in the Pre-Raphaelite movement. The Pre-Raphaelites advocated a return to the simple lines and colors of the Fourteenth Century. In spite of ridicule heaped upon them as "a greenery yallery" cult, the Pre-Raphaelites really accomplished something in the way of dress reform.

Dress reform actually started in 1851 when Eliza Smith Miller visited her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, New York. Eliza wore a red-and-black changeable silk costume with a short skirt that reached four or five inches below her knees and was trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon, a wide row in the middle. Under that velvet-trimmed skirt, she wore Turkish trousers of the same material. This was at a time when women wore from five to ten starched petticoats. Elizabeth Stanton adopted the dress at once, and wore it for several years. Thus the new costume became a sort of sister-in-law to Miami University, for Elizabeth's brother-in-law, Robert L. Stanton, became Miami's sixth president in 1866.

Mrs. Jennie Thayer of Oxford recalled her calisthenic costume of college days at Ithaca, New York, in the early Fifties. Jennie's suit consisted of salmon-pink cashmere trousers and Zouave jacket, a white silk blouse, and a pale-blue sash knotted around her waist. The trousers and the jacket with its open sleeves were trimmed with three rows of pale-blue velvet ribbon.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton set forth her views on dress reform in a letter to the Dress Reform Association in 1857:

The comfort and convenience of the woman is never considered; from the bonnet string to the paper shoe, she is the hopeless martyr to the inventions of some Parisian imp of fashion . . .

The only object of a woman's life is marriage and the shortest way to a man's favor is through his passion . . .

Every part of a woman's dress has been faithfully conned by some French courtesan to produce this effect. Innocent girls who follow the fashion are wholly ignorant of its philosophy.

In November 1870, Mrs. Stanton came to Oxford to deliver a lecture at Miami University. She appealed to the patriotism of men to support dress reform and thus prevent women from being supplanted by foreign women. Put stout shoes on her feet, said Mrs. Stanton, put on her a short dress to give her freedom of motion, rid her of fifteen or twenty pounds of superfluous clothing, and release her cramped waist. Let her breathe the pure air of the out-of-doors in boating, skating, and athletic exercises.

The second National Dress Reform movement formed in Boston in 1874, the year of the famous Women's Temperance Crusade. Leading physicians attacked the corset, the long and heavy skirts, high heels and pointed toes, and the face veil.

In time, Mrs. Jenness Miller became the recognized leader of the dress reform movement in America, just as Lady Harberton was the leader of the reform in England. Mrs. Miller advocated a due regard for hygiene with some consideration for beauty and ancient prejudices.

In the spring of 1889, Mrs. Jenness Miller came to Oxford College to lecture on Dress Reform. The lecture "evoked the deepest interest on the part of all the teachers and students." Since only women attended the lecture, Mrs. Miller removed her outer garments and modeled a combination suit to take the place of multiple undergarments in summer. The Jenness Miller suit consisted of a soft little underblouse of pongee joined to a pair of dainty bloomers of the same material with briarstitched ruffles below the knees. For winter she recommended ribbed ankle-length woolen underwear with high neck and long sleeves, to be worn underneath the Jenness Miller union suit. A number of young ladies adopted the reform at once. The G. W. Adams Store—the largest in town—forthwith advertised, "Jenness Miller union suits—our specialty."

The Western Female Seminary, not to be outdone by Oxford Female College, brought Dr. Mary Allen to their campus in 1891. Oxford College girls attended the lectures in the Western chapel. Dr. Allen told the girls how to dress, exercise, breathe, and pos-

ture for health. One of Dr. Allen's lectures was entitled, "A Woman's Trunk and What it Contains"—it was a plea for the abolition of tight lacing.

The matter of dress reform was a subject uppermost in women's minds. Frances Willard, in 1891, addressed the first convention of the National Council of Women in Washington, D. C. She made some pungent remarks:

She [woman] has walked when she should have run, sat when she should have walked, reclined when she should have sat. She has allowed herself to become a mere lay figure upon which any hump or hoop or farthingale could be fastened that fashion-mongers chose; and oftentimes her head is a mere rotary ball upon which milliners may let perch whatever they please—be it bird of paradise or beast or creeping thing. She cuts a grotesque figure trying to carry her train—all other animals that carry trains and trails have the power to lift them without turning in her tracks . . . In view of the impending mania for long skirts and the settled distemper of bodices abbreviated at the wrong terminus it strikes me as desirable that the council should utter a deliverance in favor of a sensible modest tasteful business costume for busy women.

New life was infused into the cause when in 1893 a Dress Reform Congress was held at the World's Fair in Chicago. An effort was made to have women, especially business women and college girls, to wear the new-fangled garments at the fair. The Jenness Miller costume was strongly recommended as a suitable dress for winter sports and country outings in any season. Mrs. Miller's gymnasium suit was even then being worn at Wellesley College.

Dress reform made an imprint upon the dress of Oxford girls. They adopted mannish fashions, wearing suspenders, shirtwaists, and four-in-hand ties. The boys began to think they would have to wear Mother Hubbards to distinguish themselves from the female sex. As early as the summer of 1891, an Oxford bard sang in the *Oxford News* of woman's usurpation of masculine fashions:

She wore a mannish little coat
With knowing little pockets;
She's cast aside her little necklaces.
Her bangles and her lockets;
Her dickey, collar and cravat
Exactly match her brother's.
Her round straw hat is so like his
You can't tell one from tother's.
She ventures on a little slang
That sounds quite brusque and mannish,
But show her once a mouse or worm
And see the disguise vanish.

Masculine opposition to the new garments was rebuked by the noted Helen Maria Webber in the *Arena* (1892). She said that women wore trousers before men ever did, for the women of ancient Judah wore the bifurcated garment. "Man effeminate himself," she wrote, "by shaving off his beard and then arrogates to himself a form of dress which he declares is a misdemeanor when the female wears it."

The *Oxford News* (September 1893) commented:

A year ago the woman whose dress didn't touch the sidewalk in the back felt that the cut of her garment was decidedly out of style and it was ever so much more womanly to go about with one handful of skirt.

This year it is a rare thing to see a street dress drag the pavement.

Ella McSurely wrote from Oxford in 1894 to her mother that she had seen Constance Bierce, the new Presbyterian minister's daughter. "She is not a beauty. She wears dress-reform which makes her look a little odd."

Thorstein Veblen analyzed feminine apparel in 1894. He published an article entitled, "Economic Theory of Woman's Dress," in *Popular Science*. Veblen said that a woman's skirt was cumbersome and hampered her from any useful occupation. High heels advertised that a woman was "backed by means to be able to afford idleness." A desire for comfort in women's clothes he declared due to the late wave of sentimental aestheticism.

The magazine *Truth* was quoted in the *Cincinnati Commercial* (January 6, 1895) in describing the New Woman:

Oh, the Twentieth Century Girl!
What a wonderful thing she will be!
She'll evolve from a mystical whirl
A woman unfettered and free;
No corset to crampen her waist
No crimps to encumber her brain;
Unafrain'd, bifurcated, unlaced,
Like a goddess of old will she reign!

She'll wear bloomers—a matter of course
She will vote, not a question of doubt,
She will ride like a man on a horse,
At the club late at night she'll stay out;
If she chances to love ,she'll propose,
To blush will be quite out of date;
She'll discuss politics with her beaux
And out-talk her masculine mate!

She'll be up in the science of things;
She will smoke cigarettes; she will swear
If the servant a dunning note brings,
Or the steak isn't served up with care.
No longer she'll powder her nose
Or cultivate even a curl,
Nor bother with fashions or clothes—
This Twentieth Century girl!

Mrs. Jenness Miller, in the spring of 1895, was asking why women became passé. She pointed out that men are frequently as handsome and vital-looking at fifty as at twenty. Women might look equally well, she thought, if their mode of dress were as hygienic as that of men.

In April 1895, Mrs. Miller came to Oxford to lecture at The Western. Town girls and Oxford College girls accepted the invitation of Miss McKee to attend. Mrs. Miller's subject was "Dress for Health and Beauty." She left her audience breathless, so eloquent and enthusiastic was she as she described the advantages of dress improvement. *The Western Oxford*, the college publication, reported that

the bicycle girl was there and the girl athlete; the girl who goes out each day for a "constitutional"; the aesthetic girl, who loves artistic combinations and sees soft lines in the clinging draperies of the improved gown. It was quite an anarchist audience, indeed, if you will read its nature in the shouts of laughter and applause which Mrs. Miller received.

Dress for convenience and comfort was not new to The Western. In the 1860's, Cynthia Goulding, sister of one of the faculty members, wore short hair and Congress gaiters. She said it added ten years to her life, not having to comb long hair or lace high shoes.

Mrs. Miller had designed a number of aesthetic dresses—the rainy day dress, the street dress, the house dress, the carriage dress, the evening dress, and the gymnasium suit. She favored the gymnasium suit for house wear. Made of some soft material, it lent itself easily to camouflage. If "conventional company" arrived unexpectedly, all the hostess had to do was slip on a wrapper or a teagown over the suit. If the doorbell rang, she could slip on a long apron. With the gymnasium dress, soft flexible shoes without heels were worn to give perfect poise of body as nature intended.

The Jenness Miller dress even got into politics. Mrs. Judson

Harmon, wife of the Attorney-General of the United States and later to be the first lady of Ohio, gave her opinion of the new dress to the press. She considered it "somewhat extreme and the wearer of it would have to be a woman unmindful of the comments of passersby," a very discreet opinion for a politician's wife.

On one fundamental principle, Mrs. Miller disagreed with Lady Harberton of England on rational dress. She favored properly divided undergarments, but she did not advocate the divided skirt that Lady Harberton insisted upon. The viscountess said that neither her efforts nor Mrs. Miller's would amount to anything until "an obviously two-legged dress of some sort" was recognized as "the only suitable dress for a two-legged creature."

Like Octavia Bates, Mrs. Miller urged college women everywhere to bear the good tidings of release to all women who had been imprisoned by their clothes. It was their grave responsibility in return for the great privilege of receiving the higher education.

The Western girls were up-to-the-minute in their gymnasium dress. They wore full bloomers with no "curtain-like skirt" over them. Long black stockings met the baggy trousers at the knee. High necks and long sleeves preserved their modesty intact.

Rational garments slowly replaced the long starched petticoats, the chemise, the long entangling skirts, the tight sleeves and bodices. Strange as the new garments seemed, it was only a matter of getting used to them. It was like the young man said, as he studied Mrs. Miller's design for a business dress: "If all women wore dresses as short as that, and a woman should go into the street with a long dress on, wouldn't she look like a gump?"

In 1914, Mrs. Miller again came to Oxford College. This time she addressed both ladies and gentlemen on "Physical Culture and Correct and Artistic Dress." The movement for health and beauty was still very much alive.

CHAPTER IV

OXONIANS AT PLAY

The last three decades of the Nineteenth Century brought more leisure into the lives of the American people than they had ever known. To use this leisure time for fun was a new and intoxicating idea.

The athletic revival in England, begun in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, soon spread to America. Being Americans, we often modified the rules of the games to suit ourselves, and we even invented one game. In Boston, Massachusetts, the game of basketball was invented in 1891. Only six years later it was played in the new gymnasium at Miami at an athletic carnival, the contestants making "a remarkable showing for the limited knowledge of the game."

In the 1870's, about all the recreation the boys had at Miami, in the way of sport, was aiming at the hogs that infested the campus. Hog-shooting was a favorite amusement of the boys living in Old Northeast Dormitory. In the fall of 1871, the boys complained that the campus was rapidly becoming a place for the nourishment of swine. They said:

Go out any time of day or night and you will find a "pork" rooting up the sod or trying to overturn the doorsteps. Set down a bucket of water, and a hog will have his snout in it. Lay down your coat for a wrestle with a companion, and when you go to get it you find a hog picking the apples out of the pockets . . . Next spring the campus will present the appearance of a plowed field.

Stones and pistols proving futile, the boys at last resorted to lynching. One morning, a fine two-hundred-pound porker was found hanging in one of the campus locust trees. One of the professors remarked that in all the fifteen years of his connection with the University, this was the first case of fratricide committed by any of the students.

Sawing wood to keep their fires going in winter was healthful exercise, but no boy considered it sport. Some of the more afflu-

ent boys took that form of exercise vicariously. However, most of the boys took long walks into the country and along the Four Mile Creek.

A pedestrian club challenged the editors of the *Student* and the University at large to top their record of five miles in fifty-nine minutes. This club was composed only of Freshmen and Seniors. It was organized in 1870, and its first feat was a trip to Cincinnati, leaving Oxford on a Saturday afternoon in November at four o'clock. They reached Cincinnati the next morning at six o'clock, having stopped only once for food. The boys were a bit worse for wear. In June 1872, the best time made was 1:45 running and 3:40 walking. The boys practised on a half-mile track.

In 1866, the *Nation* declared that of all the epidemics that had ever swept the country, "the swiftest and most infectious" was croquet. It continued to be popular, especially in the 1880's, until it was supplanted by lawn tennis. Croquet was a simple and leisurely game, and never lost its charm for the less strenuous Oxonians. At first, the game was objected to because it afforded opportunities for flirtation. That objection only endeared it to the young.

Baseball was in its infancy in the 1870's. It was in 1870 that the professional club, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, inspired the boys at Miami to take a crack at the game. The boys hunted up their balls and bats in the spring and fall and devoted a great deal of time to growing "baseball moustaches." In the fall of 1870, Miami Sophomores, after several desperate attempts, placed a few very well trained nines in the field. Not content with playing on the field, the boys persisted in playing in the streets in the evening. Ladies shunned the flying balls as best they might. "Pap" Ringold was considerably annoyed when a baseball came crashing through his windows. Steadily the game grew in favor with the men at Miami. A baseball association was organized in Oxford in 1884. In August, they gave "a grand ball" at the Davis Hall which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. A big feature of the evening was "a magnificent refreshment stand."

The girls at The Western, much more militantly athletic than the Oxford College girls, played baseball in the 1890's. On a new baseball diamond, in 1894, the Tall Nine, the Brownie Nine, the

Big Nine, and two nameless nines matched their skill, one against another.

The *Oxford Western* (December 1894) came out with a rhyming description of "ye base ball mayde":

Ye mayde athlete—so easilie
She sendeth curves—Her pretty hands
 Ye bat doth wave;
She striketh at—
But, ah, ye base ball mayde doth reckon wrong,
 She's at the bat.

With motion full of gentle charm,
With dainty trip—excited arm,
 She takes her base—
The milk mayde's pace—
 She wendeth on.
And now and then ye ball doth hit
 A ball dead gone.

Racing was at its peak in Oxford in the 1880's. George Welliver owned a thoroughbred colt that was trained on Kyger's track near Darrtown. Burkhardt and Carmichael owned a promising pacing mare named "Fannie B." In 1888, Fannie B. made a successful five weeks' tour of the fairs. Out of five races she won two and captured a slice out of three. At Washington Court House, Ohio, the owners refused a thousand dollars for her. A pacing race was run in 1895 on the Kyger track. The bay mare owned by Burkhardt of Oxford won the race in two straight heats, beating the unknown horse from Indiana. Time: 2:48 and 2:49. Over two hundred dollars changed hands and about four hundred people were there. H. D. Kyger's horse, "Kit Curry," lowered her record to 2:22 at Freeport, Illinois. Kit Curry achieved a national reputation. Kyger's advertisement in the *Butler County Democrat* read: "Kyger Trots His Horses." "Kyger's horses' colts go fast."

A pious correspondent of the Hamilton (Ohio) *Herald* warned the Oxford boys that they "had better choose some other day than Sunday to come down here [the Kyger track] to train their trotting horses."

Bicycling became a craze in America in the 1870's. It died down to be revived in the 1880's. Improvements were rapidly introduced. The "safety bike" was put on the market and pneumatic tires superseded those of solid rubber. Both the lady's bicycle and the tricycle were offered for sale, though the tricycle was

considered a little more graceful for the female rider than the bicycle. A special tricycle costume was devised for the ladies. It consisted of "a short plaited skirt of gray cashmere or rough goods, just reaching to the shoe-tops, a close-fitting postillion basque, double-breasted and fastened with large steel buttons, a gray Derby hat and a small satchel on the hip, suspended by a strap over the shoulder." "Thus equipped, a young lady [could] whirl off for a day's outing or an hour's ride with the independence of a feathered denizen of the air and without the peril of an attending coachman." A shield was invented for the lady's bicycle. It could be dropped down in front while the lady mounted or dismounted, and for the over-fastidious it could be kept down while riding.

A few Oxonians took up the fad in the Eighties, but driving and horseback riding continued in high favor. Irwin and Calvin Barbour introduced the bicycle to Oxford. They came home from Yale and astonished the natives with their tall bicycles. When Dr. Alfred Emerson, elegant gentleman that he was, came to Miami in 1887, he rode the wheel so gracefully that Miami students took a new interest in bicycling. The boys rode their wheels round and round the Western Female Seminary, becoming so common that the girls called them "black boys." A bicycle lends itself well to showing off—if all goes well.

Sixteen members of the Richmond (Indiana) Bicycle Club visited Oxford one fine Sunday in June and dined at the Girard House. One youth, seeking romance, rode out to the Seminary. Around and around the building he rode, sitting erect with folded arms, with roving eyes and thumping heart. Alas! Disaster overtook him. A tire blew out.

"The Man About Town," Oxford News columnist, expressed his violent disapproval of the bicycle in these lines:

If this hump-backed style of riding,
Is to hold its monkey sway,
Better forty years of tramping
Than a cycle of today.

By October 1890, a large number of men, women, and children were seen every evening, gliding up and down the streets of Oxford on their "machines." Trips of thirty and forty miles in one day were commonplace. No less than fifteen wheels a month

were being sold in Oxford during the late summer and fall of 1890. In 1892, Frank Schweeting and wife, with other cyclists, made the round trip to College Corner on bicycles. Frank had already ridden to Cincinnati once. Will McCord, the artist, frequently rode up from Cincinnati to spend the week-end with his father. On the College Corner trip, Doctor Magie was in the party—he looked “like a veritable athlete when attired in the graceful uniform of the cyclist.”

A million bicycles were in use in the United States in 1893. Even Frances E. Willard, that great exponent of temperance, dress reform, and woman's rights, succumbed to the bicycle and wrote a book about it. Physicians declared that the bicycle would bring incomparable benefits to health. Dress reformers welcomed it as something that would demand rational dress.

The Western College was right up with the times. In 1894, they built a new bicycle track. The college girls rode in bloomers or the new-fashioned divided skirts. At their field day in '96, the bicycle parade was the most picturesque event on the program. The girls, on gaily decorated wheels, wound in and out in the “Grand Right and Left.”

A current jingle defended the bicycle girl:

The hammock girl is out of date
The carriage girl passé,
The girl who rides the bicycle
Rules all the world today.

So here's to the sweet cycle girl,
In bloomers or in skirts,
She's worth a dozen of the girl
That lounges round and flirts.

Popular as the bicycle was, ministers attacked the trousered women who rode them. At a meeting of the Farmers' Institute in Liberty, Indiana, Oxford farmers heard the Reverend W. R. Lathrop quote chapter and verse to support his condemnation of the wearing of bloomers. He quoted, as a clincher, Deuteronomy 22: 5: “The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man.”

At Oxford College, in the spring of 1896, Newbold L. Pierson of the Cincinnati Bicycle Club told his story of “A Bicycle Trip from the Battlefield of Gettysburg to the Natural Bridge of

Virginia," illustrating it with one hundred stereopticon slides. For this visual and auditory treat an admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged. The president of the College, Doctor Walker, became so intrigued with the possibilities of the wheel that he spent the spring vacation learning to ride. He could talk of nothing but the bicycle. By October, twenty young ladies were members of the Oxford College Bicycle Club.

Professor E. P. Thompson and W. B. Langsdorf had cyclometers attached to their wheels. The professors discovered that it was 14 miles to Hamilton, $7\frac{1}{4}$ to Morning Sun, $5\frac{3}{4}$ to College Corner, $13\frac{3}{4}$ to Liberty, Indiana, counting from the G. M. Adams Drug Store (Byrne's Drug Store in 1947). Only rain prevented them one summer day from finding out how far it was to Richmond, Indiana. Professor Langsdorf, in the summer, made a round trip from Oxford to Asbury Park, New Jersey, on his wheel.

Professor Langsdorf was a dapper young fellow, pink-cheeked, silken-bearded, and a trifle bow-legged. On the campus he wore a Prince Albert coat and a high-topped hat. College boys snickered behind his back and repeated the story that his doting mother had said that he looked "just like Jesus." Langsdorf rode a Columbia bicycle and rode it well. Daily he rode down High Street, reading his mail, both hands off the handle bars. Carl Greer (Miami '94) wrote in his reminiscences that he remembered one sad day for the professor. Langsdorf was making one of his spectacular entrances into the campus, when he lost control of the Columbia and was ignominiously dumped into the hedge, Prince Albert, top hat, silken whiskers, and all.

The Man About Town was so irked by the bicycle that he again devoted part of his column to it. The bicycle, he said, was murdering all business, except that of the bicycle dealer. Thousands were buying "machines" on the installment plan and paying each surplus penny on their purchase. It was ruining the livery stable business. Bicycle riders bought little fashionable summer clothing, the sweater was about the only article of clothing they bought. They bought few cooling drinks and confections. The only way he could see to keep money at home was to build a bicycle factory right here in Oxford.

The *News* defined a bicycle scorch as

an animal with two legs who rides with low handle bars on his wheel, with his spinal column curved up like that of a tom cat on the backyard fence, and with his nose and knees together, makes believe he is flying along at a speed excelled only by the said feline when pursued by a vicious canine.

Great interest was created by a letter from Ralph Molyneaux, an Oxford boy stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in 1897. He wrote:

There is a bicycle corps here from the 25th Infantry. They rode from Missoula, Montana, a distance of 2100 miles, in forty-two days, right through the sand hills of Southern Dakota and Nebraska. Each man carried on his wheel one extra suit, over-coat, underclothing, one hundred round of ammunition, rifle, canteen, cup, dog tent and pole, with [?] days' rations. But they looked like Jules Verne's men after they made the journey to the center of the earth.

R. S. Applegate, alert to the trend of the times, advertised that at his drug store you could procure "The Bicyclist's Best Friend," Dewitt's Witch Hazel Salve, "always ready for emergencies." It was the old familiar remedy for piles, but good also for cuts, bruises, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin.

Oxford preachers viewed with alarm the craze for amusement that swept through the town like an epidemic. The indecently (!) clad female bicycle rider was only one of their problems. The new-fangled roller-skate was luring people everywhere to the skating rink. In 1885, roller-skating represented an investment of over twenty million dollars in the United States.

Harry Gath operated an up-to-date skating rink in Oxford. It was so well patronized that in May 1885, the Reverend J. W. Cassatt was moved to write a piece about it for the *Western Christian Advocate*. He was more than irritated by the fact that the rink was "owned and managed by a Methodist and patronized by the leading families of all denominations." The reverend gentleman was scandalized that such a thing should be tolerated in an educational center. He complained that "religion is so sublimated and rarefied by superior culture that such pecadilloes as dancing, euchre parties, theater-going, roller-skating, &c. do not affect us much." The last straw was Mr. Gath's recent addition of a dime theater "which was filled last night with a boisterous crowd of young people." Whereupon Mr. Gath defended him-

self in a polite letter to the *Oxford Citizen*, with due respect for the holiness of his assailant.

The Reverend Mr. Cassatt lost in the controversy, for the next fall Gath put on a very grand opening, with new skates, music, and fancy skating. The Ash sisters, only six and eight years old, put on the fancy skating. With respect to his critics, Gath had announced beforehand that no "objectionable party or parties" would be allowed to use the skates. The little girls played a return engagement the following February. Little Edith, only six years old, appeared in a full dress suit and presented a dude act "in a very cute manner." Gath was a wide-awake business man. He featured fancy skaters frequently and put on contests to hold the interest of his patrons. One of his featured performers was Frank Melrose, a one-legged skater; another was Mr. Duprez, "skatorial artist."

By the end of 1885, the game of polo was having a big run at Gath's rink. Polo was simply shinny set to music and played on roller skates. Home teams played against each other at the rink and kept the Oxford Polo Club in the pink. The Oxford Club played the clubs of Liberty and Connersville, Indiana, and the Hamilton, Ohio, club.

In the early Eighties, lawn tennis was introduced in Oxford. Almost every evening in the summer of 1883, a number of people living near the campus played the new game which Robert Morrison had brought from Princeton. Tennis had been played in the United States only eight years at that time. Morrison persuaded his cousin, Sallie Ream, to make under his supervision the first tennis net ever seen in Oxford.

Tennis became a regular college sport when President Warfield and his young professors came to Miami in 1888. A series of tennis games commenced on the new court in November. The year before, Edwin Emerson had come to Miami with his brother, Professor Alfred Emerson. Edwin, familiarly known as "Birdie," had added much to the gaiety of campus and village life. Birdie could speak German better than he could speak English, having been educated in Germany. He carried a yellow cane and wore a "Sing-sing" hat. And Birdie was a famous tennis player. At the end of one year, however, Birdie flew away.

In 1894, new tennis courts were put in at Miami, and new back nets were put up on the old courts. Tennis was looking up, in spite of Fardy Devine, the Irish janitor. Tennis was a waste of time, he growled, a waste of money and everything else. 'Twould be much better to give him the land the courts were on to raise potatoes and cabbages for himself. In this same year, tennis courts were opened at the Western Female Seminary. At their first field day in November 1896, tennis matches were featured.

The new faculty at Miami brought football to the campus. Professor Bridgeman had played football at Yale; Professor Parrott had played on the second team at Princeton. The two professors, with the support of President Warfield, immediately organized two elevens. Every afternoon the campus seemed to be covered with players. Professor Bridgeman was here, there, and everywhere, the moving spirit of all this activity. A crude gridiron was marked out between Old Main and Southeast Dormitory, extending southward to what is now occupied by Irvin Hall and the Library. The first game with an out-of-town team, according to the reminiscences of Carl Greer, was played with a Dayton team called the Stillwaters. Both Bridgeman and Parrott played; in fact, they were the backbone of the team. The Stillwaters won, because they had more experienced men from Eastern colleges.

It was not long before Miami University helped the University of Cincinnati to organize a football team. Every year Miami played Cincinnati. There was so little football material at Miami, however, that they had to fill in with town boys. One of these men, a village painter, was well over six feet and weighed over two hundred pounds. The custom of having dinner at the Gibson House after the Thanksgiving game at the University of Cincinnati was soon established. The Gibson served a wonderful five-course dinner for seventy-five cents. On one occasion, Charlie, the two-hundred pounder, ordered rum omelette. Having never seen such a dish before, poor Charlie tried to eat the burning omelette, fire and all. It was an unhappy but exciting experience.

Football was in its infancy in the Middlewest in the 1890's. There were no eligibility rules. Football was so new that the players often took time out to look up disputed points of the

game. Teachers played right along with the boys. At Miami, even President Warfield played.

There was a desperate need of money to operate the athletic work of the University. In the second year of the new regime (1889-90), Professors Bridgeman and Parrott "perpetrated and coached" a minstrel show for the benefit of athletics. It was given two nights to a full house. When the curtain went up, there was discovered on the stage a group of gentlemen in full dress, with end men in black satin knickerbockers. The crowd rocked and roared at the jokes and catchy tunes.

The second part, in white face, opened with a banjo and guitar quartette. Sam Stephenson, campus orator, with a student named Mason, gave a skit in which Sam showed off his oratorical powers. "Tony" Smith followed with an original song to the tune of the current hit, "When Johnny Gets his Gun." It was a thrust at the management of the town's leading hotel (the present Spinning Wheel) :

The Girard House will be a grand hotel
When Johnny gets his gun
The menu will be very swell
When Johnny gets his gun
Instead of coal-oil lamps at night
They'll turn on the electric lights,
And never mind the cost—that's right
When Johnny gets his gun.

Part Two ended with a mandolin number by Paul Hoffman accompanied by Walter Harris on the guitar.

Part Three was a burlesque, "The Merchant of Oxford" by "Shaks'peer." The skit hit town and gown remorselessly. Shylock was played by Asbury Krom, proprietor of a small and non-descript student hangout. Walter Tobey was cast as "Portia Taborisco." When that short and rotund figure flung off his doctor's robe, threw his arms about Antonio's ("Tony" Smith) neck, and shrieked love words in a deep bass voice, the crowd went wild. Jay Gath, as the "populace of Oxford," appeared with his face half white and half black. The orchestra was an imposing one of four members, one of whom, by request, obliged with xylophone solos.

Football had its difficulties. On January 3, 1894, "a lot of semi-fossilized Ohio college presidents" got together at Delaware, Ohio,

and decided against football. The *Butler County Democrat* was moved to say, "Miami will be all the more popular with young men when it is known that a man of modern and popular ideas presides." Doctor W. O. Thompson believed in football.

In the fall of 1895, the young ladies of The Western and of Oxford College gave an entertainment at Miami for the benefit of the Miami University Football Association. The Miami Mandolin Club and the Miami University Quartette provided music, the Quartette singing "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and "Good Night." Recitations, vocal solos, and a violin duet rounded out the first part of the program. Part Two was put on by students of Oxford College, a one-act play entitled, "The Fair Version of the Merry Game of Old Maid."

The Oxford "gymnasium boys," to prove their gallantry, voted to have a Ladies' Afternoon once a week at the gymnasium, a rented building up town. No gentlemen were allowed to enter the building while the ladies were there. In return, a "number of Oxford's charming young ladies" gave a benefit for the gymnasium boys. They had entertainment and "a grand supper" which made the evening a bargain at fifteen cents a ticket.

The summer of 1898 found the people of Oxford thinking about golf, a game that had been played for the first time in New York only ten years before. An editorial appeared in the *News*, commending the game to all who valued physical exercise as an aid to health. The advantage of golf was that it was "equally adapted to ladies and gentlemen, young and old, strong and weak, rich and poor." The editor suggested that this section of the country could furnish plenty of suitable grounds for this open-air sport. He had witnessed the games at the famous golf links of Northern Ireland, where the aristocracy of England, Ireland and Scotland joined in "the Noble Sport."

In the fall of 1898, a golf course was laid out by an English expert at The Western. On the day before Thanksgiving, nineteen ladies of the Dayton Golf Club played a game with the Western girls. The Dayton Club, one of the finest in the West, defeated The Western, but unanimously admitted that the course was interesting and not easy.

The Oxford Fishing Club was organized in 1886 for the protection of bass in spawning season. Besides the Four Mile Creek, Oxford fishermen had access to six carp ponds in the vicinity. In 1898, fifteen Oxford gentlemen chartered a canal boat and left Hamilton on July 4 for St. Mary's Reservoir on a two weeks' fishing trip. Mules were procured to pull the canal boat which was fitted with all the conveniences of a house. The next year, the Oxford Fishing Club went to St. Mary's in a large covered wagon fully equipped for housekeeping.

Horseback riding was fashionable always, of course. The turn of the century brought another shock—the woman who rode astride. Tongues wagged and eyes rolled in horrified disapproval. The men looked boldly and frankly at this strange spectacle but nice women only peeked, pretending they would not look at such a sight.

Driving, also, was a pleasant pastime. It was a mark of social distinction to own one's carriage. However, it was quite proper to "hire a rig" from one of the village livery stables. Dr. W. S. Alexander, in the summer of '98, created a ripple of excitement when he appeared in a new rubber-tired buggy with all the new gadgets for comfort and convenience. This notable vehicle was built at Miamisburg.

The first bowling alley in Oxford was opened in the late Nineties by George Meyer, junior, in a new addition to the old Junction House, across from the depot. Oxford teams played Hamilton teams in both Hamilton and Oxford.

Gymnastic exercises were conducted in the spacious halls and chapels of the women's colleges in Oxford at an early date. At Oxford College, the young ladies, in the Sixties and Seventies, dressed in neat gymnastic suits, armed themselves with wands, rings, and dumb bells, and went through the "manual" with a precision that would have delighted Dio Lewis himself. It was wonderful to see them unravel themselves, in the Grand Mix, as they marched and countermarched by twos and fours and eights at the close of a public exhibition. Then the finale—a turn around the hall on the double-quick, all the while keeping perfect time with the music. Walking and hoop-rolling were encouraged as forms of outdoor exercise, but there was noth-

ing in the way of organized sport before 1880 at Oxford College.

Physical culture made little headway in the Oxford Public School before 1890. A typical exhibit was given in the Methodist Church at the close of the school year in 1896. Parents were invited and the lecture room was packed. The first part of the program was devoted to exercises by the little children and recitations by the older ones. Part Two was given over entirely to physical culture. Wand movements and free hand movements, with and without commands, were given by rooms 5, 6, 7, and 8. The promptness with which the leaders were followed amazed the parents. Could these be their dawdling Johnnies and Susies? The wand and free hand exercises were accompanied by Stanley Knecht on a harmonica. Miss Mary Preston gave such a fine exhibition with the dumb bells that the general feeling was that a full set of dumb bells was a necessity for the school next year.

At The Western, physical culture had been introduced by Mrs. Alfred Swing, widow of David Swing's brother. This was in the late Sixties or early Seventies. It was then called calisthenics. Mrs. Swing had visited in the East and returned with copious notes on this new idea in education. The girls wore black bloomers, unheard of before. The music for the calisthenic exercises was played on a small melodeon. Mrs. Swing, though a middle-aged lady, sometimes amused the girls by wiggling her ears.

At an "aesthetic" concert at the Western Female Seminary in 1890, gymnastic drills were a part of the program. After a few simple figures by one hundred and fifty girls, eight girls of uniform height, in white flannel suits, went through "a series of fancy movements with dumb bells." Following the dumb-bell exercises came a club drill by sixteen taller girls, dressed in white striped with red and blue.

At Oxford College, Delsarte gymnastics were an important part of physical culture in the early 1890's. The Delsarte system was not really a gymnastic system, for Francois Delsarte had been a teacher of emotional expression through voice and gesture. At the College, young ladies were taught to relax and to control the breath, thus acquiring ease on the public platform. In the

fall of 1890, "Ozzie," an *Oxford News* columnist, complained that the reigning trouble in the Classic City was the Delsarte. He said:

If you see a pretty girl or a nice young man swaggering down the street trying to catch cobwebs out of the clouds or sweep elephants from the walk don't mind them . . . they've got the Delsarte . . . I would sooner be a dog and bark at a firecracker than to be without this great health and grace personifier.

Miss Chew, a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, had charge of the Delsarte gymnastics at Oxford College. Pantomime, gesture, and tableau were her forte. To raise money for the organ fund, a grand "Delsarte Recital" was given in the chapel in the late spring of 1891. Tableaux mouvants and poses plastiques were featured. A series of Greek tableaux from famous paintings and statuary were given, all changes in position being made before the audience, one tableau dissolving into the next, the whole continuing for forty-five minutes. "Sweet music that flowed from skillful fingers" accompanied all tableaux.

The "Death of Virginia" was considered the climax of the evening. The difficult part where "Virginia" had to fall into her position was exceedingly well done. This tableau had to be repeated to satisfy the appreciative audience.

In 1892, Miss Chew put on an even more elaborate entertainment, devoting half the program to tableaux mouvants and poses plastiques. After a "brilliant" piano duet, the room was darkened, and a bright calcium light thrown upon the stage. To the soft strains of Schubert's *Serenade*, the living statues slowly came forward on the stage, dressed in Grecian robes of purest white. With "indescribable grace and ease," they formed one group of statues after another. It seemed wonderful that the young ladies could hold those unnatural positions so long with scarcely a tremor. Again the "Death of Virginia" had to be repeated to satisfy the audience.

In 1896, Miss Eva Spencer's pupils at The Western charmed an audience with their grace and beauty. Thirty-two maids, dressed in white dimity, performed the "Reigen," a very pretty slow march. An exercise in rhythm by the Delsarte class was ravishing. The girls were lovely in pale buttercup-

yellow dresses, "their pretty faces peeping between uplifted arms, and the dainty sweeping courtseys making them real little colonial dames." For the hoop drill, the girls wore pink gowns, in pleasing contrast to the smilax-wreathed hoops, which they swung gracefully and ended by forming into arches. Pantomime, posturing and tableaux accompanied by song delighted the assembled company.

The Western had opened its department of physical culture in 1894. In March, 1896, they put on a big athletic program to demonstrate their progress under the efficient Miss Barrows, graduate of the Anderson School at New Haven. President Thompson of Miami University and Doctor Cook were the only males admitted to the first part of the show, the former in the interest of education, the latter in the interest of pure science. The Miami students were admitted to the second part of the program, which being principally Delsartean was more suitable for performance before a mixed audience. The girls presented a very smart appearance in their "bloomer suits" of navy blue flannel with red trimmings.

In the fall, The Western had her first Field Day. At the last moment, Miss Barrows' courage failed her—she could not bring herself to invite the Miami students. A bicycle parade, and games of tennis, battleball, basketball and cricket were played by her "Yale" and "Princeton" teams. Yale won. This was 1896. Only six years before, when a cricket club was talked of in Oxford, objections were raised, the chief one being that it was "quite English."

By 1898, there was a Rainy Day Club at The Western composed of the most energetic girls. Dressed in bicycle attire, they defied inclement weather by walking in the rain.

At last, Miami realized a cherished dream. A new gymnasium was built in 1896. It was said to be the finest college gymnasium in the state. It was well lighted by windows and skylights by day, by fifty-four sixteen-candle lights by night—"the best lighted building in Oxford, if not the best in Butler County." The wiring, one hundred and fifty lights in all, was done by University students under the direction of Professor Henry Snyder. A stage, with twenty-five lights, was con-

structed for entertainments. On its lower floor, the gymnasium had six rooms—the dressing, the reading, the assembly, the club, the bath, and the physical director's rooms. The bath room—ah! that was what pleased the boys. No longer would they have to go to a Hamilton barber shop and pay a quarter for a bath. The new bathroom was "well equipped with tub, shower and other baths." In the basement, there were seventy-five lockers, a bicycle room, and an amusement room.

A track ten feet above the floor of the exercise room ran completely around the room. Two galleries seated one hundred and fifty people. Steam heat was expected to keep down sore throats after "hearty exercise."

The formal opening of the gymnasium was a gala event in March 1897. Considering that many of the students had never been in a gymnasium before, and that they had had only two weeks of drill, they acquitted themselves very well. Director Marquardt had every reason to be pleased with his boys as they executed the dumb-bell and bar drills. In the high kick, the standing broad jump, the running and high jump, and the standing hop step and jump, the records made compared favorably with those of students of long training. A basketball game, dashes, and potato races were included in the schedule of fifteen events. Pyramids were built in fine order, and Indian wrestling afforded excellent entertainment. After the conclusion of the program, the entire building was thrown open to inspection. It was the nine-days' wonder of the village. In June the trustees named it Herron Hall, in honor of John W. Herron, Miami alumnus and president of the board of trustees. Herron's purse as well as his heart had ever been at the command of the University.

In April an entertainment was given to swell the funds of the Athletic Association. Mrs. Thompson, wife of the president, planned the whole affair. A stage was erected over the chapel platform in Old Main, and ladies were asked ahead of time to remove their hats, for the hard chapel benches were all on a level. (A few of those old benches, painted green, can be seen today under the trees near the Library.)

Mrs. Thompson, monologist, was assisted by her sister, Miss

Elinor Clark, soprano, of Cleveland, Ohio. Bess Hamilton of Oxford College and Anna Finley of The Western contributed piano numbers. Professor Herman Ebeling, violinist and member of the Miami faculty, played a solo and an obligato for one of Miss Clark's songs. John Roy Simpson, Sophomore, wrote a glowing report of the entertainment for the *Oxford News*. No one enjoyed the entertainment more than that youthful reporter.

Under Doctor Thompson, Miami was forging ahead. President Thompson had not only been largely responsible for the new gymnasium, but also for the new water closet, the cleaning of the campus, the new apparatus at the University, advanced courses of study, free tuition, fine tennis grounds, an athletic park, "and others too numerous to mention." The new gymnasium was certainly magnificent, from whatever standpoint it might be viewed. It was "a boon to students, a credit to Old Miami, and a splendid addition to the classic village."

CHAPTER V

THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE

The Women's Temperance Crusade originated in Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1873. The Reverend William Jasper McSurely (Miami '56), pastor of the Hillsboro United Presbyterian Church, brought the great temperance lecturer, Dio Lewis, to his church to deliver a stirring message. Lewis urged the women of Hillsboro to organize a campaign of "prayer and moral suasion against the saloon."

Mrs. Thompson, a delicate little lady of unusual beauty and spiritual power, after a season of agonizing prayer, became the leader of the Hillsboro movement. Among her most ardent co-workers was the wife of her pastor. Two by two, the women marched out to pray the saloons out of existence. The movement spread quickly from Hillsboro throughout Ohio and adjoining states. A revival of religion followed the attack on the saloon and a veritable Pentecost was experienced. For a time the liquor traffic was almost completely suppressed.

There had been few scenes as dramatic as those staged by the bands of praying women in city, town, and hamlet—scenes that illustrated in striking fashion the triumph of moral enthusiasm over the demoralizing effects of the liquor traffic. Church bells ringing in the steeples and jubilant thanksgiving in the streets marked the days when penitent liquor-dispensers broke their casks of liquor and beer, their flasks of brandy and rum. In a purifying stream, strong drink flushed the gutters beside the pavements where the women had prayed and sung and offered the total abstinence pledge.

The crusade naturally attracted attention in Oxford, for the Reverend Mr. McSurely and his wife had begun their married life in Oxford, where they served the United Presbyterian Church. On January 31, 1874, a few persons met at the home of Doctor Alexander Guy to consider uniting again in a strong temperance movement. A canvass of the town resulted in six

hundred signatures to the total abstinence pledge. Voluntarily, druggists pledged themselves not to sell liquor without a doctor's prescription, and doctors vowed they would prescribe whiskey only when absolutely necessary. In less than two weeks, eighty-three women were ready to work.

At a meeting on Saturday night, February 7, Andy Batt, a self-respecting saloonkeeper, defended his right to sell liquor. He said that he had fought in the army for four long years to protect Northern homes; that he had saved his money and invested it in the house and stock that now provided his living; that he kept an orderly house, was a law-abiding citizen, and that he could not afford to lose his earnings.

On Sabbath evening, the preachers of the town directed their heaviest artillery against intemperance. On the next evening, a meeting was held at the African Methodist Church and eighty-five pledges were signed.

On Monday morning, seventy women assembled at the Methodist Church with twenty-five or thirty men to organize. "With bowed heads and slow and faltering steps, painfully conscious" of their weakness, fifty ladies formed in procession and marched out to battle for the cause. The gentlemen remained to pray.

Eleven saloons they visited that first day. Some of the dealers allowed the women to enter their places of business, others shut their doors. Inside or outside, the women prayed and sang and read the Scriptures. It was a strange sight in Oxford that day to see the town's most prominent women holding services inside saloons, expostulating, pleading with the saloonkeepers to forsake their calling. Street loafers furtively watched the women kneeling on the cold sidewalks to pray, and watched them as they stood in the bitter wind to sing and read the Bible.

It was a brave beginning, but people wagged their heads and said that the women would never see it through. At great inconvenience to themselves and their families, however, the women banded together and worked to conquer the foe. One woman of means, unable to go out into the field herself, furnished meals for the children of the workers, sent hired help to their homes, and gave freely of her substance. The husbands of the workers contented themselves with a cold snack in the kitchen. Com-

mittees daily prepared lunch and had it piping hot in a room up-town for the cold and hungry workers when they came in in the early afternoon for a little rest. Mother Sheard, past seventy years of age, got up early and put out her washing before daylight, in order to take her place with the crusaders the very first day.

Even a staunch pillar of the Presbyterian Church, Waldo Brown, felt a little uneasy and wondered if the women could achieve their object without sacrificing their dignity. In a dispatch to a Cincinnati paper, he hoped that good would come from the efforts of the wives and daughters of "our best and wealthiest families." He reassured himself and his fellow males by saying, "They are in earnest, but we feel sure they will be prudent."

The ladies met the stiffest resistance in the three saloons near the depot—the Junction House, Mrs. Foley's, and Mr. Taylor's. The crusaders simply called that whole area "going to the depot." Before those locked doors, they stood in the mud and slush of the street to sing and pray.

Day after day, they besieged the fourteen saloons and liquor-dispensing houses. A few of the customers signed the pledges offered by the women, while others swaggered in and took drams in the presence of the crusaders. One liquor-seller stood on his doorstep and brusquely told the ladies he wanted none of their prayers. Later, on a mild March day, he filled his garden sprinkler with water and playfully sprinkled the velvet posies on the bonnets of the kneeling women on his pavement. Such gentle raillery bore out the statement that Oxford saloonkeepers were more gentlemanly than those of surrounding towns.

Cincinnati saloonkeepers and their customers insulted and reviled the handful of women who attempted to pray the saloons out of existence in that city. Under pretense of hosing their sidewalks, saloonkeepers drenched the crusaders with dirty water. No demonstration was too coarse for Cincinnati liquor dealers and consumers to perpetrate.

Such insolence was never encountered in Oxford. A man might saw and chop wood in his basement and make a great noise to drown out the songs and prayers of the women, but he

never insulted them. One saloonkeeper's wife belligerently ordered them off the sidewalk and refused to talk to them inside the saloon, saying that those women did not speak to her in society, therefore she would not speak to them in her place of business.

Tom McCullough, the town's wealthiest citizen, furnished matting for the ladies to use as a collective prayer rug to protect their knees from the cold pavement. Snow and wind sometimes forced them to hold their services in wagons before the saloons, but such services were less effective. It was an inspiring sight to see three bands of women on High Street kneeling simultaneously before three saloons, the songs of one band hardly ending before the next band began. In spite of rain, wind, snow, and mud, there was not one case of illness among the crusaders.

By the middle of February, every saloon entrance was picketed, the pickets writing down the names of every man who entered or left the place. Not many men had the courage to have his name written in a picket's book.

As the days went on, the women became braver and more aggressive. In spite of the fact that Joshua Davis furnished one of the wagons for their services on bad days, the ladies felt that he "ought to be dealt with." Joshua was against the crusade, in principle. The ladies, therefore, sent a committee to wait upon him. Joshua received the gentlemen kindly but spoke his mind. The women were violating the law, he said. Saloonkeeping was a lawful business—and saloons were not fit for women to enter, anyway. He considered the liquor traffic a great benefit to the country, because of the revenue derived from it. Men grew rich from the liquor traffic and used their wealth for benevolent purposes. To clinch his argument, Joshua reminded his friends that Christ himself had made wine, and that the teachings of the Bible sanctioned intoxicating drinks.

In only eighteen days this movement begun by a dozen persons became so powerful that saloons were closed on Sunday, one thousand pledges were signed, and one hundred ladies were pledged to work. Even Jim Brandenburg, proprietor of the finest saloon in town, had to give the countersign to get into his own place of business. Brandenburg became so annoyed by the cru-

sade that he procured an injunction to restrain the ladies from holding services on the pavement in front of his saloon.

On February 19, town and country turned out to see the spectacle staged by the crusaders. At nine o'clock in the morning there was a prayer service at the First Presbyterian Church. A collection of one hundred dollars was taken. At ten-thirty, a procession formed. The ladies, three hundred strong, marched three abreast, led by Mrs. Guy, Mrs. McCord, and Mother Sheard. Several hundred men marched in the rear. At the public square, they were joined by the children from the Union School. Straight to Barracough's saloon they marched. Before its locked doors the women formed one group, the children another, the men standing in a semi-circle behind the children. Alternately, the women and children sang hymns, sometimes assisted by male voices. It was a solemn scene. A woman led in prayer.

From saloon to saloon, this mighty-hearted company marched. At the Hole-in-the-Wall (at Church and Main Streets), Mrs. Guy gently but earnestly pleaded with the proprietor to "throw [his] bottles into the street and have done with this business." Even hardened old sots were moved to tears. Past the Town Hall and up to Jim Brandenburg's saloon the women marched and there began to pray.

Proceeding to the farthest saloon near the depot, the ladies left their pickets there and moved on to Mrs. Foley's house. As they were singing, the train pulled in, and heads popped out at every window to see what was going on. From a window in her house, Mrs. Foley loosed her wrath upon the crusaders and threatened to douse them with boiling water. A few drunken men loitered about, but not many were low enough to offer any insult or jest. It was an unforgettable sight to see near a thousand people singing and praying so valiantly.

That evening, freed from the restraint of the praying women, some saloons operated at full blast and some found business dull. Only the rough customers, however, openly went into the saloons, for by this time no man of respectable reputation dared to be seen entering a drinking place.

The next day fifty-two women donned waterproofs and rubbers

and marched forth under their umbrellas to work in a pouring rain.

Outwardly, dealers were defiant, but inwardly they were troubled. They continued to use good manners, but they were irritated by those persistent women. A snowstorm raged for days, but the ladies worked right on. They were careful not to blockade Jim Brandenburg's pavement—they held their services on the outer edge. For their comfort, a band-wagon was sent down and placed just four feet from the sidewalk. George Brandenburg, exasperated beyond endurance, made a fiery speech to them one day. "Three years of hardship in the army to protect your homes," he railed, "and this singing and praying is the pay I get for it."

One evening in late February, the ladies were again holding a prayer-meeting in front of Brandenburg's saloon. The two brothers, James and George, took up their fiddles and tried to drown out the prayers with gay tunes. The ladies won. While all this was going on, a few sprigs of gentility with parched tongues leaned on the "Bank-corner" railing, and furtively watched the door of their favorite saloon. They fain would smell the cork, but they dared not face those women who had sung the fiddlers down.

Within four weeks, the tide began to turn in Oxford. Two dealers surrendered. The word spread like wildfire, and from all directions business men rushed out into the street to rejoice with the women.

The next day, James Brandenburg surrendered. At eleven o'clock, the fire-bells announced the glad news. A crowd formed in a semi-circle around the door to see what would happen. A barrel of whiskey was rolled out. George, the Civil War veteran, drove in the head of a barrel and let the liquor flow. Then George and Jim carried their bottles out and emptied them into the street. There were those who said later that most of that fluid so lavishly poured out was more rain water and beer than whiskey.

Be that as it may, three cheers were given for the crusaders and three for Jim Brandenburg. Ben Wright mounted a whiskey barrel and announced that he was going to auction off Bar-

raclough's saloon fixtures, for Barraclough, too, had surrendered. The crowd surged forward to the auction sale where many of the small articles were sold at three and four times their true value. The women made sure that any saloonkeeper giving up his business should receive all of his original investment, if possible.

On March 2, Mr. Wertz put up the white flag. The women had prayed and sung with him, they had picketed his doors, they had patrolled his sidewalks, and were about to begin a siege when the flag of truce was hoisted. Excitement ran high. School children congregated in the street with wide-eyed expectancy. Bells rang, and an immense crowd gathered in the street, on the sidewalks, in the windows and upon housetops near the saloon. Amid the din of hurrahs and cheers, wine and whiskey—not rain water and beer—were poured into the gutter. The auctioneer bid off the fixtures to the crowd.

The ladies then moved in to besiege the notorious Hole-in-the-Wall. This saloon was so named because it was surrounded by a high wall in which there was a door with a hole in it through which the proprietor peeked to see who might be seeking admittance. Two days later, the proprietor surrendered unconditionally.

Though the saloonkeepers in town were surrendering, the three near the depot stubbornly held on. The ladies concentrated on that area. At the Junction House, they were not allowed to stand on the brick sidewalk. Defiantly, in mud and in a cutting wind, the women remained there till after the train passed through. Many a thirsty man, coming from the depot, passed on rather than face those praying women, those beseeching women with their total abstinence pledges. The driver of the Hamilton beer-wagon told the crusaders that he had not delivered one keg of beer that day. He "lowed" that beer had been "played out." "No, not played out," replied a crusader, "prayed out."

At last, on March 9, Mrs. Foley signed the pledge. She had sold her stock of beverages. Amid the ringing of bells, the calling in of bands, the gathering of the crowd, the purchased liquors

were poured into the gutter. Mr. Wright, swinging into action, auctioned off Mrs. Foley's saloon fixtures.

The next day, Darrtown crusaders came up to observe the methods used in clearing out "the dens of iniquity" in Oxford.

Still the Junction House and Taylor held out. Every day, the women saw the same old hardened drinkers. The more timid ones, having a passion for anonymity, jumped the fence and sneaked in at Taylor's back door. The Junction House was barred in front—hotel, saloon, and grocery. At night, all was dark, except a gleam of light over the transoms. Through the grocery door, a chosen few were permitted to enter. Fortified by a dram or two, these favored ones came out boldly and thanked the ladies for their songs and insolently invited them to come back the next night.

Visitors from Ohio towns and Covington, Kentucky, came to Oxford to observe the tactics used by these warriors in petticoats. Oxford workers went to Darrtown to strengthen the forces in that drink-ridden place. The ladies of Morning Sun publicly announced that they were praying for the success of the campaign against liquor in Oxford, Camden, Somerville, and College Corner. Morning Sun smugly claimed superior morality, but admitted they had a few drunkards, a few semi-drunkards, a few Sabbath-breakers, and a half-dozen ill-behaved urchins. However, that community had no need of a temperance crusade.

On the morning of March 19, the Junction House proprietor was startled to find two ladies standing guard when he went out to open the shutters at six o'clock. All day pickets stood by. A band led by Mrs. W. S. Rogers conducted services in front of the saloon—but not on the sidewalk. The ladies were not allowed to come near the adjoining grocery. When they attempted to place a bench on the north side of the grocery door, the proprietor and his wife protested vigorously, declaring, "We will put up a fence, before we will allow you to sit by that door."

In the evening, the Junction House was left in peace, while the ladies went to a mass meeting to arouse public opinion and to open private purses. L. D. Grennan spoke on "Effects of Intemperance on the Village," and good old Professor Bishop

spoke on the ill-deserved reputation given to Miami students by the saloons. Mrs. Cowan, daughter of L. L. Langstroth, rose to inform the meeting that the ladies had decided to quit patronizing Davis Hall, because Joshua Davis, the owner, was opposed to the crusade. A paper was presented to organize the Woman's Aid League as a joint stock company with a capital of \$25,000. Nearly \$7,000 were pledged at once.

By the end of March, the Junction House and the Taylor saloon—the last strongholds of liquor in the town—gave up the struggle. Oxford was dry at last.

The Woman's Aid League immediately went into action. W. H. Gillard offered them the help of the "Gentlemen's Secret League." It was not long before rumors about saloons were being heard. The directors of the League announced that if any saloon should open in the vicinity of Oxford or in the town, the bells would ring to call the people together to show the saloon-keeper the sentiment of the community.

The Women's Temperance League of Hamilton issued a call late in May to all the leagues in Butler County to organize a county league to fight the liquor traffic. The Oxford ladies, about one hundred of them, boarded chartered cars and went to Hamilton to assist in the organization of the county league.

They left in embarrassment and anxiety, however. On the way to the depot they saw a new saloonkeeper in a dray with three kegs of beer or whiskey. He had bought Taylor's saloon and was going to open it. The ladies had argued, admonished, and expostulated, but he had listened with stolid indifference. Here they were, going to Hamilton to be congratulated for their great success in abolishing liquor, and right under their noses was this obnoxious person with his evil kegs. To be openly defied and do nothing about it was almost more than they could bear.

When the ladies came back from Hamilton, they went to work. Fifteen hours a day they picketed the new saloon. The pickets reported about fifty customers a day, some of whom appeared three or four times in one day. Many of them carried their beer away in pitchers and buckets. The women, encamped on the pavement, forced the drinkers into the gutter. When

the ladies went home at ten o'clock at night, the saloonkeeper invited them back, betting them a thousand dollars that the next day would be their last.

A big "basket temperance meeting" was held in the campus grove, across the street from Mrs. Richey's house, on the Fourth of July. The ladies wore their new white-ribbon badges with pride. The principal orator of the day was Dr. Adams of Cincinnati. He reminded his audience that 800,000 drunkards and 150,000 graves were made annually by intoxicating beverages. "Our work is to quicken the public conscience," he cried. "If sleeping, wake! If standing, move! If moving, run! If running, fly!"

The rally, however, failed to restore the flagging zeal of the weary crusaders. Only the bolder members continued to meet and work. They remonstrated with James Higgins who had reopened his notorious Hole-in-the-Wall. On August 17, election day, the faithful held prayer meetings all day. September found several ex-saloonists in business again.

The proprietor of the Taylor saloon finally had to leave town, for the men of temperance resorted to the law. But one by one, the saloons reopened, only four former proprietors keeping their pledges. The League, however, continued to meet regularly and raise funds to further the cause in Oxford and other towns as well.

CHAPTER VI

OXFORD TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS

Women could not remain at saloon doors forever. The reaction that set in everywhere brought the Women's Christian Temperance Union into the field. Local organizations became a part of a world movement. Through this world organization, sentiment in favor of prohibition was fostered, scientific instruction concerning the physiological law of temperance was introduced into the public schools, and legislation for the protection of youth was secured. The W.C.T.U. successfully promoted laws against the sale of cigarettes to boys and actively promoted an anti-tobacco movement. These women advocated equal purity for the sexes and demanded the vote for women. They published journals devoted to the study of heredity and to the spreading of temperance propaganda. By 1892, they were distributing 130,000,000 pages of printed matter annually.

The earliest available record of the Oxford W.C.T.U. shows that the ladies of the Oxford branch conducted union prayer meetings in March 1886 to consider the subject of intemperance. Besides its educational and philanthropic work, the local organization made a definite contribution to the social life of the town. "Yankee Kitchens," "Mathematical Progressions," quilt-making and sewing for the poor, lawn fetes, lectures, and entertainments were sponsored by the W.C.T.U.

Professor Osborn, distinguished scientist and map-maker of the Miami faculty, contributed a lecture to the cause. In the Presbyterian Church, he lectured on "Buried Cities of the Old World, Babylon, Nineveh and Jerusalem," illustrating with photographs and paintings which Professor Beaugureau declared the finest he had ever seen. At least one of the paintings was a genuine Vernet. The illustrations were magnified to nearly twenty feet in length—all this and the lecture for ten cents.

Some gifted women devoted their talents to the W.C.T.U. There was Mrs. Jennie Thayer, who became a member of the

society without signing the total abstinence pledge. Mrs. Thayer was a person who liked to observe the amenities of polite society, and who saw no harm in a social glass of wine. Her literary taste and her social graces moved the Reverend David Swing to say that Mrs. Thayer would ornament the White House. The Temperance ladies had so much respect for her talents that they made her a member on the basis of philanthropic works rather than total abstinence. Mrs. Thayer's sister-in-law, Mrs. Fannie Wetherell, had signed the pledge for no less a person than John B. Gough himself. Mrs. Wetherell was one of Oxford's most devoted temperance workers.

A favorite family anecdote concerns one of Mrs. Thayer's visits to Chicago. While there she went with a friend to call on Frances Willard. Of course, she wore a white ribbon. Miss Willard was ill, but when she heard that one of the ladies was the secretary of the Oxford W.C.T.U. and wearing a white ribbon, she immediately sent for Mrs. Thayer to come into her bedroom. At the conclusion of the call, Miss Willard kissed Mrs. Thayer and pinned a bow of blue ribbon above the white, the blue ribbon being the insignia of the Murphy movement. That very evening, Mrs. Thayer left her blue and white ribbons at home and went to dinner at the elegant home of a friend. Unconscious of any inconsistency whatever, she turned her glass down not one time. She recognized no incongruity in partaking of the wines at dinner.

Another member of the society was Mrs. E. S. Brooks whose rapier wit and aristocratic manner lent relish to any occasion. And Mrs. Thomas, too, who was a fine reader and in every sense the culivated lady. Mrs. Brooks was a vice president of the W.C.T.U and Mrs. Thomas the secretary in 1887. At a meeting at Mrs. Brooks's home, Mrs. Brooks passed out the work for quilt-making, with the pungent comment that since the secretary did not know how to sew, she must read while the others sewed, and "all reap a harvest." Mrs. Thomas gladly ignored the needle for the printed page and read the whole afternoon. That set a precedent—thereafter Mrs. Thomas read edifying selections to the ladies while their needles twinkled in and out of the garments for the poor.

In June, the ladies voted to uphold and advocate more women physicians, a liberal doctrine in 1887.

One of the things the ladies raised money for was a lecture fund. They brought lecturers of reputation to Oxford to speak on temperance and other subjects. One of the gayest affairs given for this purpose was an apron social. The young ladies had ample opportunity to exercise their powers of coquetry while instructing the young gentlemen in the art of apron-making. Many a young man's heart fluttered and pounded so hard he could scarcely see the needle, and many a blushing maid played the double role of enchantress and instructress.

In August, the ladies and the village Council had a little spat. Knowing that the West Park was open especially to the public on Thursday evenings for a promenade concert, they arranged with the Oxford Cornet Band for extra music for a certain Thursday evening. They would give an attractive entertainment that would swell the funds of the society, at the same time keeping the temperance reform before the people. Council and park commission consented, but late on Tuesday evening, before the appointed Thursday, word came that certain citizens objected to such use of the park, because it might injure the grass. Council had heard the objections but had refused to withdraw permission, because the ladies might feel hurt. Clearly, the Council set the tender sensibilities of the ladies above the grass, but somehow the ladies felt insulted. The spirit of their Revolutionary foremothers, latent in W.C.T.U. breasts, asserted itself. The ladies announced that they would hold their fete on Dr. Beeks's lawn. They would not serve their ice cream, cake, and lemonade in the West Park.

The Council published in the village paper a statement about the affair, unctuously praising the ladies, but referring somewhat maliciously to their junior organization, the Band of Hope. The village fathers hinted that more emphasis on truth-telling might be better than so much abstinence from strong drink. "Keep a watchful eye on some of the graduates of that noble school, the Band of Hope," they said.

Whereupon Mrs. Hill, the dignified president of the W.C.T.U., forgot her dignity and published a forthright statement of the

whole affair and rejoined that the remarks of the councilmen upon the Band of Hope were "uncalled for and unjust." The secretary wrote in the minutes that the statement of the Council was "an emphatic announcement to us of the high valuation put upon the grass which waved in such luxuriance . . . in the village park." And thus ended the Battle of the Grass.

The ladies had a Temperance Room on the second floor of a building belonging to Thomas McCullough which now houses Byrne's Drug Store. Suppers and lunches provided funds for its renovation in 1888. On election day in April 1888, the ladies served lunch. Wise in the way to men's hearts, they posted two placards bearing the inscription, "Free Lunch for Dry Voters."

The summer saw a battle between the pros and the antis. The Junction House was again in the limelight. From ten to fifteen kegs of beer were sold there daily, but allegedly within the law. Should the proprietor be prosecuted? No, said many, the town tax levy for Oxford was already \$2.21 per hundred dollars. The school case, to determine whether or not colored children should attend the public school, had cost the town \$1950. The Junction House was obeying the Sunday law, they said, so what could be done about it? The *Butler County Democrat* waspishly inquired, "Who's going to bear the expense of a long expensive court wrangle? Temperance people? No—the poor oppressed taxpayers, regardless of their sentiments."

Early in 1889, Mrs. Thayer suggested an entertainment built around Jean Ingelow's *Songs of Seven*. Mrs. Thayer had a young daughter, Marion, who was much given to planning programs, staging amateur theatricals, and acting.

Characters were chosen for "Seven Times One," "Seven Times Two," and so on. Daughter Marion would take the part, "Seven Times Three. Love." Very dramatically, indeed, would she "lean out of the window" and "smell the white clover" while listening for her lover's footsteps. She would entreat the nightingale to hush, that she might hear if a step drew near.

Miss McFarland was chosen for "Seven Times Four. Maternity." That suited Marion, for she admired Fannie McFarland, so blithesome and gay, so handsome and debonair. Fannie was the personification of daisies and buttercups, and daffodils state-

ly and tall. But Fannie was not the chosen one. It was Lizzie, Fannie's plain and serious-minded sister. No one could identify Lizzie with daisies and buttercups and fair yellow daffodils rocking among the grasses. Lizzie would be more apt to dissect the blossoms under a magnifying glass and faithfully paint them on a china plate. Lizzie was given to unfaltering discharge of onerous duties; there was nothing airy and lightsome about her. Now Marion was temperamental and determined concerning what she considered the fitness of things. Lizzie McFarland "Seven Times Four!" Unthinkable! "Seven Times Three" should not look like that drab and uninteresting Lizzie McFarland at "Seven Times Four!!" Never!!!

The minutes of the society record that the project was given up, "owing to difficulties in obtaining suitable persons to represent characters." The committee agreed with Mrs. Thayer that "considering all hindrances and possible contingencies" it would be wise to drop it.

In the summer of 1889, a lively group of young ladies organized the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. The new organization and the Band of Hope were invited to meet thereafter in the new temperance headquarters in the Universalist Church. Dr. Alexander Guy, a wealthy philanthropist of the village, had bought the church and presented it to the temperance organizations of Oxford. The building is now the Episcopal Church. For three dollars a month, the old W.C.T.U. parlors were let to Mrs. Emily Hughes and Miss Jennie Brooks for an art school. The W.C.T.U. met in their new headquarters for the first time on September 5, 1889. The ladies were grieved by the unfavorable result of local option legislation in 1889. "Where once we were made to rejoice over closing the saloons," the W.C.T.U. president said, "we are now humiliated at the going in and out of men, boys, and sometimes women, through their wide-open doors." However, it was encouraging to hear that at a recent liquor-dealers' convention, the dealers openly declared that the thing they feared most was the W.C.T.U. The ladies of the Oxford branch went right on distributing their literature at railway stations and at the local livery stables and barber shops.

The month of March 1890 saw the beginning of another branch

of the temperance work, the Mothers' Meeting. At these meetings, papers were read on the various problems of parents. In June, Mrs. MacDonald, a minister's wife, read a paper on "Influence of Good and Evil exerted over Children by Parents." The July meeting was poorly attended, but the few who braved the extreme heat were rewarded by Mrs. Thomas' flawless readings from the life of Frances Willard.

The next month a provocative paper was read by Mrs. Beeks. A full and animated discussion followed, on the use and abuse of conventionality, what is the basis of courtesy, and can we practice absolute sincerity in our social relations?

At the October meeting, Mrs. Hargitt, wife of a Miami University professor, read a paper entitled, "Tobacco—How Can we Influence Our Boys to See the Evil and Danger of Cigarette Smoking and the Effects of Tobacco on the System." The mothers were so impressed by it, they wished to have it published. Mrs. Hargitt was coy and asked for time to think it over. Mrs. MacDonald rose to remark that space might be unavailable in the *Citizen* for temperance writings, on account of the editor being an intemperate man.

It was about this time that Tolstoi was condemning tobacco in his writings. Few men had drunk more wine or smoked more tobacco than he, and he had come to the conclusion that people drank and smoked to drown the voice of conscience; that the deliverance of mankind from this terrible evil would mark an epoch in the life of the race.

The Oxford W.C.T.U. offered a five-dollar gold piece as a prize for the best essay on tobacco. The essays were to be written by pupils of the Oxford High School.

Youth is ever hopeful and ambitious. Confidentially the Y.W.C.T.U. wrote to Mark Twain, the Fisk Jubilee Singers, William Henry Venable, and Dr. Gunsaulus in regard to engagements. With such attractions they dreamed of raising fabulous sums for a reading room.

However, in 1892 and 1893, two lecturers of distinction did come to town under the auspices of the Y.W.C.T.U.—Anna Shaw, an ardent advocate of woman's rights, and Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon Custer, widow of General George Armstrong Custer, the hero of

the plains. Miss Shaw's fee was twenty-five dollars and that of Mrs. Custer fifty dollars.

In May 1892, President Thompson of Miami University addressed the W.C.T.U. convention then being held in Oxford. Among the grave questions of the day, he thought woman's suffrage deserved notice. Since women paid taxes, he considered it unfair for them to be deprived of the vote. Thompson flatly stated that men had thought that rocking a cradle was the only thing a woman could do better than a man. He pleased the suffragettes by saying that it had been found that women could do many things as well or better than men.

The winter of 1893 found the W.C.T.U. and the Y.W.C.T.U. circulating two petitions from the state organization. One was for the establishment of houses and appointment of personnel to care for women and children under arrest. The other was for equal suffrage. Suffrage leaflets, also, were circulated by the W.C.T.U.

On November 5, 1897, the Reverend Sam Small came to town. He had long been associated with the famous Sam Jones and had recently become a temperance lecturer. Small lectured in the Methodist Church on "From the Bar-Room to the Pulpit," thus introducing his own life story. The *Oxford News* noted that the audience "was not large but was select," and that it "could be truthfully stated that those present were entertained." Two or three months later, Small returned. The churches were packed and many were turned away. He gave four lectures entitled "Uncle Sam and his Demijohn," "Is Our Civilization a Failure?", "His Majesty, the Devil," and "Moses and His Snake."

After Small left town, the *Miami Student* editorialized:

There is much less drinking here than in many other colleges, but results at times are appalling and disgusting. If saloons were abolished, it would better the condition of the students and would attract others.

* * * *

The local Woman's Christian Temperance Union organized the Loyal Temperance Legion or Band of Hope for the children, with an enrollment of more than two hundred. Under the leadership of Mrs. Fannie Wetherell, the membership steadily advanced toward the three-hundred mark. Each Sunday after-

noon found Mrs. Wetherell and her corps of teachers at the Town Hall indoctrinating the young.

Mrs. Wetherell's niece, Marion Thayer, was one of the teachers. She was no reformer and probably did not even know what the letters "W.C.T.U." meant. However, she taught a class because Auntie needed her. She talked earnestly to her class, telling them that, of course, *they* would never be guilty of taking alcohol in any form. She urged them to influence others by strong disapproval of any such action. Whatever Marion did, she did intensely. So powerfully did she impart the doctrine of temperance that two of her young pupils, the eight- and ten-year-old Grace and Sadie Norris, refused to touch mince pie with brandy in it. Furthermore, they would not kiss their aunt or grandmother goodnight if those estimable ladies had indulged in brandied pastry.

Marion did more than teach a class. She staged a sketch, using the class for the cast. Miss Frankie Munns called it "Marion's Temperance Black Crook." Nobody knew just what the *Black Crook* was, but it was something that had to do with a naughty dance called the "cancan." For "Marion's Black Crook," all were dressed in light blue, except blonde Virginia Smith in pure white and Adelia Cone in bright scarlet. Adelia's little heart was sorely grieved, because she so longed to be the maid in pure white. Virginia wore a crown of artificial water lilies and Adelia wore a bacchanalian crown of grapes and grape leaves. The blue girls stood in line with the pale Virginia at the head and the flaming Adelia at the foot, Virginia holding a glass of water, Adelia a glass of wine. Adelia recited an apostrophe to the wine cup, which was followed by Virginia's eloquent apostrophe to the "pure and sparkling water." This was followed by interrogations by Marion and answers by the class. The significance of the colors, white and scarlet, were explained, and then the group sang "Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul," reaching a superb climax with "Now we'll resign our ruby wine, each smiling son and daughter, for there's nothing so good for the youthful blood, as the clear and sparkling water." The scarlet one sang, "So I'll resign *my* ruby wine," as she dashed her goblet to the floor, while the chorus chanted, "So *she'll* resign *her* ruby

wine." Marion, standing behind a screen, accompanied the song on her guitar.

Unfortunately, on the evening of the performance, Marion had been almost in a state of collapse from fatigue. Her mother, anxious to have the program go well, fortified her with a spoonful of whiskey in a glass of hot water. A visiting friend, after the performance, teasingly ventured the opinion that it would have been more impressive had not the aroma of the bar-room emanated from the impresario as she walked down the aisle.

In Mrs. Wetherell's annual report, there was no hint of anything so colorful as a "Temperance Black Crook." She simply said that "an object lesson" had been "very successfully rendered by Miss Thayer's class in the Band of Hope," and that Miss Thayer had received a vote of thanks for arranging the program.

The Band of Hope offered many an hour of entertainment at the village churches, the town hall, and the opera house. Children loved to "be in it," and they liked the sugar-coating of picnics and parties with which their teachers made palatable their pills of anti-tobacco and anti-alcohol propaganda.

In 1887, still another temperance organization was born in the town of Oxford. It was a group of young men calling themselves the Band of Hope Cadets. They rented a room in the Cone House, but there are no available records of their activities.

In 1888, the W.C.T.U. and the Band of Hope ceased to operate as separate societies. It was hard to find leaders for so many different organizations. Operating as one society, they continued to present the virtues of what John B. Gough described as, "Distilled in the rainbow of promise . . . sweet, beautiful water."

* * * *

Women and children played the most important role in the attempt to abolish liquor, but the men had their brief day in 1877. The early summer of that year found the Murphy movement sweeping the country. Mass meetings were held in nearly every city and hamlet. Prayer and song, oratory, declamation, and personal testimony at the meetings furnished excitement comparable to that of the camp meeting. Old and young lustily sang the new song, *Bless the Badge of Heaven's Blue*.

Earnest evangelists went about the country organizing, plead-

ing, persuading. They carried their message even into work-houses and jails. The hearts of hardened sinners were melted by the appealing strains of familiar gospel hymns like *Whiter than Snow* and *Almost Persuaded*; they were made stout-hearted enough to sign the pledge by such songs as *Dare to be a Murphy*, *Brightly Spreads this Glorious Cause*, and *The Murphy Boys are Marching On*. The sad fate of the drunkard and his family was set forth in the bleak misery of "Midnight Scene at a Drunkard's Home," "The Drunkard's Wife," and "The Vagabond" by the best elocutionists the town could provide.

Francis Murphy himself came to Columbus in June to tell with great pathos and power his own life's story and his degrading experiences with strong drink. His appearances in Columbus increased enthusiasm for the cause throughout the state.

Murphy was a fine-looking Irishman who won his audiences by his straightforward argument, his sincerity and warmth. By his lectures in the United States and abroad, he induced ten million people to sign the pledge. Murphy's method was one of persuasion rather than coercion. He declared that every man had a right to drink if he wanted to, that he must be led to see the evil effects of liquor and be convinced by his own reason that drunkenness does not pay. Every man, he said, had a right to sell liquor—if men would quit drinking, the sellers would have to go out of business.

The first regular Murphy meeting in Oxford was held in the Town Hall on the evening of June 12, 1877. A crowd of about two hundred and fifty assembled, most of them women. Will McCord, ardent Methodist exhorter and village tailor, presided. A chorus provided the music. L. E. Grennan, editor of the Oxford, *Citizen*, acted as secretary. The business of organization proceeded, not without a bit of wrangling, however. Within a week, 166 pledges were signed.

About this time, a bit of buffoonery was injected into this plethora of reform. An eccentric individual came to Oxford to rid the people of their obnoxious habit of drinking tea. He was "Professor" W. Hancock Cluff, lecturer, debater, and cutter of capers. Announcement was made in the village press that Pro-

fessor Cluff would be assisted by "Professor Brandenburg and nearly all the instrumental talent of Oxford," which was an extravagant promise, to say the least. Professor Cluff, F.R.T.C., late of Dublin (so he said), was the founder of the anti-tea movement. In his home town of Hamilton, Ohio, he was notable for his "plug hat of thirteen centuries' growth." In the court-house yard, he harangued the loafers and bystanders on political questions of the day, stopping now and then to spin like a top and turn somersaults in the air. The insignia of his anti-tea movement was a green ribbon. In Hamilton and Oxford, the number of green ribbons was doubtless small. The Professor came and went. Oxonians concentrated upon the Murphy movement.

At a meeting on June 25, a bespectacled professor arose, looked around and said, "Mr .Chairman, is it not obligatory upon the Murphyites to wear the blue ribbon? I see but few who have it on." The chairman ruled that it was obligatory for Murphyites to show their colors.

Excuses, facetious and serious, came from every corner of the room. A preacher, finding himself without his badge, sarcastically said that he would buy a bolt of blue ribbon and pin some on each coat he owned; he stated flatly that he was opposed to badges of all kinds, and to this one in particular. So much was said against wearing the blue ribbon, the mayor rose to quell the disturbance. But the rumble of opposition drowned out his voice. The debate waxed hot, the meeting ran late, and excitement ran high. The pro-badgers and anti-badgers left the hall to sleep over the question. The next day, every Murphyite appeared with his badge of blue.

By June 20, the Cincinnati *Commercial* announced 53,000 pledges signed in Ohio. This was not a complete report, for Oxford and some other towns actively engaged in the work were not included.

On that very date, the Lincolns, famous temperance workers, were singing *The Rumseller's Lament* and other good temperance songs in Oxford. The Lincolns were enthusiastically received in Oxford, in spite of the fact that Cincinnatians were

complaining that Mr. Lincoln was getting rich from the collections he "lifted."

By July, the movement began to slow up a little in Oxford. Late in that month, Gilbert McMaster from Pittsburgh came to town and stimulated a new burst of zeal among the Murphyites. The crowds became so large that the nightly meetings had to be transferred from the Town Hall to the park. Among the signers, now five hundred, were those "whose manly declaration" that they would "redeem their characters" caused great rejoicing. Business men began to give support as the cause gained popularity under the evangelism of McMaster.

In the midst of the mounting enthusiasm, the Reverend William Jasper McSurely came to Oxford and made an eloquent address that was followed by a large number of new signatures. The next day (Sunday), 1,500 people crowded the park to hear Judge James A. Gilmore of Eaton tell what the Murphy pledge had done for him. So eloquent and convincing was the Judge that 118, some of whom had long resisted, came forward and signed the pledge. At the close of the Judge's discourse, there was a rush to the tables where some of Oxford's fairest young ladies were hard pressed to supply the demand for badges. That evening, the badge-pinning lasted till eleven o'clock, bringing the total pledges for Sunday alone to 216. By July 24, McMaster brought the number of signatures up to eight hundred, in spite of discouraging circumstances. At the end of the month, R. E. Prosser arrived to help McMaster. Together, they raised the number of pledges to one thousand.

A permanent organization was effected with William S. Jones, president; James Walker, vice-president; Sylvester Bishop, secretary; and Frank J. Cone, treasurer. McMaster went to Morning Sun to prosecute the cause and Prosser remained in Oxford to address the colored people at their August picnic in the campus grove.

After all this excitement died down, the Murphyites went on with regular meetings, though less frequent, for three or four weeks, bringing the signatures up to 1,100. On August 10, the Lincolns with J. S. Greene left their labors in Cincinnati and returned to Oxford. An immense crowd greeted them on Friday

night in the park. On Saturday and Sunday evenings they sang and talked to large audiences in the Methodist Church. On Sunday afternoon the park was surrounded by carriages "literally loaded with people." On Monday night, the Presbyterian Church overflowed with people trying to hear. Greene was an incisive speaker, keeping everyone in a good humor with his racy wit. The Lincolns charmed with their songs: *Rum Has Had Its Day*, *Sign Tonight*, and *Hand Not the Cup to Me*. A dispatch to the *Cincinnati Gazette* reported that: "All the elite of the town, and everybody else, have been to hear them, and each and all say the Lincolns and Greene possess the grand secret of success."

By the end of August, the movement had slowed down, but still struggled on. Then came the Butler County Fair in Hamilton in early October. Many "Murphy boys" went to the fair as dry as the drouth-ridden earth itself. Before the fair, the Oxford Murphyites were thirteen hundred strong, but as the fair progressed, the number of the faithful grew less and less. Enthusiasm degenerated into listlessness. Debt and an empty treasury completely demoralized the society. Even the appearance of Francis Murphy himself in Cincinnati in late October failed to revive the zeal of the inhabitants of the classic village.

CHAPTER VII

THE LECTURE PLATFORM

Oxford kept abreast of intellectual trends. Through its schools and organizations, the town had now and then the privilege of hearing a lecturer of renown.

In the 1870's, Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the most challenging lecturer to appear on an Oxford platform. She was brought to Miami University, probably through the influence of her brother-in-law, Robert L. Stanton, president of that institution. Since she was filling a lecture engagement in Cincinnati, it was only natural that she should come to Oxford to visit her husband's brother.

Some of Oxford's citizens, feeling a certain delicacy about hearing and seeing such a bold woman, stayed at home and missed a good lecture. The editor of the *Oxford Citizen* had tried his best to prejudice Oxonians against her, but there were many who were willing to risk their reputations to hear what she had to say. A "large and intelligent audience" gave Mrs. Stanton undivided attention. A "shadow of disappointment flitted across the audience as the speaker came before her hearers," but when she adjusted her glasses, announced her subject, and began to speak in "a full, melodious voice" of the wrongs of her sex, the audience was hers. As she spoke, prejudice against a woman speaking in public, especially before a mixed audience, gave way before the logic of her conclusions.

The title of her lecture was "Our Girls." Mrs. Stanton made an earnest plea for less restriction of opportunity for women to earn a living. At that time, women must either work for a pittance or tread the primrose path. Mrs. Stanton maintained that the duties of a professional life were less degrading to women than the dissipations of life in fashionable society. She pointed out that

in the dance her hand is often clasped and her waist pressed by
licentious youth, whose touch is contagion, while, sitting at her

desk as a lawyer, she need neither touch the hand nor smell the breath of her client.

After a fervent exordium, Mrs. Stanton took an ultra stand on fashions, denouncing the current styles and the alacrity with which girls conformed to them in defiance of common sense and the laws of health and nature. She made an earnest plea to the men in her audience to support the women in dress reform and to help them widen their educational opportunities.

Some of the more conservative ones in her audience must have been shocked when she told the Miami boys that if they were perplexed about marriage and divorce, she would be glad to give them her views.

One contributor to the *Student* was not entirely pleased with Mrs. Stanton. He noted that she had misrepresented Henry Clay! However, the editor was in complete accord with Mrs. Stanton on dress reform. He could not understand why "ladies who heard her words of caution and alarm" did not "immediately make common a cause in which the happiness, and even the lives of many were at stake." He was convinced that false public opinion had reduced the sphere of women to unbearably narrow limits.

As surprising as the *Student's* approval of Mrs. Stanton may seem, it is not as strange as the fact that the *Student* was regularly receiving *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* on their exchange list. Considering the conservative Presbyterian influence at the school, it is amazing to find that the students read a paper that attacked Henry Ward Beecher. The *Weekly* attacked Beecher not for his amative propensities but for his furtive way of gratifying them. The notorious Claflin sisters at that time were under indictment for mailing improper matter—the Beecher-Tilton scandal—in their paper. The *Student* (February 1873) cautiously affirmed: "Our views do not coincide with the Woodhull & Claflin views, but we like to see all sides of journalism."

The only other lecturer of note to come to Miami in the Seventies, outside of commencement speakers, was another woman, Minnie Myrtle Miller, the wife of Joaquin Miller. Mrs. Miller was a writer of graceful verses which she published under the pen-name of "Minnie Myrtle." When she came to Miami in 1873 at the invitation of the Senior class, her lecture

subject was "Men and Women of the Pacific." In Mark Twain style, she depicted "the rise from barbarism before the discovery of gold to the present civilization" of California. "Her manner is—is mannerism," the *Student* commented. Every sentence showed the most careful planning of voice and action to convey the proper impression to her audience.

Minnie Myrtle was a beautiful little blonde, wearing a profusion of natural curls. She was a former Oxonian, but Cincinnatus Heine Miller had found her in Idaho. When they were married, he rode a hundred miles to meet her. After the marriage ceremony, they returned to his home on horseback. She divorced Miller in 1876, three years after her lecture in Oxford.

In the spring of 1884, Ander Soloder, a native of the Fiji Islands, lectured in the Town Hall. Ander could speak twenty languages, so he said. Until the age of ten, he had subsisted solely on human flesh. A "true account" of the customs of the cannibals in the Fiji Islands and other uncivilized parts of the world was delivered before a large audience who were held spellbound by his recital of the gruesome details of cannibalism.

Early in January 1885, Wallace Bruce lectured at the Presbyterian Church. Bruce was a poet and a noted lyceum lecturer on literary subjects. He was a graduate of Yale and claimed to be an associate of Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant. The *Citizen* asserted that Bruce's poetry had "the sweet cadence of the soul thoughts of Will Carleton." Among other things, Bruce spoke of American perseverance, eulogizing America as a haven for the oppressed. In speaking of the characteristics of other people, he left this thought with his well-pleased audience:

The Scotchman is never so much at home as when he is abroad; the Englishman is never as happy as when he is miserable; the Irishman never so tranquil as when in a fight.

The next month, Oxford Female College presented James E. Murdoch, the celebrated Shakespearean reader. It was Murdoch who had electrified a Cincinnati audience one night during the Civil War by reading T. Buchanan Read's "Sheridan's Ride," with the ink hardly dry upon its pages. At the College, Murdoch gave two evenings to various authors, portraying the characters with power and insight. One evening was devoted to

Sir Walter Scott and Scottish minstrelsy. In May 1887, Murdoch came to Oxford to fill two engagements at the Western Female Seminary. Though in his seventy-seventh year, he read with unusual vigor and fire. The Seminary had a crowded house both nights. The Farmers' Club turned out in full force.

As a boy on his father's farm in Warren County, Ohio, Dr. Faye Walker had known Murdoch who lived on a farm nearby. In fact, Walker had studied with Murdoch, who thought Faye eminently fitted for the stage.

In December, James Whitcomb Riley lectured in Oxford. The Oxford papers carried the usual advertisements before he came. He would appear at the Opera House on December 18. Admission twenty-five cents. One advertisement not so usual read:

DEAR PUBLICK;

I take extreem delite in interducing 2 yure
immediate notis mi yung friend, Mr. James Whikum Riley,
who is a phunny man of the purest ray sereen. He is phunnier
than tung can tell. Yures without a struggle,

JOSH BILLINGS.

The *Oxford Citizen* (1885) printed two unpublished stanzas of "When the Frost is on the Punkin'," stating that "Riley says 'it sorta rounds it out'":

When yer apples all is gathered
An' the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor
In red and yeller heaps,
An' yer cider makin's over,
An' yer womern folks is there,
With their mince an' apple butter
An' their souse an' sausage fare—

I don't know how to tell it,
But if such a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin'
An' they called around on me,
I'd want to accommodate 'em
The whole endurin' flock,
When the frost is on the punkin'
An' the fodder's in the shock.

Riley came back in 1886. An advertisement said:

Have you ever heard James Whitcomb Riley lecture? He is both a poet and an orator, as natural as a robin in his matin song. Go and hear him some time, he is as gentle and strong as a child.

Again, in 1887, Riley lectured in Oxford. On July 2, he was

assisted by "an artistic and refined musical combination" under the management of Amos J. Walker—Ida Sweenie, soprano; Charles Heinzen, violinist; May Miller, pianist. Riley gave an entirely new program, including his "latest and greatest successes": "Kingry's Mill," "Good-by Jim," "Bessie," and the speech of the "Cheerman of the Natural Gas Meeting." The last-named poem was peculiarly appropriate at that time, for Oxford had just been through a gas boom. Oil speculation was rife all over Ohio at that time.

Riley was in Oxford in January 1890. He and Bill Nye passed through on their way to Cincinnati to give an entertainment for the Elks. Riley stepped off the train for a moment "to see if he knew anybody," but Nye merely stuck his bald head out of the car window for an instant.

When Riley gave his lectures in Oxford, he was usually in a poor condition for a public performance. Meredith Nicholson has said that these lecture trips made Riley miserable; perhaps that is why Riley took a nip or two.

It is not generally known that James Whitcomb Riley courted "that old sweetheart of mine" in Oxford. When Kate Myers, an Indiana girl whose friends called her "Dade," was a student at Oxford Female College, Riley frequently came to see her. Kate graduated in 1876. In Oxford, he felt "the pressure of her slender little hand," as they planned their future when he should be a poet, "with nothing else to do, but write the tender verses that she set the music to." "Dade" studied music at Oxford College. It was their dream that she, a singer, should set to music the verses Riley wrote.

Kate's parents, however, frowned upon an alliance with one who had been an itinerant sign-painter and a medicine-show trouper. To realistic parents, Riley was only a tippling maker of verses. Kate and James never lived together "in a cosy little cot, hidden in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot."

Riley never married, but Kate married twice. When college days were but a memory, Kate was a teacher in the music department of the Western Normal School at Shenandoah, Iowa. Her second husband, Professor W. J. Kinsley, was head of the penmanship department of the same school, and eventually be-

came an expert on the hand-writing of criminals, maintaining offices in New York City. Riley kept up his friendship with Kate and sometimes visited the Kinsleys at Shenandoah.

In December 1890, Kate Myers Kinsley died from injuries sustained when a runaway team threw her out of a carriage. Riley sent the following telegram to the bereaved husband: "In the death of your noble wife, heaven is made brighter even on this Christmas Day. Be of good heart and perfect trust . . ." Later he sent a verse to be inscribed upon Kate's coffin:

By the endless intercession of our loved ones lost to sight
He is with us through all trials, in His mercy and His might
With our mothers there about Him, all our sorrow disappears.
And His hand is laid upon us with the tenderness of tears,
In the waning of the watches of the night.

In 1887, one of the ablest temperance lecturers in the country, General Samuel F. Cary, lectured two evenings at Oxford College. Doctor Walker requested him to devote one evening to answering one of Bob Ingersoll's lectures on the Bible. At first hesitant, General Cary finally agreed to present the subject as a lawyer. Hence the lecture, "The Mistakes of Moses or Ingersoll, Which?" The audience, largely composed of those who regarded Ingersoll as a vicious monster, received Cary's remarks with great enthusiasm.

On July 12, 1887, Belva Lockwood, prominent in the temperance and woman's suffrage movements, lectured in the Opera House. Belva, a practising lawyer, had in 1870 obtained the passage of a bill giving to women government workers equal pay with men for equal work. She had been instrumental in getting through Congress a law permitting women to practice law before the Supreme Court. She was the first woman, under that law, to practice before that august body. Only the year before she came to Oxford, she had been nominated for President of the United States by the Equal Rights party.

In September, a man greatly beloved by all Oxford came to lecture before the Oxford Choral Society. He was Karl Merz, who had done more for good music in Oxford than any man who had ever lived in the town.

The next lectures in Oxford bordered on the forbidden. For two days, Saturday and Sunday, J. Will Bennett gave private

lectures at the Girard House. For a price, Mr. Bennet revealed the secrets of phrenology and physiology and the Science of Life and Health.

December brought two Cincinnatians to Oxford College—James A. Greene of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* and Doctor Le Boutillier. Stereopticon views made from photographs taken by Doctor Le Boutillier profusely illustrated Mr. Greene's lectures. One of their subjects was "The Footsteps of Longfellow."

Doctor David Starr Jordan came from Indiana University to Miami in 1889 to thrill his audience with an illustrated lecture on "The Ascent of the Matterhorn." The next morning he lectured to the students on Aggasiz, whom he had known personally. Ella McSurely, the only girl enrolled at Miami, wrote her mother that Jordan was interesting and had "a great deal of dry wit."

Following the example set by Oxford College and the Seminary, Miami University brought James E. Murdoch to the campus in December 1890. He was an old man wearing a long white beard, but the students were much impressed by him. The *Student* said, "Let's profit by his example in enunciation and cease to murder the English language." Murdoch read T.B. Read's "Drifting" and the famous "Sheridan's Ride." To the delight of the students he recalled personal memories of Read. With Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship" and selections from *Julius Caesar*, he made explanatory remarks, which some of the students, at least, conscientiously tried to remember.

In January 1891, a lecture caused a near-breakdown of college discipline at Oxford Female College. A distinguished English lecturer, Colonel Copeland, came to the college to lecture on the aesthetic movement in England. At seven o'clock on the appointed evening, the young ladies filed into the chapel and took their seats. Presently, Doctor Walker came mincing in with the Colonel. The two men took their places on the platform with all the dignity suitable to their stations in life. After a glowing introduction by Doctor Walker, Colonel Copeland rose to speak.

"Young ladies," he said, "I am not going to discuss the

subject of Aesthetics this evening. I wish to speak to you on 'Snobs and Snobbery'."

A wild burst of laughter, punctuated by squeals and choking sounds, greeted that innocent announcement. The speaker was startled and Doctor Walker was appalled.

Colonel Copeland, collecting his scattered thoughts, went on to say, "Snobs are not only cheap, they are vulgar."

The hall fairly rocked with shrieks of mirth. The girls were convulsed, but upon seeing Doctor Walker's thunderous brow and flashing eye, they smothered their laughter as best they could and managed to maintain some degree of composure throughout the lecture. Doctor Walker was furious, that was plain to see, and Colonel Copeland was clearly puzzled.

What neither Doctor Walker nor the speaker knew was what the word "snobs" meant to the girls. They did not know that the neat row of outdoor conveniences behind the discreet lattice work in the rear of the dormitory had long been known to the girls as "snobs." Why they called those chilly essentials of healthful living "snobs," even they could not tell. Mrs. Walker knew what the college snobs were, and was able to point out to her husband in the privacy of their chamber that the connotation of the word was not mental arrogance or the servile aping of one's superiors, but a retreat for the pursuit of hygienic habits. Doctor Walker was somewhat appeased, but he called the young ladies in and reprimanded them sharply for unladylike behavior. Snobs were not mentioned.

Miami welcomed one of her own sons to its chapel platform on February 10, 1891. Robert B. Stanton (Miami '71) had made a name for himself as an engineer. His recent article in *Scribner's*, "Through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado," had attracted much attention. Robert was said to be the first man to conceive the idea of a railroad running through a cañon of the Colorado River. It must have given him some satisfaction to return to Oxford as a man of distinction, after his father had had such a troubled career as president of the University. With his lectures, he showed a number of amazing stereopticon views of the cañons of the Colorado. "A merry party" from the Seminary attended the lecture, to the great satisfaction of the Miami boys.

The Western Female Seminary entertained James Lane Allen in January 1892. His *Flute and Violin* and *The Blue Grass Region and Other Sketches* had charmed countless readers with their subtle beauty. The upper classes of Oxford College and Miami University accepted the Seminary's cordial invitation to share this literary treat. There were a few who took exception to what he had to say about Harriet Beecher Stowe.

In May, Miami brought a Southern author to town—George Washington Cable. With six books already to his credit, the scenes laid in the South, Cable was considered an authority on the Deep South.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore filled engagements at the Seminary and at Miami late in February 1892. Mrs. Livermore was the one woman among four lecturers who received the highest fees in the country. Temperance, Woman's Rights, and Dress Reform were her usual topics. At the Seminary, she gave one of her most popular lectures, "What Shall We Do With Our Girls?" Some of the Seminary girls were much impressed by her "good hard Christian sense." A campus leader was certain that "a reform in the dress question among the Seminary girls" was sure to come as a result of Mrs. Livermore's remarks. One of the town ladies was heard to say, "I'll never wear another pair of tight shoes."

On Sunday afternoon, the distinguished lady spoke "eloquently and thrillingly on temperance" at Miami University. The chapel was packed. The *Oxford News* commented, "It was a cheering sight to see so many young men grasp the hand of that 'Mother in Israel' and pledge themselves to make a noble effort for the making and carrying out of righteous laws." Mrs. Livermore, at that time, was seventy-one years old.

At the Presbyterian Church in November 1892, Miss Anna Shaw lectured on "The Fate of the Republics," under the auspices of the Y.W. C. T. U. Miss Shaw was a pleasant, forceful speaker. Her lecture was a skillful blend of wit, wisdom, and pathos. Her main argument was that American patriotism and simple justice demanded the enfranchisement of women. Neglect of feminine virtues and female education wrecked the republics of the past and the same fate now threatened our own republic. Miss Shaw appealed to the Christian sentiment of the country to grant the

right of suffrage to women. The Y.W.C.T.U. considered her arguments unanswerable. They were confident that "many, very many" of the audience believed in Miss Shaw's principles. Miss McKee, Lady Principal of the Western Female Seminary, invited Miss Shaw to tea. The invitation was accepted, and the girls were charmed by this personification of the New Woman.

On the evening of January 24, 1893, Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon Custer, widow of the hero of the plains, addressed an Oxford audience. In order to give more people the opportunity to hear this woman who had shared so fully the romantic life of her soldier-husband, the price of admission was lowered from fifty to thirty-five cents.

About ten days before she came to Oxford, L. E. Grennan wrote a reminiscent editorial for the *Oxford News-Citizen*:

. . . a cheer was heard at the head of the column [in Petersburg after Johnston's surrender in 1864] . . . The cheer was taken up along the line, ere yet we knew why. We did not wait long in suspense. The dashing General Custer with face as fair as a woman's and long curls of golden hair hanging in ringlets almost to his shoulders came into view. He was mounted on a splendid charger that seemed to scent the battle as the cheers of Sherman's gallant Yankee boys filled the air. The General wore a large red necktie as did every man of his famous division. The boys called them Custer ties. By his side rode a beautiful woman, a woman of commanding presence in every way worthy to be the mate of the dashing officer whose wife she was. She, too, wore a large red necktie and everywhere it was seen in the Army of the Potomac it was greeted by the gallant boys whom her husband led to victory and to fame.

The war over, the faithful wife followed her gallant soldier to the West. Her books portray how cheerfully she shared with him the toils and privations of frontier life with the cavalry commander of all time . . . Our citizens should hear Mrs. Custer's story.

Mrs. Custer's readings from her husband's book, *My Life on the Plains*, was all that had been anticipated, and more. After all her wandering and hardships, she was still a beautiful woman. Her description of camp life was so vivid that her listeners imagined they could see the stables, the horses, the men. They thrilled to the description of the unfurling of and the salute to the flag. With amazing fidelity she portrayed the social life in tents, adobe houses, and dug-outs, showing the comradeship of officers and their wives who shared the hardships and

meager comforts of camp. Then came the grueling campaign, the shock and fury of battle, in magnificent imagery, followed by the joyful return to camp to the lively strains of *Garry Owen*.

She related how the tedium of camp in winter was relieved by story-telling, by playing the creaky old piano, and by the native songs sung by officers of many nationalities. Even in the gloom of the plains through the long winter, content could "spread a charm, Redress the clime and all its rage disarm."

At the close of the reading, Mrs. Custer was introduced to several Oxford citizens. All were charmed by her sincere friendliness. She was particularly pleased to meet Gustave Schlenck who had belonged to her husband's famous Seventh Cavalry. Mrs. Custer was entertained, while in the village, by Miss Lizzie McCord in her home at 202 East Church Street.

On a blustery March day in 1893, William Dean Howells spoke at the Western Female Seminary on "American Realism." In spite of bad weather, a number of Oxford College girls attended. It was the general opinion of all who heard Howells that they had been "ushered into a new realm of delight." Six years later, when Howells came to his old home town of Hamilton, Ohio, to lecture, a grand reception was given for him. From Oxford, Doctor and Mrs. Faye Walker shepherded a flock of eager young ladies to the affair. Dean Sawyer took a party from the Seminary, and Miss Owen chaperoned the Agora Club from that institution. One literary woman from the town went to the party. She was Mrs. McClure, wife of the superintendent of the Oxford public school. Mrs. McClure was the lone lady who attended Doctor Hepburn's English Literature class at the University. Not once during the whole year did Doctor Hepburn address Mrs. McClure, except to say "Good Morning." Doctor Hepburn felt strongly that those who wished to drink deep of the Pierian spring should be segregated according to sex. To him, women were only a nuisance in college classes. Fate played him a scurvy trick when a women's dormitory at Miami was named Hepburn Hall.

The Miami Y.M.C.A. and The Western Y.W.C.A. pooled their resources and brought Charles Monteville Flowers, impersonator, to Oxford on February 20, 1896. Flowers gave his famous

monologue, an arrangement of Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*, in the University chapel.

Leland Powers, popular Chautauqua entertainer, came twelve days later to impersonate David Garrick, celebrated Eighteenth Century British actor. Fifty cents was charged for the best reserved seats.

In the Eighties and Nineties, Oxonians read the poems of Joaquin Miller. Miller lectured in the Miami University chapel in 1897. He was no stranger to Oxford, for his birthplace was in Indiana, not far from the Ohio-Indiana line. The first ten years of his life were spent near Oxford. His father, Hugh Miller, had taught the first grammar school in the Indian Creek region in District Number Ten near McCullough's Mills on the Brookville road. At that time he lived on the Bake farm, just west of Indian Creek.

Joaquin's winning manners and unique Western dress made him a romantic figure. The *Miami Student* reported that he won the love of all who met him while in Oxford. He was then on his way to England to give a series of lectures. This time he would not be begging an English publisher to publish his works. The *Student* was impressed by the fact that Miller was an esteemed friend of James Whitcomb Riley.

At the lecture in Oxford, at least twenty-five people made the pun, "Walk een," as they entered the University chapel. The ushers could only groan.

A full house heard Miller's lecture entitled, "Lessons Not in Books." He urged simplicity in speech—more ideas and fewer words. It was his opinion that great men used small words, that small men used big words. Joaquin declared that while Buddha, Confucius, and Socrates wrote in books, American literature was only riding in a stagecoach. He stressed the thought that a good writer is simple and direct. "A great honest thought" he said, "does not need a swallowtail coat and a low necktie, it will take cold and die." He reminded his audience that Baxter's *Saint's Rest* was written with a vocabulary of three thousand words, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* with one of five thousand words. Milton, he said, used seventeen thousand words and

Shakespeare twenty-four thousand, yet American dictionaries contained two hundred and fifty thousand words.

In poetic language, he described the California country he loved so well. He painted a vivid word-picture of his home on "The Heights" and read some of his own poetry. He ended his lecture with a plea for good manners. Two rules he had learned from an Oxford (Ohio) English teacher: first, be tender; second, be modest. A boaster, he said, has nothing more than bombast to boast about; popularity is mediocrity; familiarity is vulgarity. As an example of good manners, he told an anecdote of General Ulysses S. Grant. An officer, about to tell a lewd story, remarked, "There are no ladies here." Grant promptly replied, "No, but there are some gentlemen here."

Together with several other clubs of Oxford and neighboring towns, the Agora Club of The Western heard Alice Freeman Palmer on November 3, 1897, at The Western. Mrs. Palmer held her audience "almost breathless" during her lecture on "Personal Memories of Whittier, Holmes, and Phillips Brooks." Mrs. Palmer had been the commencement speaker at The Western in 1892.

Opie Read, with six novels already published, came to Oxford College in the spring of 1899 to read selections from his own works. He was assisted by Mr. Visscher who recited original poems and told anecdotes. Visscher had traveled with Bill Nye and had many interesting stories to tell about him.

A few weeks later, Henry Cabell Dix, the son of a Kentucky slaveholder, came to The Western to lecture on slavery and the Civil War. His subject was "The Bright Side of a Dark Subject."

Minor lecturers in the Nineties were Howard Saxby, Mrs. Haberly, the Reverend Henrietta Moore, Miss Jane Mead Welsh, and Mrs. Kate Crary.

CHAPTER VIII

MUSIC IN OXFORD

When Karl Merz came to Oxford in 1861, he found music in a very low state. As Merz said, the truth in music had not yet reached that part of the country. Even Cincinnati allowed men like Barus and Hopkins to wear out their bodies and break their hearts trying to elevate public taste. Merz was in Oxford nearly six years before the first symphony concert was given in Cincinnati.

The musical interests in Oxford were divided between at least two of the three women's colleges when he came to town. He went about the business of elevating musical taste in a friendly spirit, setting a standard at the Oxford Female College that forced the other two colleges to raise the standards of their music departments.

Merz boldly began to give concerts of classical music not long after he came to Oxford. One of these concerts was a Beethoven concert. The Reverend David Swing, always able to hold an audience, gave a lecture on Beethoven before Merz launched out on the musical half of the program. Merz said afterward that the lecture doubtless pleased, but that the music was listened to with better attention than understanding. Persevering, Merz taught the people of Oxford to love good music. Song recitals, ballad concerts, operettas, and a choral society slowly attuned Oxford ears to good harmony. Karl Merz was the first man ever to explain to an Oxford audience the music of a concert before it was performed.

Interest in music at Miami was so low that the *Student* devoted an editorial to it on November 1, 1871:

If there is any one thing that is becoming more and more neglected each year in the University, it is the cultivation of its musical talent. The University Glee Club is no more; its "Instrumental Band" is also among the things that were. Occasional strains from "Put me in my Little Bed" or "Meet Me, Josie," mingled with the faint melody of the Jews-Harp, are now

about all the measured tones that reverberate through Miami's halls.

Repeatedly we hear the question asked by those who visit our Exhibitions, Class-Day and Commencement exercises, "Why don't the students furnish their own music; it would be so much better." The answer is, "Just because they don't"; no other can be given. But let . . . an organization be effected soon. Not by one student appointing a meeting of the Glee Club and then coaxing others to attend, or by twanging his light guitar all alone under the window of his lady-love, but rather by all those interested in music meeting together and taking such measures as will at once insure success.

Even serenades were "scarce as hen's teeth" in the fall of '71. Although Miami had an "unequalled" flute and guitar player, and two "superior" organists, "the essential requisite of a first-violinist" was lacking.

In 1872, Professor Merz and his college girls gave a ballad concert at the Presbyterian Church. *Coming Thro' the Rye* and *Man the Lifeboat* were especially pleasing to the audience. The *Miami Student* thanked Merz for giving "these simple but beautiful ballads in place of the 'high-flown' music." "There is more real music in them to our ears," declared the *Student*, "than the grandest opera written."

Among the popular tunes of the early 1870's were *Shoo Fly* and *Captain Jinks*. The Oxford Band practiced those two tunes so much, the village paper claimed that Oxonians were losing their health. Another favorite of the 1870's was:

Farewell darling, draw me close
Kiss me long and dear and sweet.
The thorn is softened by the rose
Farewell, darling, till we meet.

Two outstanding concerts of the 1870's were those of the Alleghanians in 1873 and of Blind Tom in 1877. On a stormy February night "an unusually large and appreciative audience" listened to a program of vocal music and bell ringing performed by the Alleghanians. *Uncle Joe* and *Reuben and Rachel* were the hits of the evening.

There was some interest in group singing stirred up by travelling teachers. A musical convention opened in Oxford on March 19, 1872, with seventy-five pupils enrolled at fifty cents per pupil. Mr. Palmer, an itinerant teacher, was in charge. A Weber piano from John Church & Company of Cincinnati and a fine organ

from Benham Brothers of Indianapolis added color to the performances.

News came from Colter's Corner (near Oxford) in the winter of 1874 that A. J. O'Neal's vocal class numbering one hundred voices, had been closed. The class wished to close with a concert, but the trustees of the building (probably a church) objected to the house being used for such a purpose.

About this time, W. H. Burgett of Hamilton and W. T. Giffe of Indianapolis organized the Oxford Musical Institute. After some drilling, the Institute traveled to Darrtown where they gave a benefit concert for the Methodist Church. Near the end of their stay in Oxford, Burgett and Giffe put on a rather pretentious children's concert in the University chapel.

The colored people of Oxford organized a glee club and gave concerts and tableaux. In December 1877, they gave an entertainment in the Payne Chapel at Hamilton. J. B. Tyler charmed all who heard him sing. Tableaux of slave scenes in cotton picking, the auction block, and Eva and Uncle Tom were high points of the program.

In 1877, the young ladies of the two literary societies of Oxford Female College were sadly in need of new furnishings for their respective halls. To the rescue came Karl Merz. He would compose an operetta for his star pupils to perform. A new departure, indeed, for Oxford had never seen or heard an operetta. The *Citizen* assured the prospective audience that Karl Merz himself would fully explain the plot before the performance, "so there [would] be no difficulty in understanding it." Church members were assured that the dialogue and action would be entirely innocent. The conservative were lured by the promise of recitations and musical numbers similar to those of the customary entertainments.

The date was set—Friday evening, March 16, "at 7½ Precisely." The appointed evening came with wind and sleet and snow. The livery stables were called upon to provide their best carriages for fashionable young gentlemen and their sweethearts; no tender female could walk through that storm to the college (Fisher Hall). Those of slender purse rode in the omnibus at twenty cents the round trip. Twenty cents plus thirty-five for

the ticket of admission made a fairly expensive evening. Children were not admitted to the concert hall at any price.

However, a group of them did open the entertainment with a symphony by Romberg, performing on the drum, the fife, the rattle, the triangle, the nightingale, the trumpet, and the piano. The second number on the program was a reading from Browning, "well rendered" and received with "justly merited applause." The first part of the program closed with a vocal solo, *Angel at the Window*.

Master Lowry Jackson of Hamilton at first piano and Professor Merz at the second piano played the overture to *The Last Will and Testament*. The music of this operetta is bright and sparkling throughout. The libretto is based on an old German story, the plot a conventional one. The operetta proved to be suitable for godly audiences and wholly proper for the young.

In the course of the operetta, Hortense Pierse sang a Chinese song. Another novelty introduced was Ella Jordan's performance on "the Wood and Straw instrument," called by the Germans the straw fiddle.

This instrument consisted of a number of oblong blocks of wood, varying in length as pipes in an organ vary in height. The white keys of the piano were represented by the blocks lying in the middle, the black keys by the blocks at the sides. The blocks were tuned by cutting out the wood underneath until they produced the proper pitch. Fastened together by strings running through them, the blocks rested upon small bundles of straw—without the straw they could not vibrate enough to make a sound. This peculiar instrument was introduced merely as a curiosity; its tone was colorless and dead. The melody was picked out by striking the blocks with small wooden or leaden hammers.

For an hour and ten minutes the audience sat enthralled by the excellent voices and smooth performances of the singers. Belle Wells of Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio, was the sensation of the evening. The beautifully decorated stage, the stunning costumes of the young ladies, and the sprightly music pleased the audience so much that Doctor Keely's motion to request Professor Merz to repeat the operetta in Oxford received a

unanimous vote. Karl Merz chose not to repeat; instead, he would write another operetta.

To the Cincinnati *Commercial*, "Brutus" reported that at the close of the entertainment, "the pupils of the college presented Professor Merz with some very choice and costly flowers" as a token of their appreciation of his efforts in behalf of the two literary societies. The operetta netted the Calliopean and the Philalethian Societies one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Karl Merz was no mean publicity man. Excellent press notices appeared in the Oxford *Citizen*, the College Corner *Corner Stone*, the Liberty *Herald*, the Rushville *Republican*, the Butler County *Democrat*, the Cincinnati *Times*, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the New York *Musikzeitung*, and Brainard's *Musical World*.

The *Last Will and Testament* was given twice in the month of May at Rushville, Indiana, featuring Rushville singers. In June, Kate Myers, "that old sweetheart" of James Whitcomb Riley, started a movement to bring Merz and his operetta to her home town of Anderson, Indiana. Lively advertisements appeared in the Anderson *Democrat*:

Merzy Sakes!

Carl Merz, the great musician and composer, will present his famous operetta, "The Last Will and Testament" Wednesday night.

She's Engaged!

Or rather her company is, for next Wednesday's concert.
Everybody's going.

Postponement followed postponement. Finally, after seats were sold and programs printed, it had to be given up.

In 1878, Merz featured his *Gypsy Chorus* at Oxford in operetta style. It was written expressly for use in high schools and women's colleges. Professor Merz opened the program with a lecture on the life of gypsies and referred especially to the gypsies of Dayton, Ohio.

After the lecture, Schubert's *Divertissement a la Hongroise* was played four hands by Jennie Siddell and Mary Colmery. Then the curtain opened to reveal the stage turned into a grove of cedar trees. A gypsy atmosphere was provided by a fire and a camp kettle, and a tent and a spring at the rear. There were about thirty young ladies in the cast, dressed in odd

garments and gaudy colors. Hungarian dances by Brahms were played between the four parts of the chorus. Tamborines, triangles and castanets lent "a peculiar charm to the whole." The chorus closed with a tableau. The college chapel being filled, the net proceeds were \$154.72. Like the operetta, this entertainment was given for a worthy cause, the relief of an unfortunate citizen of the town.

It was no small distinction for Oxford to claim the editor of *Brainard's Musical World*, one of the foremost musical journals of the time. Karl Merz became a contributor in 1868, associate editor in 1871, and editor two or three years later. How Merz edited the magazine, wrote column after column of advice and information on musical subjects, all the while carrying a heavy teaching schedule at the College is a mystery. Yet he had time to compose, to play the organ at the Presbyterian Church, to be active in the Masonic lodge, to train a choral society, to give entertainments and lectures. Very frequently he lectured and gave concerts out of town. One of his pupils remembers that while taking her music lessons, Professor Merz sat at his desk writing. In justice to Merz, it must be said that he never missed a false note, a blurred phrase, or a misplaced accent.

Karl Merz had a very fine musical library. It contained about sixteen hundred titles, many of the works in German, some in French. A photograph of a part of an ancient Roman missal which Merz discovered in an edition of Aristotle's works at the Miami University library was a prized possession. The huge book itself was printed in 1531. The vellum manuscript was used as a fly-leaf, and may be seen today in the Miami library. Guido, who died in the Eleventh Century wrote musical characters called neumes on a four-lined staff. The Miami manuscript employs only three lines. The neumae are written in black ink, the lines are yellow, black, and red—the black line scratched into the vellum itself by some sharp-pointed instrument.

There was in Oxford, at least in the Seventies, the Oxford Musical Association. Merz lectured before it in 1878 on The Music of All Nations.

The final triumph of Karl Merz in Oxford took place on the

evening of April 12, 1882. His new operetta, *Katie Dean, or the Little Ragpicker*, was given at Davis Hall by the pupils of the Oxford Female College and singers of the town. An enthusiastic audience of six hundred was highly entertained. This was a benefit concert for Merz who had accepted a call to organize the department of music at the University of Wooster, at Wooster, Ohio. The students and faculty of The Western Female Seminary attended in a body, as did those of Oxford Female College. Delegations from Hamilton and neighboring towns came to the performance to pay tribute to Karl Merz.

It was a severe loss to the community when Karl Merz left. He was one of Oxford's truly great men. The Presbyterian Church publicly expressed its regret that he was leaving town. On the evening of September 8, 1882, the Oxford Choral Society gave a farewell benefit concert for Merz. Lending distinction to the program were Professor Jacobson and his nephew, Professor Ebann. Jacobson, one-time first violin in Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, came purely as a compliment to Karl Merz. The Choral Society opened their program with *The Last Rose of Summer* and ended it with the Mozart *Gloria from Twelfth Mass*.

The first piece of music ever printed in Oxford came from the press of Charley and Hewitt Hill in 1883. Their sister, Agnes Hill, composed the piece and called it the "Whirlwind Racquet." The racquet was not something with which to bat a ball—it was a new and popular dance. The *Whirlwind Racquet* had a wide sale and it was printed extensively in Florida, where one of the Hill brothers had a printing establishment.

The summer of 1884 found James G. Blaine the hero of the hour. *Blaine's Grand March* came out with a fine portrait of Blaine on its cover in time for torchlight processions and serenades. Young ladies played it on pianos and cabinet organs. At political gatherings, *Our Plumed Knight Leads the Way* was the best Republican song on the market.

For forty cents a copy you could buy at Oxford shops Danks's *Leaning O'er the Gate* or Skelly's *Why Did they Dig Ma's Grave So Deep*. Danks was already well known as the composer of *Silver Threads Among the Gold* and had more than a hundred popular songs to his credit. *Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So*

Deep had an immense sale. The melody was "sweet" and "the words taking," "sure to strike the 'hidden chord'." "Simple enough to be sung by a child at a school exhibition and yet taking enough to be hummed by adults."

A new love song in 1887 was *I'm Coming, My Darling, Through the Tall Waving Corn*. One of the latest serenade songs was *O, Tell Me Love, is the Dog Tied Up? Always Save a Kiss for Mamma* appealed to the sentimental. *There's A Vacant Chair By the Fireside* and its companion piece, *Skipped to Canada*, were on sale in Oxford.

In the summer of 1884, there was talk of organizing a permanent orchestra, but it was about all Oxford could do to keep a brass band going. The band gave entertainments to raise money, but they were poorly attended. After a grandstand was built, free Saturday night concerts were given. The *Citizen* noted that people listened, that they talked, ate peanuts, and drank lemonade during the intermission. It remarked, also, that Oxford people liked lemonade better than spruce beer or pop. Two years later, the *Citizen* commented, "Oxford once worried over two bands. They consolidated last week, and now the old moon looks down on a happy town."

When the Oxford Female College sold its properties to the Retreat, it removed to the old Oxford Female Institute building on South College Avenue. After Karl Merz went to Wooster, interest in music became dormant until Professor Malmene arrived. Malmene organized the Oxford Choral Society and the Oxford Glee Club which societies gave concerts under his direction from time to time. The active membership fee was reduced to a dollar in 1887. He also organized a singing class for ladies—twelve lessons for two dollars, one dollar and a half for children under fifteen, including instruction book. A few good artists came to the College in the Eighties, including Julia Rive-King and William H. Sherwood.

The colored people of Oxford had a musical organization called the Jubilee Troop of Oxford. It gave exhibitions at home and in neighboring towns.

The Miami Instrumental Quartette achieved a measure of local fame. According to the *Miami Journal*, the boys played their

banjo, guitar, violin, and triangle with considerable skill. Serenades came into their own again—"manly voices subdued and soft, and the love-breathing notes of the plaintive guitar [fell] gently upon the enraptured ear with every cooling wave of air from the dark depths of the outer world."

Mrs. Snyder was always busy with her musical activities. For the benefit of the Presbyterian chapel fund, she gave a musicale at the Town Hall in November 1887. She sang a solo, of course. Two Miami students gave readings and the Miami University Quartette, under Mrs. Snyder's direction, gave a number of selections. Fred Brookins recited "John Maynard." Edwin Emerson brought down the house with "A Trip to College Corner." His imitation of an engine and a train of cars would put him in a choice radio spot today.

In honor of the new faculty, in 1888, Professor and Mrs. Snyder gave a "reception concert" early in December. The *Citizen* remarked that "it was a fitting crown to all of her past efforts." The three literary institutions were represented by their faculties almost one hundred per cent. The Miami University Quartette opened the program with a number "rendered in a faultless manner." Miss Josephine Haydn Holbrook of Cincinnati then played a harp solo, the harp being a new instrument in Oxford concert halls. The *Citizen* commented:

It is decidedly a lady's instrument, but requires an unusual amount of patient practice to acquire that flexibility of wrist and fingers which is necessary for the perfect mastery of that poetic instrument. Miss Holbrook wore an elegant costume a la Greque, but let me suggest that it was flowing drapery a la mode Mrs. Jenness Miller. The drapery was gathered on the left shoulder, agraffe sparkling with brilliants, and clasped on the right shoulder, leaving the arms free. A necklace of pearls encircling the neck in double strands with an emerald pendant. Her performance elicited rapturous applause. As an encore she played "Santa Lucia," a popular and favorite air.

The hostess sang an aria, "her singing truly artistic; her notes rang out like bells, so clear and pure were they. Her German added to the musical coloring of her difficult and beautiful composition." She was "compelled to respond to an encore." In all honesty it must be said that there were those who never enjoyed Mrs. Snyder's singing, irreverently calling it "Minnie's squalling." Professor Nelson, a new teacher from Nashville, Tennessee, ac-

companied Mrs. Snyder and played a piano solo. "His was a masterpiece—his execution brilliant and accurate, replete with technique."

With the assistance of Jennie Richey and Mary Kumler, local soloists, Mrs. Snyder won "fresh and lasting laurels." Jennie's sweet soprano voice and Mary's velvety contralto were much admired. Mary was just back from Tourjee's Conservatory at Boston.

The Quartette closed the program with Karl Merz's arrangement of "Vogel's Waltz Song," and responded to an encore with *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*.

After the music, the guests were invited by Professor Snyder to remain "for a short season of social intercourse."

Minnie had done herself proud, the evening had gone off handsomely. Even the ushers and doorkeepers had been "especially courteous and manly." Furthermore, the chapel had been "maintained at a constant temperature by the careful oversight" of a student, a service that could "not be too highly commended."

In 1890, the New York Symphony Club appeared at the G.A.R. Opera Hall. To attract a larger audience, they brought with them Warren G. Richards of Boston, "the greatest funmaker in the country." In January, Edward Baxter Perry, then just becoming famous, came to Oxford College to give a lecture-recital.

In April, Blind Tom came again. Tom, no doubt, repeated his masterpiece, "The Battle of Manassas." That piece appealed to the general public as "a miracle of imaginative form." Always, Tom rubbed his head and patted himself after he played a number. At every concert, some local musician was asked to play something, which Tom would repeat. Mrs. Snyder said that his imitation of her piano solo was perfect.

Blind Tom was a strange character. One day he was seen sitting quietly at the Middletown station waiting for a train. A little bird on the eaves over his head began to sing. Tom raised his head to listen. An expression of joy passed over his sad face as he imitated the liquid warblings of the bird. It was hard to distinguish between the bird and the man, so perfectly did Tom reproduce the bird song.

In the 1890's, Carl Hoffman, professor of music at Oxford Col-

lege, was a musical figure of importance. On one occasion (1891), his pupils gave a Beethoven recital, preceded by a lecture on Beethoven by Professor Hoffman. A novelty on the young ladies' program was a mandolin number, a sonatina played by Paul Hoffman, the professor's son. The *News* critic wrote that while it was the best recital heard in months, "Nervous fingers stumbled in prestissimo, some interpretations were not all that could be desired," and "the caressing touch was not always manifest."

Stringed instruments were much in favor in the Nineties. At an Oxford College recital, two of Mrs. Joe Molyneaux's pupils played a banjo duet, and Mrs. Molyneaux with two of her pupils played a trio for mandolin and guitars. These numbers were played between the pianistic efforts of Miss Allen's pupils.

Oxford College brought to town in the 1890's the Boston Symphony Club, the Philharmonic String Quartette, and the Mozart Symphony Orchestra. The Mozart Orchestra introduced two instruments new to Oxford, the viola da gambo and the viola d'amour which was pronounced "the wonder and admiration of all."

Music with sleight-of-hand was accepted in the Nineties. Professor Levassor, a prominent musician of Cincinnati, gave his "Music, Magic and Mystery" at Oxford College in 1896. It was well attended by young gentlemen from Miami, who may have been more interested in the magic and mystery of girlish hearts than in the professor's lecture.

Interest in music at Miami was largely centered in banjo and mandolin clubs. The Miami Banjo Club contributed their services to a "Blue J" social at the opera house in February 1891. The Women's Relief Corps served an elegant supper for ten cents. The music was free! One of the Banjo Club's "prettiest selections" was *Marching Through Georgia*. The club went out to surrounding villages to give concerts but it was not officially organized until December 1891. Its members were Ellis Adams, Everett MacDonald, George Van Buren, Paul Hoffman, musical director, and R. A. Hiestand, manager.

By 1893, the Miami Mandolin and Guitar Club was flourishing. Two guitars, five mandolins, and a violincello made up an en-

semble that appeared at the Glendale Lyceum, at Camden, at Eaton, and other nearby towns. They played their first serenade at The Western Female Seminary.

The Mandolin Club, a separate organization, was organized to the point of having a yell of its very own:

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
Bing! Bing! Bing!
Bang! Bang! Bang!
Bung! Bung! Bung!
B.M.C.
Boom!!!

The Miami University Mandolin Club travelled to Millville, Morning Sun, College Corner, and Hamilton to give concerts and to assist in entertainments.

In 1896, the Mandolin Club furnished the music for the Oxford College Class Day. The College stage was decorated in black and yellow—the class colors—and with cut flowers and palms. A Senior, impersonating the Sleeping Beauty, reclined upon the stage and saw strange visions, while two Freshmen, two Sophomores, and two Juniors, representing in fantastic garb the various branches of science, came on the stage and danced around her to the music of the Mandolin Club. In the visions, the Miami University boys received "a severe roasting."

Early in 1897, the Miami University Band was launched with Paul M. Hooven as official drum major. With a dozen players and a dozen instruments available, they began their career.

Now that scholastic circles were thinking about bands, Oxford was well represented when John Philip Sousa gave a band concert in Hamilton. The *Hamilton Republican* (February 4, 1898) noticed that

In the benches were a party of twenty-five young women from Oxford, in charge of a chaperone. Miami University boys, who are enjoying a semi-holiday season, were abundant, as were their instructors, and other classic village folk. Oxford has not been so well represented at a Hamilton event in years.

In the 1890's, music at Miami was very much under the influence of the ubiquitous Snyders as they pursued the even tenor of Minnie's ardent way. In the winter of 1892, the Snyders gave "A Summer's Dream." The chapel was crowded, the gallery overflowing, the platform full. Over one hundred stereopticon

views whisked the audience from Oxford to New York, thence to Ireland, to Scotland. One grand panorama of steamers, railway cars, jaunting cars, ruined castles, ancient abbeys, grand monuments, peasants' cabins, peasants working in the turf swamps passed before their eyes. Mrs. Snyder, with her Miami Quartette and a double quartette, with Miss Anna Finley from The Western at the piano, provided a musical program. Mrs. Snyder composed a special number for this concert, "Burns's Prayer."

The most distinguished artist to give a lecture-recital at The Western Female Seminary in the Nineties was Louis Elson. He appeared at that institution for the third time, in 1891. The *Oxford News* said that he gave "a perfect rendering" of *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. In 1894 he lectured on "Shakespeare in Music."

Through the Nineties, the brilliant career of Katherine Timberman attracted much attention. Kate was a graduate of The Western Female Seminary who studied in Paris and London and sang the leading contralto roles in the musical festival at Birmingham, England. In 1895, she appeared in a concert at Oxford College, and at The Western in 1896, just after she had returned from a concert tour in South Africa.

In 1893, the Oxford Cornet Band acquired new uniforms. They made a handsome appearance in fine new pants of azure hue, with sack coats and caps of dark blue. The band practised diligently, but since each member had to earn his living, their time for music was limited. Some rhymester wrote:

Oh Oxford has a jolly band,
Their business all they understand;
And with their music well in hand
They're fit to play throughout the land.
Our cornet player, E. H. Riggs,
Knows lots of hornpipes, reels and jigs,
While Billy O'Neal, with the nimble heel,
Can squeeze a horn till he makes it squeal.

In 1890, Oxonians were singing the latest song hit, *Kiss Me Darling in the Spring*. Three years later, *After the Ball* was driving people crazy. Alderman Ed Riggs facetiously considered trying to get an ordinance to prohibit the singing, whistling, humming or playing of that tune on any instrument. On the street, in the parks, at the depot, out of open windows, that mournful

song was heard. It had become "a painful pestilence, worse than the drouth, worse than the rainmakers, and worse than the stringency of the times." *After the Ball* had superseded *Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-aye*, and now that *After the Ball* had been sung to satiety, people were gushing over *Two Little Girls in Blue*, *Sweet Bunch of Daisies*, and *Sweet Marie*. By 1895, *Sweet Marie* was replaced by *I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard*. The hottest song of all was *Baby, My Heart's on Fire* (1899).

The *Sigma Chi Caprice*, composed by Walter Grieser, popular Hamilton mandolin teacher, made a great hit in the Nineties. The *Miami University March* went on sale at Beaugureau's Emporium in October 1896. It was dedicated to Miss Bessie Hamilton. The melody was simple and catchy, one of the first compositions of W. M. Fowler, a Miami student from Camden, Ohio.

Professor Nelson trained the Pythian Orchestra, the Pythian Quartette, and the Pythian Quintette. As organist and choir director at the Methodist Church he raised the standard of their music greatly.

A musician who was more than a teacher was Mrs. Fannie Wetherell. She was the widow of one of Cincinnati's finest singers and Shakespearean readers. At the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. William H. Thayer, Mrs. Wetherell gave her charming musicales. At one of these annual affairs (November 1890), the performers were Lillian Thayer, Stella Kiles, Jennie Gath, Livy Richey, Virginia Smith, Grace Norris, and the "Misses Keely and Norris." To top off the student performances, Jennie Richey and Mr. Ashton, son-in-law of Mrs. Thayer, sang solos, and Harriet Ells gave a recitation. About fifty ladies were present.

At the musicale two years later, the *News* reported the affair as a "musical sociable."

Mrs. Thayer's pleasant rooms were thrown open for the occasion and the bright faces of the young girls under the soft glow of many candles, added to the sweet music. These gatherings have come to be an annual event in Oxford, and their object is not only for social pleasure but to give the parents and friends of the pupils an opportunity to note the progress made in the intervening twelve months, and certainly all who were present Saturday could not fail to be impressed by the careful and intelligent rendering of the chosen programme. . . .

The *News* added that after the "musical," the "sociable" com-

prising refreshments and chit chat, brought to a close an unusually delightful afternoon.

Musicales became fashionable after Mrs. Wetherell set the pace. Typical of these affairs was the musicale given by Constance Bierce at the Presbyterian manse. Vocal solos, piano solos, and a mandolin solo made up the program. Mrs. Agnes Ritchie reversed the order of entertainment at her musicale—refreshments first and music afterwards. Solos, duets, trios and quartettes on mandolin, guitar, flute, piano, violin and ocarino made the evening all too short. Music had become firmly established as a part of the social life of the village.

CHAPTER IX

THE STAGE

Records of theatrical productions in Oxford in the 1870's are yet to be discovered. Lovers of the drama, of course, could see the best actors and actresses in Cincinnati. Many of them, no doubt, saw Mary Anderson in *Ingomar the Barbarian*, *Guy Mannering*, and *Romeo and Juliet*; Lawrence Barret in *Hamlet*; Edwin Booth as Richelieu, Shylock, Hamlet, Othello, Claude Melnotte, and Richard III; Maggie Mitchell in *Fanchon the Cricket*, *Jane Eyre*, and *A Pearl of Savoy*; Kate Claxton in *Two Orphans*; Ada Gray and E. T. Stetson in *East Lynne*, *Camille*, *Lady of Lyons*, *Leah*, and *Lucretia Borgia*; Kate Fisher in *Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Tartary*. For sheer melodrama there was Kitty Blanch in *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl*, and plays of that class. A few gentlemen, perhaps, saw Lydia Thompson, the "Peerless Queen of Burlesque" in *Bluebeard*, *Robin Hood*, *Sinbad the Sailor*, *Lurline*, and *Little Amy Robcart*. Perhaps a few reckless ones saw *The Black Crook* in 1874. The village buzzed with rumors about the scandalous cancan, but if any man knew anything about it, he did not confide in his womenfolk.

In the spring of 1884, *East Lynne*, *Hazel Kirke*, and *Lady Audley's Secret* were performed in Oxford at Davis Hall. Alf Burnett, "the man with many faces," came with a full company in March to give an entertainment for the benefit of the public school library. The Royal Marionettes came that spring, also, with a carload of scenery and one hundred mimic artists from the Crystal Palace in London. "Positively the first and only marionette troupe to visit this country," the marionettes were a great success. Their black-face minstrels were good, but the "dislocated skeleton" was even better. Humpty Dumpty, the clown, "took the boys all over." The grand closing scene was all gold and glitter. Everything was done in "first-class city style."

The Ober Company came to Oxford in June to put on *Damon and Pythias* for the benefit of the Knights of Pythias. That was

a dull summer, theatrically. Only the Wizard Oil Concert Company came near, and they did not come inside the classic city because of an obnoxious license ordinance.

In 1885, Harry Rainsforth appeared at Gath's Opera House in *All that Glitters is not Gold*.

Frequently the railway company ran an excursion train to Cincinnati for special events. Such a train was run when the "marvelous stage spectacle," *Naiad Queen*, came to Cincinnati. There were 650 performers. Flying eagles carried living children on their backs. Living figures rose from stormy ocean depths. Living fairies descended from Heaven to rescue lost children in the woods. Living goddesses floated on gossamer clouds. On a mighty eagle, Liberty descended from the realms of the air. Hundreds of fairies disported themselves amid showers of gold and silver in sylvan dells and glittering grottoes. Moving water, sailing boats, sinking rocks and tempestuous storms were portrayed with thrilling realism. The "grandest tableaux and most enchanting scenes ever looked upon by human eyes greeted the enraptured gaze."

In 1886, fifteen young ladies, securely chaperoned, went from the Oxford Female College to Cincinnati to see Mary Anderson in *As You Like It*. The fact that Mary Anderson was admired and personally known by the Reverend David Swing made her a proper person to see, even without a Shakespearean excuse.

Mary had set Cincinnati and the surrounding country talking in 1882 when she carried around with her a beautiful book, inscribed, "From a poet to a poem," in the peculiar handwriting of Oscar Wilde. Mary had the reputation of being a cold and icy female, but the reporter from the Cincinnati *Commercial* had found that Mary was really a de-icer, for when she shook hands with him, he would have sworn that her heartstrings reached "clear to her fingertips." When Mary wriggled her hands at him, roguishly saying, "I have you now, sir, the spider has the fly in her parlor at last," the newspaper man was wildly eager to be clawed to pieces, put together, and clawed to pieces again by those lovely hands.

Four years of exciting gossip such as this piqued the curiosity of college girls. Their interest in Mary Anderson may well have

exceeded their interest in Shakespeare. Perhaps the same was true of their chaperones, but they could not admit it.

Mary Anderson played an artistic Rosalind to Forbes-Robertson's Orlando. She read her lines extremely well but lacked warmth. She was celebrated for her stately language and tragic attitudes, and great curiosity existed as to how she could be a Rosalind. Mary had put off playing this role so long that some people said she was afraid of doublet and hose. But Mary was shapely enough to disappoint pleasantly all doubters. Cincinnati critics, however, were restrained in their praise.

East Lynne played a return engagement in Oxford in 1887. This famous tear-jerker was played by the Irene Taylor Company.

"Secure your seats in advance at Beaugureau's Emporium," urged the Oxford News on March 7, 1891. *Mosell the Waif* was coming three days later, with fifteen people in the cast. There would be a fire scene, "the most realistic ever presented to the public." Songs, dances, and comic situations would relieve the horror of the fire scene.

Nine days after *Mosell the Waif* had gone, the Tennessee Warblers came to the Opera House. One of the jubilee singers was the composer of the *Steam Calliope*, the *Rooster Song*, the *Cat Song*, and *Chinese Song* which had delighted the patrons of the Odeon in Cincinnati.

With "machine-made music" (calliope?), *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came to Oxford in the summer of 1891. It was performed on Tom McCullough's lot in the north part of town—admission twenty-five and fifteen cents. It was heralded as "The largest on earth, the Barnum of all Uncle Tom's Cabin shows. The only company on the road reproducing the whipping post scene as it did occur in the South before the emancipation of the black." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been given at Davis Hall in 1883, and returned in 1891 and 1894.

In November 1896, Sol Smith Russell appeared in Oxford in *The Bachelor's Romance*. Ella McSurely wrote to her mother:

I enjoyed it greatly and wouldn't have missed it for a great deal. The play is very pretty and sweet and I felt exactly as if I had been reading some simple story of Bonnie Briar Bush or some other standard work . . . There was nothing that anyone could possibly object to. Russell's great charm, I think, is his

naturalness. The paper spoke of him as "the gentle, refined, and human comedian." I think those adjectives fit him exactly.

Russell's characterizations were like figures from the pencil of Cruikshank, vitalized by some mysterious inner power. In the 1870's he had captivated audiences by the pathos and power of his impersonation of John B. Gough, temperance lecturer. Russell's power of facial expression was remarkable. One critic said of him: "Without powder, paint, or false hair, he can assume at one moment an aspect of youthful verdancy the most bucolic, and the next an appearance of senility which astonishes the observer by its perfection." His "Dorcas Pennyroyal," an ancient maiden recounting adventures with her suitors, was irresistible.

In 1898, the Senior Class at the Oxford Female College gave honorary membership to Sol Smith Russell. The president and several members of the class were received by him at the Saint Nicholas Hotel in Cincinnati.

An unusual dramatic and humorous recital was given at the Town Hall in the summer of 1898 by Miss Hallie O. Brown, M.Sc., of Wilberforce University. Hallie had just returned from a successful European tour. She brought with her to Oxford a chorus of African students. Each student represented a different tribe, as they gave their weird songs and illustrated the manners and customs of their tribes in native dress. The witch dance was especially exciting, there was something strangely supernatural about it. The audience was small, but the "best citizens" turned out. One gentleman, who had heard several renditions of "The Chariot Race" from Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*, said that Miss Brown's rendition was by far the best he had ever heard—it was pleasing, thrilling, and satisfying. Oxonians were fascinated by the fact that Miss Brown had attended Gladstone's funeral in London. Lady Somerset had said of her: "As I listened to her musical voice and felt the charm of her graceful presence, I could but sincerely trust that our people would respond to the appeal that this noble-hearted philanthropist would make to them in the name of her race." Miss Brown and the students were brought here by Osa Lawrence, a young colored man who had attended Miami University and was planning to become a teacher.

* * * *

There was home talent in the classic city that commanded the admiration of the Oxonians. Adrian Beaugureau, artist, teacher, and business man, wrote "The Blue and the Gray," which was performed for the benefit of the G.A.R. Beaugureau painted all the scenery for the play which was supposed to surpass anything ever given in Oxford.

Appropriately enough, the play was performed on February the twenty-second. In the second scene, the stage represented a Union camp. A drill sergeant brought in a file of raw recruits and initiated them into the mysteries of military procedure. Will Beaton was the Irish sergeant, and Beaton always brought down the house in a comic role. There was marching and fighting on the small stage. A grand tableau ended the scene—soldiers in attitudes of fierce combat, the dead and dying lying all around on the field of battle, and one poor fellow lying mortally wounded with a surgeon bending over him. Everyone in the audience felt that they had seen actual warfare—ambush, battle, and all. The author had fought in the Civil War, as had some of the cast.

The Oxford amateurs always played with intensity. Sometimes a slip was made, but it was covered up with the suavity of a professional cast. Marion Thayer MacMillan, who as a young girl, was the moving spirit of amateur theatricals in Oxford, remembers performing in several G.A.R. plays. She remembers vividly one scene in which she made a flying leap from a height into her soldier lover's arms. She landed in her lover's arms all right, but found herself standing on a wounded soldier's leg, which fortunately was the veteran's wooden leg.

When the Thayers came to Oxford in 1881, things theatrical began to happen. Marion, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thayer, lived and breathed drama. On the evening of December 14, 1882, Miss Thayer produced Irving Browne's *Our Best Society* in the parlors of Stanton House on Spring Street, where the Thayers were living with Mrs. Thomas. Irving Browne was the husband of Mrs. Thayer's roommate at an exclusive girls' school in Ithaca, New York. The Thayers had given the play twice in Cincinnati, and on one of these occasions, Mr. and Mrs. Browne had taken part in the production.

The Oxford cast included the Hill brothers, youthful printers

of the village. They put out a printed program announcing "Our Best Society," a comedy in four acts, "plagiarized from 'Potiphar Papers' of George W. Curtis, by Irving Browne. For the Benefit of the Dragon Orphan Asylum," to be given "At the Residence of Mrs. Thomas, Stanton House, Oxford."

The program opened with a number by the orchestra. The music was followed by a declamation, "Mother and Poet," by Miss Bogart. Between acts One and Two of the play, Agnes and Hewitt Hill sang a duet, *Little Widow Dunn*; between acts Two and Three, the orchestra played *True Love*, a waltz by Coote; between acts Three and Four, Miss Mary Keely sang a solo.

Stanton House became the scene of many such performances. The Thayers took over the Stanton House the next year and lived there for five more years. Its double parlors were ideal for amateur theatricals.

In 1883, the Temperance Society of Oxford gave "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works" in the Town Hall. That was a popular form of amateur entertainment everywhere.

One of the most pleasant social events of 1884 was a performance of William Dean Howells' *The Register*, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Smith on East High Street. Hand-painted invitations, executed by Miss Lizzie Osborn, were sent out to sixty or seventy of the Oxford elite. Marion Thayer played the stellar role, supported by Hewitt Hill, Will Beaton, and Hattie Ells. Hewitt Hill, in his own newspaper, said that "it would be hard to conceive a more brilliant company than that which assembled in the spacious parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer W. Smith." Mrs. Smith was Hewitt's sister. The *Citizen* went on to say:

The part taken by Miss Ells although a difficult one, was presented in a manner that reflected nothing but credit upon that young lady . . . The conception that Miss Thayer had of the character of Miss Reed positively admitted of no adverse criticism. 'Twas hard to conceive that it was an amateur and not a professional that had been cast for the leading role. Miss Thayer has appeared before Oxford audiences on many other occasions, and her ability as an actress is fully realized . . . Mr. Hill had his lines well committed, and supported the leading lady in a manner that did not detract materially from her fine acting. The audience were kind enough to say that he merited his share of the congratulations . . . Mr. Beaton is no stranger to Oxford audiences—he always pleases them . . .

After the completion of the play, the dining hall was favored with the attention of the assembled guests. The delicate re-

freshments were as well received as the drama that preceded them.

Marion and Hewitt always played together. So romantic and dramatic in themselves were they, they achieved a professional finish in their performances.

Two years later (1886), the same cast, with the exception of Hewitt Hill, gave *The Register* at the Oxford Female College. Mr. McCall, an amateur actor from Cincinnati, replaced Mr. Hill who had gone to Florida to establish a printing business. McCall had assisted Harry Rainsford only the year before at the opening of Gath's Opera House. McCall's love-making was perfect, the *Citizen* said. The college girls did not swoon, but perhaps many a one dreamed of this perfect lover for months afterward. Songs and ballads were given by Katherine Evans, with Florence Morris at the piano.

The second part of the entertainment was a grand tableau and dance, "Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women," directed by Marion Thayer. Flowers were lavished upon the young ladies. Harriet Ells and Marion Thayer received several baskets of flowers and numerous bouquets. A fine social time followed the entertainment.

The Millikin Post of the G.A.R. opened the year of 1885 with a benefit performance of *True to the Heart* for the widows and orphans of soldiers who fell in their country's service. G. W. Mowry of Springfield, Ohio, furnished the scenery and directed the show. New costumes, magnificent scenery, and thrilling tableaux were promised by the *Citizen*.

In 1886, an amateur dramatic company from Oxford attempted to play *Ten Nights in a Bar-room* in an adjoining town. One night was enough to send them home with much experience but no money.

In the same year, the Younger Set, with Marion Thayer as leading lady, performed Bronson Howard's new play, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*. William McCall, dark and handsome, played Douglas Winthrop. Bert Stewart, late of Lotta's company, took the other male role. Both young men were from Cincinnati. They came up regularly for rehearsals which were gala occasions topped off with dancing and refreshments. Daisy McCullough,

Nellie Deem, and Anna May Evans played supporting feminine roles. Marion thought that the role of Young Mrs. Winthrop suited her exactly. When William McCall wrote her that playing with her had made the lines of their beautiful scene together come straight from his heart, Marion was completely satisfied. The play was given with great éclat in the Opera House and repeated on the stage at The Retreat, the old Oxford Female College stage.

A little later, the young people performed William Dean Howells' *Sleeping Car* at the Opera House. Marion Thayer was the star. Will Beaton, as usual, kept the audience highly amused. Beaton was a dry goods merchant in Oxford, a neat little man who could lead the church choir or take a major role in a home talent play. He could play the role of a sophisticated man of the world with the suavity of a professional. In comic roles he was irresistible.

It was announced, in 1891, that *The Black Crook* would play in Oxford in January. But, sad to relate, the leading man of the company attached the baggage of the troupe for \$145 at Camden, Ohio, just before they were to start for Oxford. The classic village, in spite of its vaunted piety and respectability, probably would have turned out to make a good house. Brown's, "the famous Black Crook Company," cut down to small-town size, had a troupe of eighteen players, carried their own scenery and wardrobe, and featured a coterie of artists who introduced "a select Olio of specialties."

Marion Thayer's enthusiasm for private theatricals carried over among the young people after she married and left town. In 1891, Mrs. P. W. Smith's home was again the setting for a dramatic entertainment, *The Loan of a Lover*. It was played by Paul Smith, Paul Hoffman, Sam Richey, Gertrude Smith of Cincinnati, and Lillian Thayer. After the play, the parents of the young people joined in the dancing.

In the spring of 1893, a number of Miami students took part in *The Doctor of Alcantara* at the Opera House. R. A. Montgomery, a Miami Senior, played a leading role.

Oxford was especially interested in Frank S. Davidson when he came to town with his *Old Farmer Hopkins*. Davidson was

the nephew of the Reverend J. W. McGregor of Oxford. He wrote his own plays, the words and music for his songs, and interpreted the characters of his own creation. He was supported by a strong company.

The big theatrical event of the Nineties was *The Chimes of Normandy*. Three times it was given on the stage of the Retreat, now Fisher Hall. Mrs. Hoffman "sang brilliantly and with an expression that belonged only to an artistic nature," said the *News*. Jennie Richey, with her fresh, true soprano, sang the role of Germaine. Professor Hoffman, who trained the chorus, and Frank Schweeting, village jeweler, sang the leading male roles. Costumes from Beck's at Cincinnati were correct in every detail. Airs from the operetta became as popular as the music from *The Doctor of Alcantara* the year before. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the organ fund of the Presbyterian Church. About a hundred dollars was cleared from the three performances. The same cast produced the operetta later in Liberty, Indiana.

CHAPTER X

THE OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE

In 1849, John W. Scott founded the Oxford Female Institute on West Street (South College Avenue). Scott had trouble with the trustees, and left the Institute to build the Oxford Female College which was formally dedicated in September 1856. That building is now Miami's Fisher Hall. It was situated on a beautiful site on the banks of the Four Mile Creek. So beautiful were its surroundings that when Bayard Taylor stood upon its roof-top observatory one fine summer day he declared: "For quiet beauty I have never seen anything to exceed it and nothing to equal it, except in Italy."

By 1870, under the direction of Robert Desha Morris, the college had an enrollment of 156. There was a set curriculum, but there was no time limit on its completion. It was designed "to embrace everything essential to the proper development of the intellectual and moral powers, and to give to women the education that her wants, her position and her duties demand." It was a "varied and comprehensive course fully equal to that of most schools for young men." Music and art were emphasized under Karl Merz and Adrian Beaugureau, respectively.

Commencement at Oxford Female College was one of the most important social events of the year. At the exercises of 1870, the sixteen graduates were dressed in white and radiant with smiles. Of the sixteen, five were Oxford girls—Cora Anderson, Emma Boyce, Agnes Morris, Hattie Lovett, and Lida Murphy. Cora chose the subject, "The Setting Star Will Rise Again"; Hattie, "The Showers Fall Soft When the Rain is Still"; Agnes, "Are the Golden Threads All Woven?" Emma and Lida chose equally worthy but less grandiloquent subjects, "Silent Workers" and "The Ocean," respectively. The essays were fair in composition and well read, showing some improvement over those of the previous year. The performance of Karl Merz's own arrangement

of Moore's familiar melody, *Sound the Loud Timbrel*, was received with universal acclaim.

Seventeen of the nineteen graduates read essays in 1871. After the eighth essay, Karl Merz came out and won the thanks of the audience by squelching a little girl of one or two summers who insisted upon being heard. The *Miami Student* afterward offered the advice that the Harvard system adopted at amateur theatricals might well be adopted at Oxford commencement exercises: admittance, one dollar; children under twelve, fifty cents; children under five, five dollars. The audience upon this occasion was asked to refrain from applause because it was "very difficult to applaud handsomely." One of the outstanding essays was that of Jennie Brooks who chose an unusual subject, "Our Tyrant—Man." The *Student* noted that it was a vigorous little woman's rights essay abounding in telling hits.

In the winter of 1872, "Oxford Female" made news when its heating apparatus froze up and the girls had to lie in bed to keep warm. The *Cincinnati Commercial* wistfully commented:

Imagine a hundred or more conformations of Nature's most beautiful curves compelled to hug the bedclothes all day—and no heating apparatus at hand! It is barbarous!

Commencement always brought elaborate decorations and essays with resounding titles. In 1874, the college chapel was decorated in the green leaves of the forest. In an arch over the stage, bordered in green, was the class motto, "Opus Modo Incepsum Est." Paintings and drawings on the chapel walls showed the progress made under Adrian Beaugureau. Miss Bertha McCullough won the honor in drawing. Among the essays read by the eight graduates were these grandiose titles: "Scipio, Thou Art but a Man," "The Rock is Before Us; We pause on the Sand," "The Mills of the Gods," and "Sounding Brass and Tinkling Cymbals."

Between the lofty essays, the pupils of Karl Merz showed off their musical attainments. The most spectacular number was a four-hand performance of *The Beautiful Blue Danube* by Professor Merz and Lizzie Francis. All the young ladies who took part in the program were showered with bouquets.

The years following the Civil War were difficult ones. By 1874,

storm clouds were gathering about the college. Miami University had closed and the outlook was dark for both the Oxford Female College and the Western Female Seminary. By 1875 the town of Oxford was in an uproar. Stockholders of the Oxford Female Institute brought ugly charges against Dr. Morris of the Oxford Female College. Charges and countercharges followed. Feeling ran high in the town. Finally, the case was taken to court and Morris lost. The Institute was restored to its original stockholders, though Morris had held the first mortgage on the property.

The class of 1878 numbered only four. Bravely the newspapers stressed the quality of this small Senior class, and reported in detail the decorations of the stage and the costumes of the graduates. It was a patriotic class, with strong pro-Northern sympathies. Over the stage in letters of gold was the class motto, "Gradatim." At one side of the motto was a picture of Lincoln, at the other a portrait of Grant, at the top a picture of George Washington. To the right and left of the Lincoln and Grant portraits, respectively, were the emblems of the two literary societies, the Calliopean and the Philalethian. Viola Goff, salutatorian, wore a cream-colored silk, "*cut en princesse*, and her brunette complexion added greatly to her beauty." Jennie Wadsworth's "queenly beauty" was enhanced by a princess gown of pea-green silk with short sleeves and five-button lavender kid gloves. Jennie won the drawing and painting honors. Lizzie White, a "lovely blonde" from New Jersey, wore a short-sleeved gown *en princesse*—a gown of sky-blue silk. Jennie Siddell, "the Song Queen," took first honors and also the musical honor. Her delivery of the valedictory drew forth many a silent tear. Jennie "looked lovely in white."

Commencement Day ended with a fine large banquet for the guests. "The cuisine, under the direction of Monsieur Robert Rusk, was in his usual style." "Monsieur Rusk" was a native of the Emerald Isle who had surely kissed the blarney stone more than once. The banquet ended a gala week of public examinations, a musical recital, addresses, social reunions, and hospitable entertainments. An outstanding feature of the week had been the Shakespeare examination in the form of a recital. Under the direction of Miss Gertrude Wall, the lady principal, the recita-

tions of striking passages from Shakespeare and essays on characters in the plays made a notable program.

James A. Garfield was elected President of the United States in the November election, 1880. The country was plunged into mourning the next September when, after weeks of suffering, the President died from wounds sustained from the bullets of a disappointed office-seeker. On the twenty-sixth day of September, the day the martyred President was buried in Cleveland, memorial exercises were held all over the land. A memorial service was held in the chapel of the Oxford Female College. Marion Thayer, a slight wisp of a girl with a strong sense of the dramatic, took a prominent part in the exercises. Robed in somber black, she recited the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Fallen with Autumn's falling leaf
Ere yet his summer's noon was past
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief
What words can match a woe so vast?

She continued on through the deepening sorrow of the final lines.

When Marion pronounced the last solemn words, Professor Merz began to improvise at the organ, modulating into Beethoven's *Funeral March*. With the first majestic chord, Marion began Walt Whitman's lines, "I see a sad procession. And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles." Throughout the poem, the cadences of her voice and the rhythm of the words harmonized perfectly with the mournful melody.

An astounded electorate found that they had really elected Chester A. Arthur President. One prominent politician expressed what a great many felt, when he exclaimed, "My God! Chet Arthur, President of the United States." Arthur was not such a bad President, but a great deal was said about his wearing lavender gloves and lavender cravats. Temperance people were scandalized by the quantity of wine served at the White House table. Mrs. Huldah McSurely, a leader in the famous Hillsboro (Ohio) crusade, wrote to her son in May 1884:

Mrs. Hart says there is much drinking done in Washington, also some very decided temperance people; when she dined at the President's there were twelve courses of wine served; but said she had plenty of company who kept their glasses turned down; but at their boarding place she said she was alone in refusing it; also that President Arthur looks like a drinking

man; and that his son wears bracelets; which last is enough if there were nothing more to kill Arthur's chance for President again.

Oxford Female College lost its guiding spirit when Dr. Morris died (November 3) in 1882. A description of Dr. Morris at chapel by Hardy Jackson gives an intimate picture of him at the college in his last years:

Under the rowan and the young maples and the old cedars, we pass into the long halls, mount the stairs, and assemble in the large chapel. Professor Merz takes his place at the organ; and just as the much-loved Miss Logue or much-admired Miss Wall steps to the desk to read the Scripture lesson, a tall form in dressing gown and slippers enters from the east hall, and Dr. Morris takes his place. After the chapter, he rises to lead us in prayer; and then each of the Seniors from the seat on the platform, reads aloud a paragraph from some article of current concern. They listen with trepidation, the rest of them with interest,—to the doctor's comments thereon. Sometimes he added a moral, or adduced something from his own experience. Dear me ! . . . how fast our hearts used to beat at rising to read before even the accustomed audience. Then we sing a hymn or two, the daily announcements are made, and Dr. Morris rises—the signal for the assembly to disperse.

Dr. Morris battled valiantly for his college against many difficulties. At the time of his death, he had consented to a temporary suspension of the college. He had sold the property to Dr. Cook who transformed it into a sanitarium and operated it as The Retreat. Dr. Morris' intention was to enlarge and refit the Oxford Female Institute and continue his school. The college equipment was removed to the Institute and the school reopened in the fall of 1883 under the direction of Dr. Morris' son-in-law, the Reverend Faye Walker.

In January 1884, the *Butler County Democrat* raised an editorial eyebrow. The young ladies of the surveying class at Oxford Female College were actually doing field work. Said the *Democrat*: "Verily the world moves on."

College life in 1884 is well portrayed by Ella McSurely in a letter to her brother:

Our room is very pretty we have an ash bedroom set. There are only four in the house [a cottage across the street from the college]. The house is heated by steam . . . The rising bell rings at half-past six A.M. and we have breakfast at seven. We have five tables in the dining room and a teacher at each table . . . We have chapel at eight o'clock. We have six periods in the morning of forty minutes each. Dinner at half-past

twelve, supper at half-past five. There is no school in the afternoon. We have to study from 1½ to 3½. Then we go walking and in the evening study from 15 mins. to seven o'clock till 15 mins. of nine. Then we have 15 mins to have fun in. First retiring bell rings at nine, second at ½ past. I study Cicero, Natural Theology and German history . . . There are six new girls besides myself . . . There are two literary societies, Philalethian and Calliopean. You have to go in whichever one Mrs. Place (the lady principal) puts you. Prof. Malmene has a chorus class twice a week just before supper. The whole school is required to attend free of charge. We are going to have Geography & Spelling once a week. Composition every two weeks. We have chapel right after supper every evening.

In February, the *Oxford Citizen* announced that the new addition to the old Institute buildings would consist of between twenty-five and thirty-five rooms. The space between the two buildings would be built up, the school department would have a third story added, and an addition of twenty-five feet would be run back on the same building. In June, the *Citizen* reported that the new wing would contain sixty small rooms besides school departments. There were enough applicants already to fill the new addition, but if more girls wanted to come, a wing could be built on the north side.

In June, at commencement time, the Calliopean and Philalethian Societies held their entertainment and reception in the Miami University chapel. The program consisted of the usual vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and essays. Julia Bishop read an essay on "Laughter" "in a graceful manner." Miss Barnett was criticized severely by the *Citizen* for singing *Sweet Violets*. The editor was heartily sick of that song. However, Miss Barnett had such a bad case of stage fright that not one word was heard even by those on the front row, though she opened her mouth and turned the music in a most charming manner. Wonderfully clever was the "Philalethian Phantazmagoria," abounding in local hits. The futures of the boys at the Miami Classical School were foretold with telling effects by Daisy McCullough. Daisy, as presiding officer of the evening, showed "grace and dignity that would do credit to the Chief Magistrate of our country." After the program, an informal reception was held till the fashionable hour of eleven o'clock.

When school opened again in September 1884, there were three stories above the basement besides a large garret to hold the

students' trunks. Exclusive of porches, the building now had a frontage of 126½ feet and was 85 feet deep. A new chapel, two literary halls, a large new dining room, several practice rooms, and accommodations for about one hundred boarders were available. The building was heated by steam and lighted by gas. A mansard two feet above the comb of the roof was surmounted by an iron railing, and there the young ladies might stand "to view the prospect o'er." At the northeast corner of the building an immense new cistern provided an abundance of filtered water brought from the Talawanda (Four Mile Creek). The old furniture had been sold and the amiable and enterprising Harry Gath had furnished the college throughout with "new and elegant furniture."

With its convenient location, only two squares from the depot, its beautiful grounds, its long wide piazzas around three sides of the building, "its generous table, its cultivated faculty," the college had many advantages to offer. A primary department opened that fall to offer careful instruction to children at moderate expense.

Life was not monotonous within the elegant building. Ella McSurely described it in a letter to her mother (January 31, 1885):

... The girls have just been acting high the last two weeks. Friday night some of the girls were making candy in Katie Evans' room and the other girls in Katie's room pulled so hard to get the door open that they pulled our door-knob off. They sealed the key-holes of some of the doors with wax. Professor Hepburn was here calling and somebody hid his rubbers and he could not find them for a long time.

Life did drag sometimes. Ella lamented that nobody knew what they were coming to when they came to boarding school—"turkey soup and bread pudding, etc." Ella's mother, apparently, brushed off the turkey-soup-and-bread-pudding gripe as a natural part of student life. After a visit to the college a month later, she wrote to her son:

It was the same building I went to, but very much improved and enlarged; nicely furnished; heated by steam, with hot and cold water all over the house. The girls do not even turn their registers to regulate the heat; but a man attends to it all. They were a nice genteel looking set of girls.

Two weeks later, Ella wrote that the college would give a literary entertainment for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church. The program would attract a crowd to buy ice cream and cake. Most of the girls were planning to wear either "fancy-costume or light dresses." Grace Knight had told Ella that in Washington all the girls were wearing short hair curled all over their heads. At Oxford Female College, the girls were not curling their hair, but they were wearing it short.

Whistling in the halls was a major disciplinary problem. The urge to whistle had been sternly repressed as far back as 1870 and here it was to plague the college authorities still in 1885. What to do? Whoever whistled in the halls must write a composition. That would fix the young ladies. Then there was an epidemic of gum chewing. The more the faculty chewed the rag, the more the girls chewed the gum. So the rule was made that whoever chewed gum must write a two-page composition on gum chewing.

To supplement the income of the institution, the college was open to summer boarders. Among the guests were the Reverend J. M. Walden and family from Covington, Kentucky, and Percy Procter and family of Cincinnati. The Reverend Mr. Walden was eloquent in his praise of the beauty of the Miami campus and the scenery along the Four Mile. He loved to fish in the clear waters of the creek, seeking the elusive black bass.

When school reopened in September 1885, there were fifty girls in the college building. The girls who drew the new rooms enjoyed a novelty—a closet instead of a wardrobe. The new rooms had inside shutters, too. In October, the girls were allowed to visit the old Oxford Female College, now The Retreat. There they found a new porch under construction and the fountain playing in the front yard. In the same month they were taken on their annual all-day nutting expedition. Their energies were sustained by hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, pickles, ginger-cakes, and apples.

Masquerades were popular on Friday nights. On one of these Friday evenings, about half the girls dressed in boys' clothing. The girls "looked so cute" in knee pants. Dr. Walker and Professor English were in the room. There is no record to indicate

that the gentlemen were averse to this display of girlish charms.

That same night about three o'clock in the morning, the college bell began to ring and there was a dreadful racket. The girls rushed out into the hall to see what could be the matter, and while congregated there Dr. Walker came up the stairs with a lamp in his hand. He had on slippers without socks and showed evidence of hasty dressing. Such a scampering of girls and lady teachers in nightgowns and curl papers as Dr. Walker approached. "You needn't mind me, girls," called the Doctor. As soon as the girls could slip on their Mother Hubbards and stockings they went back into the hall. There they learned that someone had thrown one of the big dustboxes (about a yard square) downstairs. It was lying at the foot of the stairs on the second floor, the dustpan about halfway down the stairs. Had the University boys played this trick? No, said Dr. Walker, some girl had rung that bell and thrown that box just to cause a commotion. The very next day he made the culprit confess.

One night the girls got up about eleven o'clock and serenaded Professor English, a gentleman who knew a great deal about mathematics and who was very tolerant of high spirits in the young. The girls in their nightgowns had intended to serenade all the teachers by playing on combs, but Miss Creighton rose in wrath to quiet them. The girls ducked down on the floor and hid their faces, but Miss Creighton came up with a lamp and commanded those crouching figures to rise. Not one moved. She grabbed one girl by the arm and jerked her up, and all the rest of the girls scampered to their rooms. After this episode, the "Shirt-tail Brigade," as they called themselves, were all the more determined to serenade Miss Creighton.

In the spring, the college had a ghost. Dressed in sable garments, it walked every night at one o'clock in the morning. Some said it was Dr. Morris' ghost. At any rate, it scared some of the girls half out of their wits. Byrd Mater was so frightened one night she became almost hysterical, crying, "I won't sleep in this old house. I don't think it is right to make us sleep in these old haunted rooms." Her phlegmatic little sister Josie just turned over in bed and sleepily commanded, "Birdie, you just shut up and go to sleep. Don't be so simple."

The ghost was forgotten when it was time to prepare the menu for the Farmers' Club meeting to be held at the college. Ice cream, salmon salad, cold ham, and all the trimmings must be prepared for this occasion. The Wednesday ice cream failed to appear that week. Disappointed girls sipped soup instead, for dessert was never served if there was soup. Oxford College was famous for its ice cream. They had an ice house that would hold one hundred tons of ice.

The art of conversation was cultivated by various means at the college. In the dining room, the girls were required to give an item of news at noon or pay a one-cent fine. When fines accumulated enough, the money might be spent for a taffy-pull. In the evening, each girl was required to tell a humorous anecdote, or a story about some noted person.

In the fall, the geology class climbed into the village omnibus, the "Longfellow," and went on their annual picnic accompanied by David McCord as their guide to trilobite haunts. To college girls, David McCord was an institution. They were always welcome to come to his home to see his collection of geological specimens and to gaze through David's home-made telescope at the glories of the sky.

Always in the spring there was love trouble. It was a little more virulent than usual in the spring of 1888. Five girls went out one night and met boys, but only two were caught when they came in at the unholy hour of eleven-thirty. There was a great commotion in the school about it.

Boys were always a problem. There was always much running up and down the streets of the village when the girls were out. In winter, when coasting was fine, the Miami boys wore themselves out coasting, just to get a glance and a smile from a college girl.

The campaign of 1888 was important to the girls of Oxford College because the Republican candidate for President, Benjamin Harrison, was the son-in-law of the founder of the Oxford Female Institute and the Oxford Female College. Carrie Scott Harrison was remembered as a dainty little lady, small and plump, not more than five feet two. Her hands were dimpled and tiny, her feet very small. On one of those little fingers, she wore a

wedding ring and three diamonds. Her eyes were large and soft and brown, her hair gray and coiled low on the neck, with "a soft fluffy bang that rested gracefully around a classically shaped forehead." Mrs. Harrison was praised as a mother, a skillful and thoroughly domestic housewife, a club woman, and a fine musician.

Benjamin Harrison smiled benignly from many a window in the college building. Twenty Harrison likenesses were counted in the front windows alone. The young ladies of the college organized themselves into a Carrie Harrison Club and a Frances Cleveland Club. The Carrie Harrison Club had almost a hundred members, while the Frances Cleveland Club could muster only thirty-two. The Carrie Harrison Club boarded a special train and took a trip to Indianapolis where they called on Senator and Mrs. Harrison. Nellie Deem made the presentation speech when a log cabin of Maréchal Niel roses was given to the Harrisons by the Oxford College girls. Since Carrie Harrison was their sister, they considered the solemn Ben their brother-in-law.

The Frances Cleveland Club, not to be outdone, drove to Hamilton where they were given a reception at the St. Charles Hotel.

* The election of Benjamin Harrison as President of the United States gave rise to much activity at the college. The "Carrie Harrison Library" committee worked assiduously to complete the new library room by the day of Harrison's inaugural on March 4, 1889. Their goal was a new carpet, new bookcases, new books, and the completion of the book catalogue.

In the fall of '89, James E. Campbell was elected governor of Ohio. Oxford entertained the governor-elect on November 15. A committee met the governor and his party at the 5:26 train that afternoon and escorted them to the home of P. W. Smith on East High Street. The house was "magnificently decorated" and brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Hinckley assisted the Smiths in receiving the visitors. After an elaborate dinner, a reception was held in the parlors. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen called to greet the newly-elected governor. Later in the evening, several political clubs arrived on a special train and were met by the Oxford Democratic Club, headed by the band and by the distinguished visitors in carriages. The parade

moved to the east end of High Street and countermarched to the west park amid fireworks and booming cannon. Nearly every house, Republican and Democratic, was handsomely illuminated in honor of the governor. At Oxford Female College, the procession halted long enough for Governor-elect Campbell to pay his respects to the thirty-four ladies of the "Campbell Club."

For the Governor-elect's reception, deft hands—Republican and Democratic—had transformed the college chapel. Bunting of red, white, and blue encircled the pillars and hung from the ceiling where chandeliers lighted up "the prettiest flag ever seen." Upon the platform the gracefully draped picture of James E. Campbell rested upon an easel. That evening the carriage of the illustrious ones approached the college in the midst of sky-rockets, firecrackers, and every conceivable device for making color and noise. As the governor-elect and his party were ushered into the chapel and up onto the platform, "The Campbells Are Coming" sounded from piano and organ. In the absence of Dr. Walker, Miss Devore introduced the guest of honor.

The Governor-elect spoke "in the happy, sympathetic manner of a man who . . . reveres all women." Forty Democratic girls could by persuasion make forty Democratic votes, he told the Campbell Club.

At the park an immense throng gathered to hear the new Governor. Special electric lights illuminated the bandstand and a large bonfire lighted up the space between the parks.

That night the Campbell Club had a celebration of its own at the college. To the honor of Governor Campbell, the girls partook of Empson's ice cream and Burkhardt's (Oxford baker) cake. Humorous speeches and poetical parodies followed, with Miss Devore as toast mistress. President Walker gave "an eloquent finale in his witty response to 'The Republicans of Ohio—the Stoics of Today.'"

On May 1, 1890, Oxford Female College became Oxford College, dropping the odious word, "Female." The girls were very proud of the modernized name.

In the fall, plans for outings and entertainments began as soon as classes started. Miss Scherzer set the ball rolling in October by taking her Bible class and the girls at her table for a hayride

and nutting expedition. On a golden October day, the air soft as summer, the girls climbed into the sweet-scented hay. Over the hills of Indian Creek the hay wagon and its beauteous load rolled along to Reily. At "The Cliffs" just this side of the village, they stopped to eat their picnic lunch.

Miss Devore took sixteen maids on a dusty walk to picnic on the banks of the Talawanda. At the mill near the covered bridge, they stopped to be weighed. The miller found the average weight to be "112½ per corpus." The girls gathered great armfuls of the goldenrod that grew thickly along the banks of the creek, disregarding the burrs and Spanish needles that clutched at their clothing. Over an open fire, coffee was made, its delicious aroma floating enticingly in the air. Buns with pickles gave an extra fillip to the meal. In the shades of evening, Miss Devore and her little flock "returned with Jupiter, Venus, Mars, and the glory of the present sky as a beacon light." On another day, Miss Devore procured riding horses from Tom McCullough's stables and took her girls for a horseback ride to Reily and back.

Religious exercises were an integral part of college life. Every week there was morning and evening worship. Immediately after chapel, the school was divided up into small classes for twenty minutes of Bible study. An outline of the whole Bible in the preparatory department was followed by a more specific study throughout the four years of college. No student was excused from this "privilege." Every Sunday morning the young ladies attended Sabbath School in the chapel and church services in one of the village churches. The Christian Endeavor Society met in the college chapel on Sunday evenings and the Missionary Society of Inquiry met once a month.

Once a week the young ladies, attended by a teacher to repel any possible male attentions, marched to Miami University. There they heard a lecture by Professor Snyder and observed the special experiments he performed for them.

The Oxford School of Phonography operated in connection with Oxford College. Lizzie Smith was its principal. Lizzie organized the Stenographic Society. Only those girls who could write one hundred words a minute were eligible for membership. Once a week the society met at the college for practice, and once a

month they met in the homes of the members for social intercourse and mutual improvement. The college library provided books on phonography as well as the best papers on the subject. Night classes were held for those who could not attend in the daytime.

The Oxford College girls of the Nineties had plenty of fun without boys. The Seniors were allowed to entertain the Juniors on Saint Valentine's Day, upper class girls being considered mature enough to think about Cupid. On such an occasion in 1891, there was a fancy dress ball. Cheesecloth and silicia masqueraded as silk and satin and an air of elegance pervaded all. At ten o'clock, after partaking of ice cream, cake, and fruit, the young ladies "dispersed to their rooms happier and brighter for the innocent gaiety and absurdities of the evening."

One winter day in '91, a few of the Juniors were permitted to attend the "Chocolatiere" given by the Presbyterian Missionary Society. The next morning the girls were bubbling over at the breakfast table. What fun they had had! And what a noble cause they had helped! The Presbyterian society was educating a heathen girl.

The teachers of the college liked a bit of "social enjoyment and intellectual relaxation" as well as the girls. They had the pleasant custom of meeting for an hour every evening in the lady principal's rooms. Books of "not too heavy a character" were read aloud at this time. Such books as *In the Footsteps of Charles Lamb*, Lamb's *Essays*, Henry M. Field's *Gibraltar*, and Imbert de Saint-Amand's *The Wife of the First Consul* were enjoyed by the shepherds of the Oxford College lambs.

When school opened in September 1891, Doctor Walker had to lease additional property on the east side of the street. He fitted it up with steam heat and other modern conveniences. In the college itself, the study, the vestibule, the halls and the stairs were newly carpeted in delicate moquette. In the chapel the platform was changed and a pipe organ installed.

In November, the girls gave an entertainment to raise money for a Christmas box to be sent to the Broken Arrow School, Indian Territory. The entertainment took the form of living pictures. A large gilt frame was used to frame the pictures, rep-

resentations of the works of the old masters. Professor Hoffman played appropriate music while each picture was being shown. A life-sketch of the painter, with special reference to the masterpiece about to be shown, was read before the curtain was drawn back to reveal the living picture.

In January 1892, the Seniors gave a notable party. The guests began to assemble in the parlors at eight-thirty in the evening. After some time spent in conversation, appraisal of toilettes, and other social amenities, little white cards divided diagonally by a strip of yellow ribbon were passed out. On the upper half, in gilt letters, was the Senior motto, on the lower half, the name of the hero or heroine of some well-known book, and the guests were requested to find their corresponding hero or heroine, as the case might be. After Bassanio found Portia, Jack Sprat his wife, and so on, the company proceeded to the library which the Seniors had made "a bewildering bower of beauty." Sweet strains of music and the faint odor of burning incense sticks greeted the guests as they passed into the library under a large "'92" made of daisies, the class flower. The large pillar in the center of the room was wound in yellow and white, the class colors. Light draperies of yellow were looped from the pillar to different points in the room. The piano lamps and the parlor lamps, as well as the incandescent lamps were draped with the same material. The Senior parlor, also, was decorated in yellow and white.

After Doctor Walker asked the blessing and all were seated at the beautifully appointed tables, six of the younger students, in white dresses and yellow sashes and daisy caps, served an elegant four-course supper. The perfume of cut flowers, the softly shaded lights, the candleabra, the gauzy decorations, and "the faultless evening dresses" of the young ladies made the evening one of rarefied enjoyment. As soon as the last course was served, flash-light pictures of the library and the company were taken, so that each person might have a memento of the occasion. The party broke up at the polite hour of ten.

In May, at the Senior reception, the art of conversation was tried out. The program consisted of ten topics of conversation. Printed programs like dance programs were presented to each

guest. Timed by Clinton's Orchestra from Cincinnati, the conversationalists changed partners "and bliss continued."

It was about this time that some of the Miami students outraged Doctor Walker by decorating the concrete walk. In bold red letters there appeared such inscriptions as "The Walker House," "Mixed Drinks Extra," "A Fried Oyster with every Drink," and "Students always Welcome."

In June 1892, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the union of the Oxford Female Institute and the Oxford Female College was celebrated. Mrs. Walker paid a tribute to Dr. John W. Scott, the founder of both institutions. Of James U. Buchanan, who succeeded Dr. Scott as president of the Oxford Female Institute, she said:

There is a grassy mound on the slope of the hill in yonder cemetery, which should be hallowed ground to us, for on the shaft that marks the spot is inscribed the name of our honored president and loved preceptor . . . Can we ever forget the gentle patience, the tender forbearance that marked the teacher, or the genial qualities, the fine sensibilities and rare delicacy of feeling that distinguished the man?

Three months later, Craig Brothers began to build another story on the college building—six large rooms to be used for a music department.

The Class of '93, in October, entertained the Sophomores in a hall draped in purple and gold, a huge "'93" in pansies suspended over the center of the banquet table. Dainty menu cards decorated with the pansy and purple and gold ribbons were at each plate. The menu was a typical one of the 1890's: oyster patties, wafers, pickles, chicken salad, celery, olives, potato chips, bread, chocolate, salted almonds, pineapple sherbet, cocoanut cake, almond cake, ambrosia, bonbons, and grapes.

October 1892 brought sorrow and mourning to the college. Carrie Scott Harrison died. At almost the same time that the funeral rites were being performed in Indianapolis, the faculty and students of Oxford College gathered in the chapel for memorial services. Doctor Walker made appropriate remarks and Mrs. Harrison's favorite hymns were sung. The college flag hung at half mast and a telegram of sympathy was sent to the bereaved family.

December plunged the college again into mourning. Mrs. Morris, widow of Doctor Morris, died. Elizabeth Bevan Morris was the daughter of one of the most distinguished merchants of Philadelphia in the pre-Civil War days. Owner of several ships, he personally made a number of voyages to China and the East Indies, bringing home cargoes of tea which he sold at great profit, thus accumulating a vast fortune. Andrew Jackson, considering Bevan the most sagacious financier in the country, called him in to help settle the affairs of the United States Bank which Jackson had wrecked. As a girl, Mrs. Morris had lived in her father's palatial home on Arch Street in Philadelphia where the distinguished men of the time were frequent visitors. Mrs. Morris and her daughters gave to Oxford College an aristocratic atmosphere that was never forgotten by the students.

In the fall of 1893, President Walker urged his young charges to take an active part in politics. On election day, the halls and windows were hung with red, white, and blue, and with photographs of McKinley. Over the front door of the college was a very large picture of the Major. Enthusiasm was unlimited when news of McKinley's election was announced. Only a few days before, Doctor and Mrs. Walker, with Professor and Mrs. Hoffman of the Music Department, had driven to Camden to hear McKinley whom Doctor Walker thought was the "greatest man in America."

The Senior reception in '94 surpassed all previous receptions in elegance. Eight to eleven marked a new departure. Heretofore, guests had departed at ten. Clinton's Orchestra from Cincinnati, hidden behind a bank of flowers in the hall, "discoursed delightful music through the evening." Refreshments were served by a Cincinnati caterer. The young ladies were "elegantly attired in evening gowns and the gentlemen in full dress."

At the commencement of 1894, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the Presbyterian Church by the Reverend G. S. J. Brown of Bowling Green, Ohio. After the sermon, Doctor Walker addressed the girls in his usual felicitous style. He reminded them how the faculty had endeavored to point them to the skies, to teach them to read history in the rocks, to study the architecture of flowers, et cetera. He even trotted out his time-worn

apotheasm, "The College is a HOME—not a convent or a prison."

Commencement was marked by two new departures in 1895. The abolition of essays was a great relief. The editor of the *News* expressed the views of many long-suffering auditors when he said, "The exercises are usually long enough and in hot weather it is a good thing to err on the side of mercy." The editor loved the young girls, however, for he wrote in his paper:

One of the prettiest sights ever seen in Oxford is the procession of young people that daily flows out from the college taking a walk to promote health by judicious exercise . . . The merry laughter, the social cheer, the intellectual, healthful, beautiful and happy countenances of the young ladies make me say, "Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, one glance at their array."

The other new thing was a performance of *As You Like It* on the banks of the Talawanda. Seated on mats or cushions, the whole of Oxford and West Butler County seemed to be there. The Cincinnati papers carried flattering notices of the play. The *Enquirer's* Sunday supplement carried two large pictures of the players on the front page. One picture showed Constance Bierce and Courtenay Kenney as Orlando and Rosalind, respectively. Bessie Hamilton, later to be Miami's first dean of women, played the part of Frederic, and Grace Norris the part of Silvius.

In the summer of '96, Oxford College made preparations to use more water. Three hydrants were put in and water piped the length of the lot. Now the college lawn, the trees, and the flower beds might flourish in spite of dry weather.

The college had long boasted of its healthful drinking water brought from the Talawanda Springs near College Corner. An advertisement in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* proclaimed the virtues of Talawanda water in exuberant language:

GIRLS

if you want a beautiful, fine complexion, good form, nice and plump

TAKE

it at once, Best thing for a tonic

A BATH

inside with Talawanda Pure Spring Water is as important at all seasons of the year as a bath outside. Ask your physician if this is not so. Drink Talawanda freely. 10 cts. a gallon.

A financial crisis in the affairs of the college brought a change in the summer of 1897. It was put on a sound and permanent financial basis by deeding the property to a board of trustees

composed of men of influence and financial acumen. No longer a private institution, the college would now pay its bills through its trustees once a month.

The college food bills must have been high in November, for a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner was served. The menu consisted of tomato soup, crackers, olives, celery, roast turkey, cranberry jelly, mashed potatoes, scalloped oysters; mince, apple, and pumpkin pie; oranges, bananas, figs, dates, malaga and catawba grapes, assorted nuts, raisins, coffee, tea, and cake. It was a stormy day, but there was plenty of cheer indoors that day. In the evening, the School of Oratory gave an entertainment, assisted by the glee club.

One of the most elaborate entertainments ever given at the college was a reception given on Washington's Birthday 1898. Doctor and Mrs. Walker received four hundred and fifty guests. The *News* noted that Oxford's Four Hundred were there. After all had arrived, the guests were taken to the chapel where they found themselves at "The Little Trianon," the manor of Marie Antoinette. There they beheld the rustic festivities of pretty shepherdesses in frocks of blue and pink. In the midst of their play, as they paused to listen to a French song "sweetly sung," they were caught unawares by the French court. By request of King Louis, the little shepherdesses gave their graceful dance drill. After listening to a German song sung by Miss Maier, the lords and ladies, gorgeously arrayed, danced the stately minuet. Then came the Cossacks in a Turkish drill, after which French peasants entered singing the *Marseillaise* in French. All were loath to leave the beautiful Trianon with its festivities so perfectly directed by Miss McClure, Miss Mitchell, Madame Vermilye, Miss Agerter, and Miss Hamilton. However, refreshments were waiting in the library and the exodus began.

In February 1900, the boys of Miami were invited to a valentine party at the college. The theme of the decorations was "The Old Kentucky Home." The entertainment, other than "the secluded corners bathed in dim religious light," consisted of music and a guessing contest on book titles.

Soon afterward, Miss Blanchard and her students gave a re-

cherché Art Reception. In the drawing contest, Professor Alfred Upham of Miami won first prize.

A memorable entertainment was given in March. It was a series of Gibson Tableaux, for the Gibson girl was at the height of her popularity then. "Double Wedding" was the climax of the picturesque. Master Harry Kumler won great admiration for his attitudes and facial expression as he posed as Cupid. At every appearance he was encored. Among the best scenes were "Love Will Die," "The Receipt for Kisses," and "After Dinner Conversation." Miami men taking part in the tableaux were Messrs. Marshall, Shuman, James, Lane, Hare, and Reeve. Young men of the town lending their assistance were Messrs. Shera, Hill, and Molyneaux.

In the same month, Doctor Walker resigned the presidency of the college. For seventeen years this Chesterfieldian clergyman had carried on the tradition of the Morris family and tried to realize the ambitious dreams of Robert Desha Morris.

CHAPTER XI

THE WESTERN FEMALE SEMINARY

The Western Female Seminary, by 1870, was a well-established school. It had been tried by fire and tribulation, but by faith and prayer and hard work, it had lived and flourished.

The entrance requirements were a reasonable knowledge of English grammar, modern geography, United States history, and mental and written arithmetic. No young lady under the ripe age of fifteen years was admitted to the Seminary.

The Seminary had a unique system of economy. Each student contributed one hour of work each day, and an extra half hour a week to cleaning the public rooms. A "super extra hour" in the spring took care of spring house-cleaning. When asked why they did not abolish the co-operative housekeeping, the Seminary's invariable reply was: "Let other things go if all cannot be done that is desirable to do, but keep this underlying principle of the Mount Holyoke schools established in the early years of woman's education." This "underlying principle" was supposed to promote unselfishness and integrity.

Certain girls were assigned to prepare breakfast, dinner, or supper. Cooked cereal or a kind of stew prepared the night before was warmed up for breakfast. Occasionally, in the spring, eggs were served. Every morning the "bread circle" made "light biscuits" for breakfast. At an early hour, the "circle" wended their way to the kitchen. They went to the cellar for lard and, returning to the kitchen, took the pans of light sponge from the steam-box; into the sponge they mixed the lard and salt and flour, rolled out the dough, and cut the biscuits out with a tin cutter. The leader of the circle put the biscuits in long greased pans and set them on top of the oven to rise. The circle then returned to their rooms, made their toilets, and studied till six-thirty when breakfast was served.

For dinner, at noon, there was always bread and butter, potatoes and one other vegetable, and a plain dessert—blanc mange,

bread pudding, apple tapioca, or steamed Indian pudding served with molasses. If the Indian pudding was made in a mold and turned out on a plate, it was called "pie hat." On Sunday there was pie for dinner and plain cake for supper. On Friday, there was salt codfish or mackerel. Pork was served once a week with baked beans. White and brown bread was baked by the bread circle in the college kitchen. No drink was served other than water, though Miss Peabody sometimes brewed a little tea at her table. There were no salads. Cabbage was sometimes boiled with corned beef but never served raw. Tomatoes, called love apples, were used only for decorative purposes. Celery, donated by Joseph McCord for a Thanksgiving dinner, was a novelty. Ordinarily, there was no sugar on the table, but there was always vinegar, salt, and pepper. A spoonholder, with each girl's own spoon in it, graced the table. At each table, the girls washed their own spoons and put them back into the spoonholder for the next meal. There was little fruit—occasionally apples or canned peaches for dessert. The girls sometimes prepared fruit and canned it in gallon cans of tin which Mr. Lyons soldered. Mr. Lyons kept the grounds in order and raised onions and potatoes for the college. The kitchen garbage was fed to the pigs in pens where now is the beautiful Ernst Nature Theatre.

Seldom were the girls permitted to leave the campus. Now and then a trip to town to do a bit of frugal shopping broke the monotony of campus life. Not more than twelve girls could go to town at one time, and they were guarded fore and aft by a teacher. From the college building, through the woods on Miami's lower campus, and up the gravelled slant walk to High Street, the girls walked with eyes straight ahead, theoretically, that is. Sometimes a few girls rode into town in the Ark, the college carriage, with the reins in the hands of the Lady Principal, Miss Helen Peabody, or some conscientious faculty member of less degree. There were no parties, no concerts, at the Seminary in the 1870's, only an occasional lecture to improve the mind. The Seniors were sometimes allowed to attend a lecture, securely chaperoned, at Miami or at one of the churches.

In the matter of dress, the Seminary girls were not guilty of vanity. For every day, the girls wore shoes made by their home

cobblers; "store" or "fine" shoes were worn only on dress-up occasions. The glove problem was taken care of by lace mitts in summer and home-knitted mittens in winter. Each girl had several aprons, common or fancy, cotton or wool, dark or light, but no silk aprons. Home-knitted or bought stockings of fine white cotton yarn were worn for "nice" in summer, gray wool in winter. There were woolen shawls of sober hue and design for walking. There were no raincoats, but some girls had dresses made of black or brown waterproofed material. A pair of rubbers and an umbrella were indispensable. Most girls had one breast-pin to wear on a collar of lace or white linen. A few had rings but rare was the girl who had a watch.

Each girl brought her own lamp to school and each room had its own oil can with its number on it. Water for laundry purposes was pumped from Bull Run and stored in a tank in the attic.

At five o'clock in the morning, some girl of the "bell circle" went down the halls ringing a handbell to wake the sleeping girls. There was no study on Tuesday night, for Wednesday was a day of recreation. That was the day the girls cleaned their rooms, did their laundry and mending, and went to town.

Daily the girls watched for the mail. It was carried from the village in the Ark, drawn by Bucephalus, a steady old bay horse whose swiftest gait was a sedate jog-trot.

There was no bathroom in the entire college building before the early Seventies. One was then installed for the use of the teachers. One young girl, Corrine Coulson, under doctor's orders, was allowed to bathe once a week in that tub dedicated to learning and piety. Certain healthful duties were performed in an outbuilding which the girls called "The Two" because it had once been two-storied.

The guest room, next to Miss Peabody's, on the first floor, was the only one that had a feather bed. Not even Miss Peabody herself indulged in such a soft luxury. That guest room was known as The King's Chamber. It was for the use of a returned missionary, or some former student or teacher of the Seminary who was in need of rest for an indefinite period of time.

Miss Peabody's room was a typical Victorian room, though not extravagantly furnished. The floor was covered with an elegant

carpet with snowballs scattered over its green surface. An ottoman covered with a piece of this carpet became the famous "green stool" on which wayward girls sat at Miss Peabody's knee to repent of their sins.

Few men were allowed on the campus. In winter when skating was fine on the pond, Professor Stoddard of Miami was about the only man with whom the girls could skate. He was an excellent skater, but as a man his age and domestic ties were against him. Miami's courtly president and faculty members graced some of the rare social functions at the Seminary with their presence. Dainty little Miss Hawes, the music teacher from Boston, found herself forced to curtsey three times in order to finish in time with President Stanton's deep bow. Miss Hawes was a lady of delicate sensibilities. Though she taught piano, she never played, because she mourned so deeply her sweetheart who had accidentally shot himself on the eve of their wedding. How the girls must have reveled in that romance! The only men the girls ever saw, except on very rare occasions, was old Mr. Lyons, or some gentleman who came out to teach penmanship or lecture on geology. A roving missionary or preacher was seen now and then.

Christmas was just another day on the campus. No Christmas greens, no carols, no cards, no gifts, no vacations. If Christmas fell on Wednesday, there was nothing better to do than wash and clean and mend. On one occasion, at least, several Miami students gave the young ladies of the Seminary a thrill in the form of martial music early on Christmas morning. The Seminary gave the students a vacation of three weeks in late January and early February, after all the holiday merrymaking was over. When the girls finally did depart on their vacation, the Miami boys saw them off at the depot. "Silent kisses were seen floating through the air."

The Miami boys liked to drive around the "delightful and picturesque building," because they loved "Aunt Helen" so much, they said. They became so obnoxious to Aunt Helen that she kept a bull dog to guard the house.

In the spring of 1870, the Seminary girls formed a "hook and ladder company." A suitable emblem was devised, a pin bearing

upon its golden surface a set of tiny compound ladders in "Z" formation. The fair wearers, the *Miami Student* observed, bore themselves jauntily, their bright glances and entrancing swing indicating that they knew how to "run wid der masheen."

The hook and ladder company became an artillery squad when they captured a Miami cannon. At that time, Miami University students took military training. The boys, in frolicsome mood, placed a cannon in front of the Seminary building and fired it. So many window panes were shattered, the boys took to their heels, leaving their field-piece behind. There it stood in desolation all day on Sunday. Before daybreak on Monday morning, the hook-and-ladder girls slipped out and with the aid of ropes pulled the cannon to the lake and pushed it in. Down, down, it sank into the mire until it was almost out of sight. The boys had a hard time rescuing that cannon, for they could work at it only in the night.

The girls were so elated over the success of their counterstroke, they composed a company song, a parody on *Shoo, Fly, Don't Bodder Me*:

Hark! we heard a cannon fire.
Hark! we heard a cannon fire.
Hark! we heard a cannon fire.
The cannon now is in the mire.
Floo, Chi, don't bodder we
Floo, Chi, don't bodder we
Floo, Chi, don't bodder we
For we belong to the ar-til-ler-y.

The boys admired the spunk of the artillery squad and declared that their summary action had been more effective than any faculty action.

The hook-and-ladder company attracted the attention of the *Harvard Advocate*. The editors said that the fact that the ladies of The Western Female Seminary had formed a hook-and ladder company was the strongest argument for woman's rights that had come to their notice. The *Miami Student* reminded the *Advocate* of the proficiency of the company in artillery practice as well. The *Boston Journal* printed an account of the cannon and its ignominious fate. Miss Peabody admitted, many years later, that it had been very hard to keep her face straight while investigating

the cannon episode, with the girls clustered around her on the snow-ball carpet.

The Seniors of 1870 upheld their dignity by wearing class rings made by Duhme, a Cincinnati jeweler. These rings were plain gold bands embossed with black enamel characters—"70" and "Q.T.S."—the class year and the initials of the class motto, respectively. Facetiously, the girls explained that they possessed seventy quarts of learning.

At the commencement exercises of 1870, all the Seniors wore white dresses, the handiwork of Anna Kerwood, Oxford's foremost dressmaker. Some were made of woolen material, some of cotton, but none was made of silk. A few had short trains.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* reported that the essays of the young graduates of 1870 were well washed with orthodox theology and contained germs of thought not weakened by the sentimental trash usually spawned on such occasions, and that they were distinctly and intelligently read. It was a rule at the Seminary that no young lady could read her own essay—all essays were strictly anonymous as far as the audience was concerned. The chorus was excellent, but a tin-pan piano spoiled the instrumental music. Throughout the program, no applause was heard, in keeping with the "frigid propriety of the place."

One night in April 1871, disaster overtook Aunt Helen and her school. The fire alarm sounded at one o'clock in the morning, and before daybreak the college was in ruins. Some of the girls, seeing that they were trapped in the halls, jumped from the windows and four were severely injured. Others took to the lightning rods and reached the ground safely. In the midst of all the confusion, some of the girls remembered Miss Jessup, a beloved teacher confined to a wheel chair, and by heroic efforts rescued her from the flames.

Citizens and students did all they could, but their best was not enough. Private homes were opened to faculty and students. President Walker invited all that were not provided for to accept the hospitality of the Oxford Female College. The morning after the fire, Sophia Cunningham appeared at Lewis Place, the home of Mrs. Jane Lewis, with Miss Peabody's Bible in her hand. She said to Miss Peabody: "I thought you might need your Bible

. . . ; your books are all saved, piled up on the lawn, and Muller's 'Life of Trust' lying on top of them all."

The loss was severe, amounting to about \$175,000, including personal property of teachers and students. Many of the girls had not time to save even one suit of every-day apparel. The girls mourned their potted plants and their canaries. One of the teachers lost her diamond engagement ring.

A new college edifice was ready for occupancy by November 1871. According to the *Miami Student*, it differed greatly from the old building. The new tin roof was considered quite an improvement over the old slate roof. Said the *Student*:

The bleak, penitentiary aspect the old roof presented, no longer appears; instead, a fanciful roof has been substituted, which certainly contributes greatly to the grace and beauty of the old building, howsoever much it may detract from its dignity. The two towers formerly over the front entrance no longer stand apart as if divorced, but are united into one lofty superstructure, which only needs a more graceful terminus to make it a model of its kind. To the south side of the building . . . a new wing two stories high has been attached—this is the new chapel . . .

No evidences of the terrible conflagration of last April appear, save an occasional blackened surface on the wall or a crack carefully filled . . . its old furniture, saved during the great fire, has been carefully replaced, giving the room [the parlor] a familiar home-like appearance. The room to the right of the front hall will hereafter be the Cabinet, and the adjoining one on the south will contain the library . . . Proceeding farther south we enter the chapel—a room beautifully furnished, and altogether the cosiest one of its kind in the vicinity. It can easily seat three hundred persons. Before leaving the building we would remark the cheerful appearance which the beautiful white walls and oiled floors give the interior, leaving carpet and wall paper undesired.

On November 29, the *Student* announced the addition of a large globe and weather vane to the Seminary tower. It was truly surprising, said the *Student*, how much they contributed to the beauty of the edifice.

The night before the dedication of the new building, the young ladies and some of the teachers gave a musical program. They were assisted by the Lane Seminary Quartette. A male quartette, of course, was something to create interest among the girls. Piano and voice only were taught in the music department at the Seminary. Fiddling was considered wicked.

The dedicatory exercises were held on November 30, 1871.

The principal address was made by the Reverend Jeremiah Prophet Elias Kumler, a distinguished son of Old Miami who had married one of the first teachers at the Seminary. An interesting feature of the program was the dedicatory hymn, which had been written for the first dedication in 1856. This was the third time that the same hands and hearts had dedicated a college building on the Seminary campus. The presentation of diplomas to the class of '71 which had graduated so suddenly one night in April was very touching. Doctor Nelson, president of the Board, spoke of the twenty thousand dollars yet needed to finish the woodwork and complete the furnishings.

This was a happy day for Miss Peabody. She had trusted in her God and He had not failed her. Miss Peabody's school was a true daughter of its mother college, Mount Holyoke. A regular mother and daughter correspondence was carried on between the two colleges in journal fashion. So it was that "The Western Female Seminary sneezed when Mt. Holyoke took snuff." The Seminary, like its mother college, took a deep interest in foreign missions. "Aunt Helen's girls" were in Europe, Asia and Africa.

Helen Peabody was a good business woman, and she had great executive ability. She had profound convictions. She was dignified, pious, and resourceful. She was very strict in her ideas of what constituted proper deportment.

Miss Peabody was a comfortable-looking person of average height, and rather plump. Her hair and eyes were black. She had beautiful hands, and in those hands was a mysterious power. When a young lady had behaved in an unbecoming manner, Miss Peabody called her in and seated her on "the green stool" at her feet. She would stroke the girl's hair, pat her gently, and give her one soft white hand to hold while she confessed her fault. Usually the touch of those hands, together with gentle but firm reproof, resulted in a chastened spirit and a promise to obey the rules. When Leila McKee was invited to follow Miss Peabody as Lady Principal of the Seminary, her sister Mary exclaimed: "Why, Leila, you can't take Miss Peabody's place. What will you do when the girls come to sit on the green stool? Your hands are too bony!"

Distinguished visitors came to the Seminary in 1879—Mrs.

Meredith and Miss Cavendish from England. They had come to America to inspect prisons and young ladies' seminaries. Miss Cavendish was interested in establishing a college in England on the Mount Holyoke plan, and was therefore particularly interested in the Western Female Seminary. The ladies inspected everything in the school "from the rising of the sponge in the basement to the setting sun in the observatory."

In the 1880's, trouble arose. There was a spirit of rebellion among the girls against the strict rules. This was at a time when women were clamoring to be individuals, to be free. The Board of Trustees gave Miss Peabody a year's leave of absence on full pay, though her salary had never been more than four hundred dollars. When a suitable successor was found in 1888, the Board voted to pay Miss Peabody's salary as long as she lived. She bought a home in Pasadena, California, in 1892, and went there to live. Her life was made happy by visits from her girls as they passed through on their travels.

In the spring of 1888, Leila McKee, eleven years after her graduation, came to the Seminary to bid her beloved preceptress and friend, Miss Peabody, farewell. She had heard that the new Principal was to be inaugurated, and expected to see that ceremony. While on this visit, Miss McKee was offered the principalship. Surprised and overwhelmed, she reluctantly consented to consider the proposition. The thought of following Miss Peabody filled her with anxious misgivings.

There was a close tie between Helen Peabody and Leila McKee. Twice, while a student at the Seminary, young Leila had been sent home on account of ill health. When Leila went home the second time, her mother wrote to Miss Peabody, asking for special prayer that Leila might recover and be used for the Lord's work. A third time Leila fell ill, and the doctor again said she must go home. Miss Peabody took things into her own hands. She put Leila in the King's Chamber, gave strict orders about her diet, and helped her with her lessons till she was well again.

Miss McKee finally accepted the position of Lady Principal and assumed her duties in September 1888. She found herself hampered by lack of funds. With boundless energy, she set about making her dreams for the Seminary come true. She was diplomatic

and tactful, making her changes gradually, so the school would not be upset and no one antagonized. She turned to Miss Peabody for counsel and that wise lady gave her good advice.

One day, the girls surprised Miss McKee with new matting for the second-floor corridor. She was speechless. At that moment, the supper bell rang. At her table she found Miss Peabody who was visiting at the college. She said to Miss Peabody, "What shall I say to the girls?"

"Tell them," said Miss Peabody, "about the Psalmist who said, 'What shall I render upon the Lord for all his benefits to me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord,' which means literally, 'Ask for more.' We want matting for the first and third floors now."

Miss McKee was young and charming. Her regal carriage and good looks impressed all who saw her. Her warm and gracious personality won many friends for the Seminary. An admirer described her as "tall, handsome, with bright dark eyes, an expressive face and a graceful carriage." Miss McKee was a true daughter of the South, but she betrayed no Southern languor in speech or action.

Under the genial leadership of Miss McKee, social activity at the Seminary began to increase. "Josiah Allen" and "Samantha" romped with other masked characters at a Hallowe'en party. The Seniors ushered in the month of November by giving an elegant party on "All Witches Night." Into the hall hung with the national colors, the Seniors marched to the boom-boom of the big bass drum, with banners flying. From the stage they hurled fiery patriotic speeches for Benjamin Harrison and Levi Morton, for Grover Cleveland and Allan Thurman.

The geology and astronomy classes went to David McCord's house to see his fine collection of geological specimens and to view the heavens through the home-made telescope set up in his yard. The students made candy and popcorn balls with the faculty. They played Blind Man's Buff. They had parties in the college kitchen, where corn was popped, nuts cracked, and taffy boiled and pulled. Hallowe'en parties with "gypsy fortune-tellers" promising romance and wedding bells to all were enjoyed by sedate faculty and light-hearted young ladies.

Miami boys serenaded the Seminary girls unreproved. The last stanza of one of these serenades shows the tender feelings of a young Miamian's heart:

Oh, lady, my boldness forgive,
Come not with dark scorn in your eye,
Without thee 'twere wretched to live,
But with thee what pleasure to die,
And have thee e'er nigh.

On a balmy May evening, the faculty climbed into the Ark, slapped the reins on the back of Ben Harrison, the old Seminary horse. Faithful Ben drew them to the Methodist Church. The ladies went in to attend a temperance entertainment, leaving Ben securely hitched to a post in front of the church.

Poor Ben! A sad fate awaited him. Four mischievous Miami students drove the carriage down into the campus and subsequently down on Main Street where they unhitched Ben and left the slightly damaged carriage standing on the street. They tied to Ben's tail a woman's rubber cape with bits of harness, a tin pan, and several firecrackers. Then they turned Ben loose. Wildly the poor horse ran and ran, becoming more frightened every moment. The next morning, Ben was found dead. There was great indignation in the town, and a reward was offered for Ben's murderers. Finally, the guilty boys went to their professors and confessed, offering to pay the damages. Since the culprits were boys of good repute, they were allowed to make restitution and remain in school.

The next April the Sophomores at the Seminary gave a ghostly April Fool entertainment. The major part of it was devoted to the memory of Ben. A tall sheeted figure stepped out on a darkened stage and sang:

Long years ago when socials were the fashion
Poor Bennie died, a martyr to Miami.
Our horse is missing and no future racer
However gay, can fill the vacant place,
Forever shall a burning thought remain
Ben Harrison died, a cape tied to his tail.

Slowly a huge skeleton of a horse arose, seemingly at the very feet of the singer and her ghostly companions who had just joined her. Standing there, the shade of Ben Harrison solemnly addressed the audience:

I am Ben Harrison, or what is left of him. Oh, listen to my tale of woe! Many years ago I was brought to the Sem to assist in conveying mails and females to and from the village of Oxford . . . To and fro, day after day, from morning till night, I was driven.

With this introduction the wraith related the story of the escapade that frightened him to death.

The whole evening's entertainment was given in the dark by ghostly figures and skeletons on the stage. When the last scene ended and the lights were turned on, the ludicrous expressions on the faces of the audience rewarded the players for the time and effort expended.

Under Miss McKee, elaborate preparations were always made for the college parties. A valentine party in 1890 was typical. The Seniors entertained the Sophomores and Juniors. The stately Seniors wore quaint white and yellow gowns to represent daisies. Three Freshmen in red and black, and three in yellow and white attended to the wishes of all, flitting about "like ministering spirits." At each small table, a Daisy presided. A tiny Cupid was at every plate. Soft music from a nearby room created a tender atmosphere. After supper, old-fashioned games were played till twelve o'clock.

In the Nineties, carriage parties, chaperoned and strictly feminine, of course, were permitted. A hay ride was allowed now and then, but with no male escorts. Innumerable sofa pillows were tossed upon the hay, and the girls nestling down among the many-hued pillows looked like "a bed of brightly colored flowers."

The young ladies of the Nineties were not above a few pranks at college. Their tricks may have reminded Miss McKee of her own prankish proclivities in student days. During her Freshman year she had the bright idea of giving a cat concert some night after every one was asleep. To this end she collected every stray cat she could find and put them in the attic. On Tuesday night—recreation night—Leila and one or two boon companions had work to do outside. With the aid of a bribed workman, they conducted a goat from the basement to the attic. There with the cats he remained till all was quiet in the Hall. Then this girl, whom no one would ever suspect, crept up to the attic and tied

to each animal a bell. She opened the door and left her animals free to do what came naturally. Pandemonium. The cats set up a wild chorus, the goat began to bleat out his astonishment. The faculty chased, commanded, and despaired. While outraged teachers breathed fire and brimstone against the culprit, the girl who would one day become Lady Principal of the Seminary slept on, the sleep of the innocent and pure in heart.

The Seminary girls never forgot the time that the Miami boys stole their laundry. Somehow the wearing apparel of the young ladies was transferred from the Seminary clothesline to the boughs of Miami's trees. The girls were dismayed to find their clothing gone, but even more so when some of the shocked residents of the village bore the news to the Seminary. Passersby were thunderstruck to see on the Miami campus obviously feminine apparel hanging from the grand old pines, elms, and hickory trees, and from the hedge that bordered the grounds. Eventually the clothing found its way back to its rightful owners with a message that the thieves had found it unsuitable.

The students were allowed to walk up town to communion service at the Presbyterian Church, if the weather were fine. They were not allowed to attend the Sunday afternoon service at the Miami University chapel, however, because they drew the attention of the young men away from the sermon.

The Seminary had its first Tree Day in 1890. With elaborate ceremony, a tree is planted on the campus every year on Tree Day.

In June 1892, Miss McKee introduced an innovation in the commencement exercises. All the speakers on Commencement Day were women. The Lady Principal, instead of the president of the Board of Trustees, delivered the diplomas. Women dedicated Alumnae Hall, the gift of women to women. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, but one year wed, was the commencement speaker. She was president of Wellesley College at the time that Miss McKee had been a student there. Mrs. Palmer had but recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, something unusual in those days, for a woman. Just as Mrs. Palmer was about to speak, a telegram came from Center College at Danville, Kentucky, announcing the fact that that college had just con-

ferred a Doctor of Philosophy degree upon Leila McKee. Mrs. Palmer began her speech by referring to "our brave young Doctor of Philosophy."

Miss Peabody was on the platform that day for the last time before she went to California to live. Two Doctors of Philosophy and one great pioneer in education sat together on the platform on that memorable Commencement Day. Helen Peabody had performed the hardest task of all. With indomitable courage she had created a school; with hard work and trust in a Divine Providence, she had sustained it.

In the fall of 1892, the Seminary girls discussed politics warmly. On November 8—election day—voting booths were erected in the Seminary hall. In the evening there was a torchlight procession. With fife and drum and flying banners, the girls paraded the halls and ceremoniously escorted the speakers to the rostrum. The speakers were introduced under the names of party leaders. "James G. Blaine" and "Calvin Brice" presented the views of their respective parties on the tariff, the force bill, reciprocity, the silver question, prohibition, et cetera.

November brought a genial male to The Western Female Seminary. He was the agent of the Harvey World's Fair Hotel. He allowed the girls "the pleasure of keeping him to dine" with them, and with no difficulty whatever sold them shares in the new hotel. So delightful a section was reserved for the Seminary that the prospect of attending the Fair at Chicago the next summer "lost all formidableness."

In January 1893, the Seminary launched its paper, the *Western-Oxford*. It took its place beside the *Miami Student* and *The Ladies' Collegian* which was published once a month by the Oxford College girls.

In May 1894, a reception which was recherché in every detail was given by Miss McKee and the faculty in honor of Mrs. Haberly. Mrs. Calvin Brice, a Seminary daughter, had paid Mrs. Haberly to give a series of art lectures at the college. Cut flowers in profusion adorned the parlors. A harpist from Dayton "discoursed elegant music." Miss Woodworth of Cincinnati "rendered several beautiful vocal solos." Sixteen college girls dressed in white, each carrying a bunch of pink roses, gave a rose drill.

About one hundred and fifty guests attended from the village. All the ladies were "in full evening gowns," and the gentlemen were "in full dress."

Tree Day in '94 was an especially memorable frolic. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Seniors in caps and gowns marched in with Miss McKee and took their seats. The Juniors followed, clad in white skirts and fancy blue waists trimmed with pansies and gold. For some time a tinkling sound had been heard. Now came the Sophomores in white, with streamers and wands, fool's caps and high shoes painted green and strung with bells. In their hands they carried green wands and pendant bells. And last came the Freshmen in white Kate Greenaway gowns and Oxford caps in white and blue.

Still strange noises were heard. The Unclassified Students, about fifty in number, with drums and banners marched in arrayed as "Coxey's Army of the Unclassified." Strange and varied were the costumes. They impersonated Coxey, his wife and family, Marshall Brown, and other officers. The rabble, colored and white, carried old carpet bags, tomato-can canteens, shabby bundles, and sundry antiquated outfits.

After all this confusion had subsided, the literary exercises and tree-planting ceremonies took place. Close by the Freshman tree, near Alumnae Hall, was a maypole. Here, to the music of violin, banjo, guitar and mandolin the class danced around the maypole as they twined the bright colors about the pole. When they had sung a song and were covering the roots of their little white birch, "Miss Coxey" from her snow-white palfrey, invited one and all to their encampment among the evergreens, and led the way with "Marshall Brown" at her side. The "family" followed in the Ark, the old Seminary carriage. Over by the evergreens was a tent and a campfire. There "Miss Coxey" alighted and delivered an address on their grievances, their plans and their hopes. Then one of the "colored" members of the army, with vigorous gestures, made a stirring speech about the millions of people they represented, the abuses they suffered, and how their wrongs might be redressed. Considering the fact that the Coxey stunt had been thought of only forty-eight hours before, and that the

entire community had to be levied upon for instruments, materials, et cetera, it was quite an achievement.

When the Board of Trustees met in June 1894, they recommended the power to give the Bachelor of Arts degree. Now they must have a new name for the seminary to match the new degree. "Western Female Seminary" would not do. What should it be? It was hard to decide. One of the trustees, the Reverend J. P. E. Kumler, said he knew from experience how it was to suffer under a long name. He favored "The Western" as the new name. "When they call me Jerry," he said, "I come. But when they stop to say Jeremiah Prophet Elias, I don't start." The name finally adopted was "The Western, a College and Seminary for Women." Entrance requirements were now practically the same as at Smith, Mount Holyoke, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr.

The summer of 1894 saw a great deal of refurbishing at the college with the new name. From the newly-cemented sub-base-
ment to the denim-covered water-tanks in the attic, the old building underwent a thorough rejuvenation. "Quite an ingenious idea" was carried out—the electric light wires were concealed! Electric bells were installed, and new matting put on the corri-
dors. New plumbing, freshly-cleaned cisterns, a new steam
cooker, and a new ironing stove were among the many improve-
ments.

Three new departments were opened in the fall—violin, sten-
ography and typewriting, and physical training. Of the three,
physical training was considered the most unique. New tennis
courts, a baseball diamond, and a bicycle track were constructed,
but there was no gymnasium. What little equipment they had
was bought by the girls themselves. In fine weather, the young
ladies went through their exercises out of doors. In bad weather,
they used the ironing rooms, except on Saturday.

Commencement of 1896 was made happier by the raising of
The Western flag. Proudly it waved from the gable end of the
main building.

The highlight of 1898 was the pilgrimage to the home of Alice
and Phoebe Cary near Cincinnati. A fifty-mile drive in open
carriages, broken by a bountiful picnic lunch, was pleasant
enough, but with a view of the historic home of the Cary sisters

added, the event was one of unusual interest and pleasure. Mr. Warren Cary, the only surviving member of the family, showed the girls around with marked cordiality.

The end of that year was marked by two memorable things—the golf course was in use and, according to the *Miami Student*, a reception for Mrs. Calvin Brice was “one of the swellest events” that Oxford had seen in a long time. The Western, a College and Seminary for Women was on its way, educationally and socially.

CHAPTER XII

MIAMI IN THE 1870's

In 1870, the chief beauty of Miami's campus was its grand old forest trees. In the springtime, wild flowers bloomed among the grasses under the spreading trees. In the spring of '71, Doctor George Keely, Oxford's famous dentist, supervised the planting of fifty sugar maples around Old Main. The frugal trustees were at last planting something for beauty rather than cash value. Black locust, good for fence posts, had long been uppermost in their affections.

The boys of the 1870's cherished a profound love of nature. To study her they flocked to the banks of the Four Mile hard by the "Scott House." Within sight of the college girls, they bathed their souls in honey dew and kept their spirits true. One bemused swain, bent on exchanging the dry white leaves of books for the sweet green leaves of nature expressed himself thus:

Do I care for Hamilton or Hegel?
For Butler, Newton, Locke, or Schlegel?
Did they exhaust philosophy?
I'll find it in the smile—the sigh—
In wood-bine wreath—in rings—in curls,
In laugh and jest with Scott House girls.

Miami had a faculty of five in the college proper in 1870, and Robert Christy was head of the Preparatory Department. In those days it was considered essential that Miami's president should be a Presbyterian preacher. While President Stanton satisfied that requirement and had many admirable traits, his austere personality did not endear him to students. Stanton came to Miami University with vast dreams of expansion. His inability to realize those dreams caused him to resign in 1871.

Orange Nash Stoddard, affectionately called "Old Stoddy" by his students, resigned in 1870 to go to the new university at Wooster, Ohio. Stoddard had labored faithfully in his laboratory, a little shack near Old Main, which the students called "Old Egypt." Many a piece of apparatus had he constructed for it, for

lack of funds only sharpened his ingenuity. His last report to the trustees referred to his masterpiece:

I constructed a battery last fall (Groves) of 36 cups, the largest the Unity ever had. The price in Philadelphia is \$3 per cup \$108 for the battery. The cost to the Unity was about \$42.00. I shall not at this time begin to charge for such work. Part of the vacation and several weeks at the beginning of the session were spent in the construction. I was compelled to do this or lecture without a battery, as the appropriation was only \$75. If the Board see fit to recompense in part, they can do so.

Andrew Dousa Hepburn and Robert Hamilton Bishop, junior, were personally beloved by their students. Hepburn was a suave gentleman of the old school, a thorough scholar and a good teacher. "Old Bobby," as Professor Bishop was called, knew his Latin and had an uncanny way of laying bare any fraud on the part of the student. There was a little verse on the west wall of the Greek room that said:

But if you want to get general thunder,
Read Latin with Bobby and make a blunder.

The fifth member of the faculty, Robert White McFarland, was a hard worker and an excellent mathematician as well as a good teacher. He was liked and admired by many, but his dogmatic attitude toward everything irritated not a few. McFarland was never a compromiser nor one to pour oil on troubled waters. Hepburn, on the other hand, was not above using a little diplomacy to keep things smooth and peaceful.

From the mining and metallurgical department of Lafayette College at Easton, Pennsylvania, came Hiram S. Osborn in 1870 to inject new life into the department of science. He had studied in London and Paris, and in Germany under "the first Prussian Chemist." Osborn wished to establish and direct at Miami "a thorough-going and practically technical department as tributary to agriculture, metallurgy, medical, or to general scientific education." He found the laboratory in a disgraceful condition. His lectures in Applied Chemistry before the Senior Class, however, were considered so unusual that a long article about them appeared in the *Cincinnati Commercial* (December 26, 1870). To his students he showed the beating hearts and lungs of several animals cut out by his assistants immediately after the animals had ceased to breathe various gases and vapors. His object was to

show the approximate causes of torpor or death, and the chemical effects of gases upon the blood or animal tissue. The experiments were so pleasing to the Board of Trustees that they decided upon a more extended course for higher chemical studies in the new Scientific Hall.

Scientific Hall was the old chapel metamorphosed into a commodious room for the exclusive use of Doctor Osborn in Natural Science. "Magnificent cases" of ten shelves each were placed along the walls for mineralogical and metallurgical specimens. Curiosities picked up by the professor in foreign lands, an unusually complete collections of coals, and about three thousand mineral and metal specimens were already on exhibit. A new rostrum built at the west side of the hall served as a foundation for a handsome black walnut counter upon which the instructor placed his specimens and apparatus while lecturing.

Doctor Osborn entertained his students every year. Mixed in with conversation about the rare collections in his home, was a profusion of tricks and games, topped off with refreshments and music. In the fall of '71, Doctor Osborn welcomed the Seniors in their new beaver hats and Sunday garments as they arrived early in the evening for tea. At that time he was experimenting with the hydro-oxygen light, and that he demonstrated in the course of the evening.

President Hepburn and Doctor Osborn advertised the School of Applied Chemistry at Miami University well. They offered laboratory work and instruction "private, personal and thorough." A diploma from this school of Applied Chemistry would go far, they promised, "toward opening into business as a manufacturing or assaying chemist, mining and metallurgical or mineral analyst, or as a teacher in the higher chemical studies and physics."

The curriculum in 1870 was limited and classical. Most of the students at Miami elected the straight four-year classical course, because they expected to become ministers, doctors, and lawyers. A few students enrolled for the scientific course which eliminated Latin and Greek and enabled the student to graduate in three years instead of four.

Miami was having great financial difficulty. Heroically the trustees and faculty tried to attract enough students to save the

tottering institution. They organized the University on an entirely new basis. A student might take almost anything and graduate. There was the School of the Latin Language and Literature, the School of Modern Language and English Philology, et cetera. Each professor, apparently, called his own courses a school, and each school granted its own diplomas to its graduates. Ordinarily, two years would be required to complete one school, though a very diligent student might finish in one year. It was possible to graduate from all the schools in three or four years. Yet this institution, disintegrating as it was, offered an honorary Master of Arts degree, besides the Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Literature, and the regular Bachelor of Arts degree.

President Hepburn, succeeding President Stanton in 1871, immediately made some changes. There would be two sessions instead of three, thus eliminating loss of time and needless traveling expense in vacations. Seniors would no longer enjoy a six-weeks vacation—they must stay till Commencement Day. Miami's reputation for thoroughness had suffered abroad and it was high time to retrieve her position as a school of high standards. Examinations would now be more rigid and honest and there would be both written and oral examinations. President Hepburn was so discouraged at first that he refused to spend one cent for advertising, but by the end of the first year he began to send out circulars and to advertise in the newspapers.

There was a military department at Miami which had been established by Colonel C. H. Carlton in 1869, under an Act of Congress authorizing the Secretary of War to appoint not more than twenty officers to teach military tactics in selected colleges. The only expense incurred by the University was the house rent of the Colonel which amounted to three hundred dollars a year. Colonel Carlton was a West Point man, pleasant and sociable, a man who loved a good joke and a good smoke. The Colonel claimed the credit for selecting the *Star Spangled Banner* as our national anthem and for establishing the custom of rising when it is played. The Colonel had also tried to inculcate respect for the flag by having every one rise and remove their hats when the colors passed.

The government furnished each student all necessary arms and

equipment, except uniforms. The students bought their own uniforms for drill, consisting of a closely buttoned frock coat and pantaloons, both of plain gray cloth, with gilt buttons and black trimmings, the trimmings of the coat to indicate the class rank of the students as well as the officer rank. A jaunty blue cadet cap completed the outfit. Will McCord, village tailor, made the uniforms.

Many of the friends and alumni of Miami regretted the establishment of a military department—they feared it would only “promote degeneracy in the institution.” A certain inferiority in age and earnestness among the students was attributed to the “military clap-trap” instituted at Miami. “Striped uniforms and brass buttons, and facilities for acquiring martial lore,” might “prove acceptable to the lads while the novelty” lasted, but they would not lead their minds into a more profound study of the sciences and classics, nor would they attract young men of talent and worth to the University.

Colonel Carlton’s report at the end of the first year stated that all the classes had been instructed in military tactics. The Seniors had been initiated into the mysteries of field fortifications, the destruction of bridges and the building of military bridges, military law, courts martial, company and regimental records and returns, and the laws and art of war. He had endeavored to prepare the Seniors to command companies or regiments in case of war. The State had furnished two bronze field pieces with carriages and fifty French muskets. The Colonel asked for sixty dollars with which to buy books for the library.

Ohio veterans of the Civil War were offered the privileges of the University free of charge, if they had served their country as minors. Such veterans might stay in school, tuition free, for the same length of time they had served their country. For several years a few veterans enrolled at Miami, but never a large number.

The celebration of Washington’s Birthday was an established custom from the very early days of Miami. It was laid down in the constitution of the Erodelphian Literary Society that the birthday of the “Father of His Country” should be observed in a fitting manner. By 1871, the *Miami Student* was complain-

ing of this "old-fashioned and senseless institution." "What is there worth paying for in such an exhibition?" the *Student* wanted to know. Commonplace speeches and a tax of thirty cents each! Besides the Twenty-second always gave occasion to burlesque performances which invariably abounded in personalities and indecencies.

In 1872, Miami had her share of woman trouble. Doctor Morris of the Oxford Female College appeared before the Board of Trustees to complain that the Miami faculty failed to discipline those scoundrels and scalawags, those insolent puppies, otherwise known as students, for trespassing on "Oxford Female" grounds. President Hepburn then requested the trustees to lay down a peremptory rule, defining precisely the nature of the offence and its suitable punishment for the violation of the privacy of the campuses of the two female colleges in the village. Hepburn said that this was an evil of long standing and he supposed it could never be removed—human nature being what it is. The trustees ruled that any trespass on the grounds of the female institutions was not only unmanly and rude but injurious and criminal. For the first offence, the student would be "dealt with," for the second, he would be expelled.

The Miami boys were a constant menace to the serenity of the faculties of the female colleges, because they were always thinking up some juvenile play to embarrass the girls. One Sunday morning the Seminary girls, on their way home from church in town, were astonished to see the bust of Daniel Webster, furnished with a complete anatomy and arrayed in up-to-date clothing, seated in full view near the dormitories. There was Daniel with a whiskey bottle in one hand and a cane in the other, "a nobby beaver resting with fashionable grace on one side of his ample cranium." At one of the windows of South Dormitory, a stuffed military coat and a false face with a soldier's cap perched jauntily atop, sat, day after day, gazing down upon the young ladies from the Seminary as they passed to and from the village. It was said that this fellow was the only inmate of the building who never flirted and whose heart remained impervious to the demure glances of the young ladies. The girls were much annoyed by the rude behavior of the Miami boys, who greeted them

by yelling and shouting, cackling like hens, squealing like pigs, and by weird noises, as they marched through the campus.

The *Student* aired a grievance against the female colleges. Those institutions did not appreciate the University String Band. The Oxford Band could serenade the ladies and be invited in, but the University Band might play all night and never receive even acknowledgment, unless it were a request to leave. Because of this cruel treatment, the boys too often wound up their serenades with ungentlemanly burlesques under the windows of the girls. But who was to blame? inquired the *Student*. If the boys were not treated like gentlemen, could they be expected to act like gentlemen? The female colleges never contributed one cent to the Oxford band, but the University paid them seventy-five to one hundred dollars a year. Would the band drive into the Miami campus and give the boys a little serenade? Certainly not. Not one little piece would they play without pay.

The Miami students objected strenuously to the idea of co-education. The trustees played with the idea because they were so desperate for students. The boys said, however, that the female colleges were in calling distance of Miami—that was near enough for the women. Let Oxford Female College combine with the Western Female Seminary, for Oxford College was drawing its last breath, anyway, they said.

Boyish pranks were common on the Miami campus. When things got too dull, they set fire to a campus woodhouse or tried to break up a church festival. Now and then one of Professor Bishop's cows was persuaded by much twisting of her tail to spend a night in one of the classrooms, to the great disgust of the Irish janitor. On such an occasion he was heard to remark that it was not the first time that a full-grown calf had gone through the Greek room.

One of those pranks went beyond the bounds of decency and caused keen embarrassment to Professor Bishop and his friends. A poster was circulated which read:

ONE HUNDRED COWS WANTED!

The facilities which I now possess for fattening stock, having possession of the tract of land formerly known as Bishop's Cow Yard make me call for a hundred more head of cattle. Also, a flock of good Geese to keep the Grass neat for baseball. The University Board having kindly employed the experienced

herdsman, Hugh Kelly, Esq., of Ireland, to superintend my Gardens and Live Stock, I must at once increase my business in those lines. Hugh Kelly, of Ireland, will also take care of the Hay department, that my stock may be well wintered at cheap rates to me. Dr. Keely having planted a vast number of apple trees, the browsing is good for Calves. Half price for Calves! Farmers! bring along your stock to the North Gate. Drive stock up to North well and send for Mr. Kelly. You will find him working in my private garden . . . For terms apply to Agricola B. Caesar, University Building.

This was a vicious attack on Professor Bishop, the Latin teacher, who, do doubt, did garden on the campus and pasture his cows there. However, it is certain that Bishop had no thought of wrong-doing. Perhaps his penetrating eye had seen through too much sham in the classroom, and the sham scholars sought revenge.

The editor of the *Student* complained of the monotony of social life in the village. During the holidays of 1872, however, he thought things were a little better. There had been several Christmas trees and more parties than usual during the holidays. The hop of the season had been given by the Oddfellows in Kyger's Hall. There had been much calling on New Year's Day. One young gentleman had made fifty calls.

That winter the town woke up. Dancing, though wicked, became very popular. The Miami students gave their second masked ball. No females were invited, but there were enough boys attired in feminine finery to provide dancing partners. It was a real frolic. The townfolk turned out to see the fun, and both spectators and participants enjoyed it. The University String Band provided the music.

An innovation of 1872 was afternoon classes. That was all right as long as the days were short and eight-o'clock classes seemed early. But when the days grew longer, the boys longed for the old order of things. They thought up several reasons why the afternoon classes should be abolished. It was too hard on the professors to return in the afternoon; it was too hard on the students to have a long afternoon of study interrupted; students would be drowsy in afternoon classes. Finally, the real reason was given: there would not be time for baseball.

The habit of writing notes to the speakers on literary programs

became a nuisance. It was so bad at the Erodelphian exhibition of '71 that the *Student* cried out in exasperation:

The ushers ought to be instructed that it is no part of their duty to run like little boys on small errands for thoughtless folk. The society ought to know that it detracts from the dignity of the occasion, and that sensible citizens and strangers look on it as puerile to the last degree . . . At least one of the speakers caused the trash to be pitched into his hat.

In May 1870, a Phi Delta Theta convention was held in Oxford. Most of the leading educational institutions in the West were represented. At six o'clock the first evening, the convention adjourned to attend the literary exercises at the chapel. The fraternity and their ladies occupied the front seats. "Even the more subdued" Phi Deltas had "a fair one upon his arm." Music by a string band, oratory, and poetry made up the program. A substitute speaker made a very dull talk on the history of slavery and attempted to show that woman suffrage would be the crowning achievement of American civilization. The editor of the *Student* thought the subject in very poor taste. After the exhibition was over, the Phi Deltas and their ladies fair repaired to the Oxford House, "where a spectacle awaited them that would have caused the classic features of Old Epicurus to relax." "The scene in the banqueting hall, when Oxford's fairest and loveliest were assembled beneath the soft lamplight" had "rarely been equalled in brilliancy in this sober and demure old village." After feasting and toasting, the tables were removed for dancing to the "voluptuous swell" of music. So happy was the occasion that some of the revelers found Richey's street lamp no longer burning at the corner of High and the East Park when they went home. "'Jocund day' was standing coolly on the top of the University building."

Class Day was observed for the first time in 1869, with fear and trembling. The class of '70 hesitated a long time, but finally entered into it with so much vim and vigor that it became an institution at Miami. This was the day when the Juniors and the Seniors "roasted" each other thoroughly, and then sat down to smoke the pipe of peace amid clouds of tobacco smoke. The class of '71 tried to outdo the two previous classes. Somebody stole the Peace Pipe. It was eventually returned, but not before

the Seniors procured another one. The program opened with a dismal performance of "Quickstep Oxonaie" ground out of a melancholy second-hand organ with an immense expenditure of effort. E. R. Zeller delivered the salutatory in hog Latin. D. E. Platter, in poetic lines, lashed the female colleges and town folk. Bob Stanton "roasted" the Juniors, but some thought he did not improve his opportunity sufficiently. There was much animosity and many insults. C. M. Galloway in his valedictory sideswiped the Juniors, but when he came to his own classmates, he wound up with "a regular lachrymose camp-meeting exhortation."

The next year, the class was hard put to think up something new. One Warwick posed as a reformer, making a burlesque on the recent trouble with Doctor Morris who had called the students scoundrels and libertines. The music was a disgrace, and some of the speakers were groaned at and hissed out of countenance. That class day was long remembered for the supper at Kyger's Hall that climaxed the day's festivities. The members of the class began to assemble at the ultra-fashionable hour of ten that night. The band played waltzes and polkas, gallops and redowas, "but enterprise seemed to have lost her influence over Terpsichore, and the time until supper was announced was spent Micawber-like." Adjournment to the dining room at midnight was accompanied by epicurean visions. Alas! the caterer had left his dishes and spoons in Cincinnati. However, the supper proceeded, and more dancing ensued.

Alumni Day was always marked by oratory and a supper under the great walnut tree in Professor Bishop's yard. In 1870, Ozro Dodds spoke at length on a long and resounding subject, "The Condition of Collegiate Education in the State and the History and Present Possession of our Alma Mater and a few Practical Reflections upon our duty to her." At the alumni meeting in 1872, portraits of Presidents Junkin and Anderson were presented. Judge Gilmore of Eaton convulsed his listeners with Bret Harte stories and Tam O'Shanter. Always the supper ended with the alumni joining hands around the old walnut tree and singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

During the commencement week of 1872, the Phi Delta Thetas went to Eaton, each "with a fair companion at his side." Starting

from Oxford late in the afternoon, they arrived at the Doty House at half past ten. Conversation, promenading, and a serenade by the Eaton string band lent glamor to the evening. The Phi Deltas and their ladies returned to Oxford in time to see the people going to market, "a sight seldom seen by many of the company."

President Hepburn was inaugurated that week, and the societies were addressed by Doctor Volney Dorsey. The fortitude of Doctor Dorsey's audience was taxed by an hour-and-a-half speech on a warm summer evening. The Seniors had a class supper at the Oxford House followed by a ball.

The Delta Upsilon had a party in the parlors of the Central Hotel—supper at ten-thirty, a half-hour more fashionable than the Senior party. Bouquets of flowers adorned the tables and festoons of greenery decorated the banquet room. Music and conversation in the parlors followed the supper and eloquent toasts.

A new departure in religious activity came in 1870. On April 10 of that year, the Young Men's Christian Association was organized at Miami University to take the place of the moribund Society of Inquiry. Major Lloyd came up from the Cincinnati Association to allay the fears of the Oxford public that the Y.M.C.A. might deviate from the church in aims and effects. Immediately the new organization went to work. Steps were taken at once to stimulate religious interest among the young men at Miami and in town. Two Sabbath schools in the vicinity of Oxford were organized the very next Sunday.

Within a few weeks the young men had organized several Sabbath schools around Oxford. Citizens of the town gave money to rent a room in Kyger's new building. The room was comfortably furnished and provided with periodicals and games to attract young men. About a year later, the organization removed to the University, thus saving room rent, ridding itself of unwelcome bores and loafers, and expanding the amount of reading matter. Smoking was prohibited, though the *Student* objected to the rule.

Outside the Y.M.C.A., there was an effort on the part of the University to foster religious training. A regular weekly prayer-meeting was held, except when special meetings were held in the churches of the town. The complaints against the religious in-

struction offered at the University were based mainly on the discontinuance of Sunday afternoon sermons and the abolition of compulsory church and daily chapel attendance. About one eighth of the students attended prayer-meeting and took part in it. The faculty seemed to be indifferent, for none of them were ever found at prayer-meeting. One half the students sneered at religion, and one fourth of the church members stayed away to study or engage in some amusement such as a game of cards. Then, too, a number of students went to prayer-meeting in town, for girls went to prayer-meeting in those days. A new organ was purchased and that instrument proved a drawing card. By February 1872, attendance at religious exercises had improved.

At the end of the college year 1871-72, a faculty report on the religious service was given. Always, from the beginning, Miami University had had a Sunday afternoon service. Doctor Stanton, coming in after the troubled war years, had soon become discouraged and had discontinued the service. His reasons were: the afternoon hour was unsuitable; many of the students attended morning and evening services in town; some of the best young men wished to teach in country Sabbath schools in the afternoon; few citizens now attended the chapel service and that discouraged students—they missed the families that had pretty daughters. The faculty felt that the president was the pastor or chaplain of the University, and that it was for him, not the faculty, to decide upon the service. As for President Hepburn, the faculty thought that it would be hard for him to regain the ground lost by President Stanton. Anyway, the chapel was usable, on account of heating, for only two months of the college year. If services should be inaugurated, however, now was the time to do it, with a new administration.

Professor Bishop, presuming upon his long connection with the University, included in his annual report to the president an opinion of the causes of the decline of the institution. During the first twenty or thirty years of the University's existence, every class had Bible recitations. President Bishop, Miami's first president, had devoted two pages of the catalogue to religious instruction, ending with the sentence: "The Bible is the word of God, the best book in the world, and the infallible and supreme

standard of all morality and religion,—and every man ought to be familiar with all that is in the Bible.” The second president devoted a page and a half to the subject, but from his time on the annual circulars merely stated that provision was made for instruction in religion and morality in accordance with the charter. Professor Bishop thought that a feeling had grown up in the community that religion was wholly neglected or attended to very perfunctorily, and that impression had harmed the school. Nevertheless, Professor Bishop did not despair, in spite of debt, decreasing enrollment, and the loss of able faculty members.

There was no choice of procedure, however, so beset were the trustees with difficulties. Early in September, they leased the campus and buildings and equipment one year for “the sole and only purpose of conducting a Normal or training school in said buildings.” If the project should succeed, the Professors Bishop and Lowe would rent from year to year, they to be responsible for all damages to grounds and buildings. This school existed for a few years. The studies offered were Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English Grammar, Physical Geography, Natural and Moral Science.

By 1875, Miami was being operated as a boys’ school by Professor Bishop alone, under the name of Miami University. For \$240 a year this “select school” offered home comforts and four courses of study with careful personal supervision. There was no age limit whatever. “No better equipped school in America,” boasted an advertisement in the *Cincinnati Gazette*.

In the winter of 1876, Doctor Osborn offered a “PRIVATE SCIENCE COURSE,” at the “State University, Oxford, Ohio.” He described his school:

Gentlemen desiring to pursue the higher practical and special courses in Natural Science, Mining, Metallurgy, Chemical Analyses, either Medical, Agricultural, or Manufacturing; or assaying in one of the other minerals, may enjoy important advantages, at a very small cost under certain conditions . . . Most thorough and extensive instruction may be received in the use of the blow-pipe, in mineralogy, in economic geology, in philosophy, and all that becomes thorough knowledge, either for personal gratification or professional purposes. All instructions are by personal intercourse, and by private study and reading.

During this time, the campus itself went from bad to worse.

Finally, in 1879, D. M. Kirkbride & Company were employed to take charge of the hedge around the grounds. Some of the fences had been removed, and what fence was left was in a bad condition. The campus was "the daily resort for most of the cattle in this region of the country." Locust posts had been driven into the ground and two strands of barbed wire stretched on part of the north, south, and east lines. The west line was repaired to prevent the cattle from enjoying their accustomed University rations.

In September 1877, Professor Bishop's select school was superseded by the Miami Classical and Scientific Training School. The buildings, equipment, and grounds were leased to Isaiah Trufant and Byron F. Marsh. According to the ten-year lease, the buildings were to be thoroughly renovated and repaired. The woodland east of the dormitories, which was a source of income as pasture land, was not included. The University rooms were furnished by Trufant and Marsh. The professors and their families had apartments in the two dormitories, then called Washington Hall and Franklin Hall. They took their meals in a common dining room with the students in Washington Hall (North Dormitory).

The school was run in an orderly fashion with emphasis on religion and morals. Daily prayers were held in the college chapel and Bible classes were held every Sunday. All boarding pupils were required to attend church with the Trufant and Marsh families, except in cases where parents expressed a preference for some other church.

The curriculum was an ambitious one. Professor Trufant taught Latin, Greek, and English, besides acting as librarian. Marsh taught Latin, Mathematics, and Natural Science. Byron Marsh was a remarkable teacher. In the teaching of botany, he inspired his boys to know every plant in this locality. August Goering taught French, German, and Modern Languages. Professor Ireland gave instruction in vocal music, and special arrangements were made with Karl Merz of the Oxford Female College to teach those who wished to study instrumental music. There was an assistant in English, and Mattie Wampler, a resident minister's daughter, gave instruction in drawing. Three years

were required to finish one of the three courses offered—the Classical, the Scientific, and the English course.

There was no way to escape study, for regular study hours under the direct supervision of the teachers were held in the Assembly Room every morning at seven o'clock, and from seven to nine in the evening. Lights were out at nine-thirty.

Bad boys were not accepted by Trufant and Marsh. Their school was not a sanctuary for incorrigibles. No boy who used tobacco in any form would be received in the boarding hall. Truthfulness, punctuality, and obedience were required at all times—and the boys had to keep their rooms "in perfect order." They were not permitted to lounge about the streets, the post-office, the depot, or any other places in town. They were not allowed to visit billiard rooms, saloons, or any place where hard liquors were sold. Intoxicants, cards, and all games of chance were forbidden. No weapons or explosives of any kind were allowed in the rooms. No ink was allowed in the rooms, for all writing was supposed to be done in the study hall. Boots could not be cleaned or blacked in the rooms. Visiting back and forth in the rooms was strictly prohibited at all times. No loitering in the halls or on the stairways, no lounging on the bed or table, no talking out of the windows or throwing things therefrom was tolerated. Whispering in class or study hall, and whistling in any of the buildings was forbidden. The boys could not leave the campus without permission. However, at least one lad dashed out at nine o'clock every night for a stolen moment with his lady fair, at Oxford Female College, and came rushing back into his room before the lights went out.

"The Miami University Telegraphic Department of the Classical and Scientific Training School" was opened for practical instruction to those who wanted to become telegraphic operators, railroad agents, and accountants. The department was under Sam Allen, the Cincinnati, Hamilton, & Indianapolis railway agent at Oxford. Each student had his own desk and his own instruments of the most modern design. Railroading was rapidly becoming a business of itself, and therefore men must be trained for it. Telegraphic operators then received forty dollars a month and "upward," while those who discharged the double duty of

operator and agent received fifty dollars a month and "upward."

Beginning with fifteen pupils, Trufant and Marsh built up their school till it became one of the best preparatory schools in the West. One year the enrollment reached 102. The school closed in the summer of 1885 because the University was reopening that fall.

CHAPTER XIII

MIAMI IN THE 1880's

During the Trufant and Marsh regime, the campus and University buildings were kept only in fair order, owing to lack of funds. The campus of sixty acres was still beautiful, however. The lower campus was a natural forest, with wild flowers blooming in the springtime as they had bloomed at the turn of the century. Among the trees on the northwest side of the campus, there were half a dozen giant sycamores, unusually fine specimens of their kind. The southwest corner of the college square was a black locust grove that furnished fence posts for the University. The center of the square had been cleared; it provided a fine place for baseball and other outdoor games. On the east side of the square, and immediately west of the woodland, were Washington and Franklin Halls which provided ample housing for the students.

In the center of the square was Old Main, now Harrison Hall. On the first floor were six recitation rooms and a laboratory. At the head of the first flight of stairs was the chapel where public affairs were held. Including the gallery, the chapel would seat about six hundred. Adorning its walls were the portraits of former presidents of the institution. A few steps farther on was the library and cabinet, the library containing about ten thousand volumes and slowly growing. On the third floor were the Miami Union and Erodelphian Halls, though only the Erodelphian was then in use. By climbing yet another stairway, one could come out on top of the college and behold to the northeast the Oxford Female College (Fisher Hall) and to the southeast the Western Female Seminary. From this vantage point, young men gazed at the austere walls of those two buildings and dreamed of the softness, the sweetness, the beauty within them.

By 1884, a movement to reopen Miami University was under way. While there were those who wished the institution to remain closed, there was an aggressive element in the town determined to reopen it.

The miserable state of things on the campus was described in the *Oxford Citizen* in the summer of 1884:

. . . The Philosophical and Mechanical apparatus of the institution may be estimated as *nil*. The Cabinet is [not?] good, the libraries at least twenty years behind date, with windows which in summer let in floods of rain and in winter tons of snow. But we take you to the society hall, those rooms whose pristine glory is only now seen by the festoons of paper that hang from the walls and plastering, heaped up on floors whose rolling, loose, unjointed boards show the ruin that has been allowed to overcome even this noble building whose walls are 36 inches and whose solid partitions are 24. The only thing not gone in these once beautiful halls are the plates on the doors and the mottoes on the walls. Not a window sill on second and third floors but what is rotted away and the majority of the stones are crumbling. In the southeast corner of the building where the *Ero Criteum* [Eccritean] Hall, a once magnificent room whose stuccoed walls and fine appointments cost the sum of over \$2000, today without windows with but the protection afforded by blinds whose slats are partially tumbled out, the walls and ceilings draped in the torn festoons of paper and the laths showing in innumerable places, a dwelling place fit but for owls and bats. Yet this is the college, the grand old Miami which is to open up this fall . . . to compete with such institutions as Asbury, Wooster and Delaware. . . .

In August, the trustees sent out a circular to the alumni and friends of the University, stating that since the suspension of the University in 1873, the debt of nearly \$10,000 had been paid and \$50,000 had been added to the Permanent Fund. The circular begged the support of its friends. Professor R. W. McFarland was elected president pro tempore with a leave of absence for one year, for McFarland could not leave Ohio State University until the end of the school year 1884-85. Professor Bishop would form a Freshman Class in September and instructors would be employed as needed.

On the twenty-third of December the trustees met in Cincinnati. They accepted the surrender of the lease of the University buildings by Trufant and Marsh, and elected a faculty for the next academic year beginning in September 1885. The new faculty were: R. W. McFarland, president and professor of mathematics; R. H. Bishop, Latin and Literature; A. D. Hepburn of the University of North Carolina, Greek and English Language and Literature; H. Snyder of Columbus, Chemistry and Physics; E. T. Nelson of Delaware, Ohio, Geology and Natural Sciences. The president-elect had an agreement with the Board that he would

serve as president only a few years. After the University was on a firm foundation, he would resign and retain his place as professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

Among the stricter church people, there was some objection to McFarland's election, because of his liberal views on religion. Some considered him an infidel. The wife of a prominent trustee expressed that feeling in a letter to her husband:

... Mrs. Fullerton says Dr. Byers told her that Prof. McFarland was not only an infidel, but tried to make infidels of the boys. He knew him to say, "Boys, you know that we don't take stock in Moses like our fathers did," and like expressions. I am afraid a great mistake has been made in making him President of Miami University. Mrs. F. says, it would be so much more convenient for them to send A to Oxford, but they are afraid of the influence: she says he (Prof. M.) once made a real infidel address at Salem: So there is a strong feeling against him in that region.

McFarland was not an infidel, but he had little respect for long-faced piety and long-winded preachers. He went to church "to stop the mouths of the gainsayers," he said. "And some of their mouths are as wide open as a barn door and pour forth as much wind."

A grand reunion was planned for June 17. It had been twelve years since there had been a Miami commencement. Invitations were sent out to all of Miami's friends and alumni, and all of her distinguished sons were expected to attend this meeting.

The great day came and about three thousand people attended the exercises. The town was gaily decorated, and a reception and parade followed the arrival of the morning train. The Oxford band and a double quartette furnished the music for the day. There were speeches in the morning, speeches in the afternoon, and speeches in the evening. A banquet was given in the Town Hall at one o'clock for 250 alumni and friends. The rest of the immense throng picnicked on the campus.

During the speech-making in the afternoon, James E. Owens remarked in passing that Calvin Brice had promised to pay the salary of one professor, but now that Brice had received such a drubbing by the bears in Wall Street, he probably would withdraw that offer. Brice rose to his feet and squelched Owens by saying that the bears had left plenty for him to pay the salary of not only one professor, but two, and that he would do.

Senator Benjamin Harrison gave an impromptu speech, as did Generals Durbin Ward and Joseph Fullerton, ex-Governor Charles Anderson, Judge Gilmore, the Reverend G. H. Fullerton, and Professor Robert Bishop.

A committee was appointed to have the bust of Doctor Bishop, first president of Miami University, put in marble. President-elect McFarland, acting as a committee, had had a portrait of Doctor John W. Hall, sixth president of Miami, painted from life by Webber of Cincinnati at a cost of \$200 plus \$50 for the frame.

On September 17, 1885, Miami University opened her doors to students. Festoons and flowers decorated the buildings. Citizens decorated the fronts of their residences and business houses. Festoons, mottoes, and Chinese lanterns gave the town a festive appearance. The streets were spanned with flags, the University chapel was decorated, and an arch of welcome greeted the visitors at the northwest entrance to the campus. All owners of carriages and buggies turned out that morning to meet the train and convey the guests to the campus. The C.H.&D. Railway granted half-fare rates to all who wished to come to Oxford that day.

In the evening, there was a jubilee up town. Students and citizens—men, boys, and women—formed a procession. Tin horns, tin cans, fire crackers, and every conceivable noise-maker was made to do full duty. The parade ended at the public square which was made light as day by a huge bonfire. Fireworks, music, bell-ringing, and blowing of fox horns expressed the joy of the people. Speeches were made by four trustees, by President McFarland, and by Professor Bishop. The jubilee continued until a late hour.

The University opened with forty students—nineteen in the college proper and thirty-one in the preparatory department. Nineteen of the forty students were from Oxford. On October 4, Ella McSurely, a student at Oxford Female College, wrote her father that there were about sixty students at Miami. Of President McFarland she wrote:

They only have chapel once a week, that is on Wednesday and they are not compelled to go to church. They loaf around the streets Sunday and they loaf there the biggest part of the week, too. Miss Peabody complained to Prof McFarland that the boys trespassed on her grounds, and he told her to look after her girls and he'd look after his boys. Some people think

the school will succeed and others don't. Dr. Walker said if the boys didn't behave themselves better the girls shouldn't go to church at night.

Just one week after school opened, the Hawthorne Literary Society was organized. Wade MacMillan was elected critic. Judging from an original poem read at one of the meetings the boys did not confine themselves strictly to study:

Forth to college
Grounds we strayed;
Round the building
Slyly played.
Soon the captain
Bade us hush;
Here, said he,
"Who'll wield the brush?"
To me forthwith
He came and said,
Take the brush you
And paint M.U.
Paint the ice house
With color gay;
The task complete
Ere break of day.
I took the brush,
I daubed them o'er,
I made them blush,
As if with gore.

By February 1886, Miami had been renovated within and without. The buildings had been cemented and pencilled in imitation of Philadelphia pressed brick. Verandahs had been added to give the old building a modern look. The chapel had been frescoed in pleasing colors, its bad acoustics corrected. Trusses had been thrown from side to side to support the ceiling, and iron columns put in to hold up the galleries. The small posts looked very odd under the big galleries, but in spite of that the chapel had been pronounced the handsomest and best of any college in the West. The old laboratory had been turned into a reception room and "furnished with an elegance that [would] satisfy the most exacting taste." The recitation rooms had been remodeled, and slate blackboards placed upon the walls. Three Smead furnaces had been put in which were considered "as near perfection as possible." The state had helped the colleges at Athens and Columbus, but Miami had never received one cent except the twenty thousand just expended.

The *Oxford Citizen* boasted that Miami's faculty was of the best. It declared that President McFarland was known throughout the country and in Europe as one of the most profound mathematicians of his day, and that the standards of scholarship in mathematics were higher at Miami than in the older colleges of the East. Doctor Hepburn was a scholar of rare attainments. Professors Bishop, Snyder, Beaugureau (French) and Holben were thorough and able instructors.

The University was very proud of Professor Holben's method of teaching. The advanced German class spoke German in the recitation room! Oxford Female College had a lady German teacher equally advanced in method.

The Erodelphian Literary Society was reorganized in the spring of 1886 by two alumni of the Society, Palmer Smith and Doctor J. B. Porter. John I. Covington and Doctor Hepburn reorganized the Miami Union. Sixteen boys belonged to each society, and upon them rested the responsibility of restoring the pristine glory of those classic halls.

In the fall of 1886 more improvements in buildings were made and new extra-curricular activities were introduced. Brick walks were laid from Old Main to the dormitories. A few had hoped for a pipe organ in the chapel, but they had to be content with a new Estey organ which Mrs. Snyder played on Sunday afternoons. An instrumental quartette was organized in the early winter. Banjo, guitar, violin, and triangle were played by Mears, Connaway, Macready, and Thomas, respectively, "in a skillful manner."

After five long weeks of hard work under the supervision of Professor Snyder, the carpenters finished fitting up the chemical laboratory in the two north rooms in North Dormitory. The lecture room in the chemical laboratory was considered large—it could comfortably seat thirty or forty students. It was "splendidly lighted" and ventilated to carry off offensive odors. There were two large desks in the laboratory at which about six boys could work.

In April 1887, there was a formal opening of the University chapel. Its doors were opened to the public for the first time

at a grand concert given by Mrs. Snyder, assisted by artists from Cincinnati and by home talent.

Professor Snyder introduced President McFarland who delivered an address in which he praised the students for their patience and good sportsmanship under the vicissitudes of remodeling, which he described thus:

Dust, lime, mortar, sticks, chips, mud, bats, bricks, beams, boards, teams, oils, paints, glass, gravel, picks, shovels, iron, slate, men, boys, animals, all at once, and all in a whirling vortex of involved confusion, scarcely equalled by the evolutions and contortions of a bevy of gnats on a summer evening. Every room was torn up at one and the same time, and we were driven out four months. . . . But the young men manfully endured the discomfort, deprived of Library and Society Hall, and of all the ordinary accompaniments of college life.

Fannie McFarland, Agnes Hill, and Mrs. Snyder played six hands at one piano a Fantasia from the opera *Norma*. The *Citizen* thought it "a fitting piece to roll the first volume of musical tone through the classic halls and palaces of our rejuvenated Old Miami." Excepting Mrs. Snyder's soprano solos and Harriet Ells's recitation, the rest of the program was performed by Cincinnati artists: G. F. Junkerman, cellist; Victor Williams, violinist; and Mollie Baker, pianist. Oxford remembered Professor Junkerman when thirty years ago he had come up from Cincinnati in a wagon, with his soloists, his piano and other instruments, to give concerts at the Western Female Seminary, the Oxford Female Institute, the Oxford Female College, and at a hall in town,

The *Miami Journal* described the interior of the renovated chapel as follows:

. . . Great stained-glass windows each inscribed with the name of an ex-president of Miami diffuse a "dim and hallowed light" through the consecrated place. The lofty ceiling, partitioned into frescoed panels, and studded with pendant gilt globes, is supported by pilasters, ornamented in all the luxuriance of the Corinthian style. It is a luxury to listen to the swell of the solemn-toned organ on some quiet Sabbath, and to abandon one's self to the memories inspired by the time and place.

The ten stained glass windows of the chapel were made of imported English cathedral glass. Six of them were memorial windows, each bearing the name and term of office of a Miami president—Bishop, Junkin, McMaster, Anderson, Hall, and Stanton.

In February 1887, the *Miami Journal* carried a proud editorial:

. . . Passing along High Street, to the east, the first indication of the presence of the University is given by the large gilt letters of Beta Theta Pi, projecting from the third story of a prominent business building. A square to the east are the handsome rooms of the A.O.U.W., which are also the rallying place of Miami Phis.

. . . Wide gravelled walks sweep through the magnificent academic groves, where the trees planted by graduating classes are so large and venerable in appearance as scarcely to be distinguished from the primeval growth. Near the center of the campus stands the University building, from which a sward of the beautiful "blue-grass" extends with a downward slope to the four quarters of Heaven. The main building is a three-story pile of brick, with no exterior pretensions to architectural beauty, but its thick and massive walls seem intended to resist the destructive effects of ages . . .

Passing through the frescoed hall every inch of available surface about the building has been colored in unimaginable and incomprehensible designs under the name of fresco.

The library was described as a spacious apartment, containing 8,500 volumes. Eighteen hours a week were allowed for free consultation of any books on the shelves.

On February 22, 1887, the Erodelphian Society diffidently undertook to revive the old custom of giving a literary entertainment on Washington's Birthday. Schultz, Pann, and Tobey reflected glory upon the Society in their declamations—"My Country" "Sheridan's Ride," and "Paul Revere"; Sam Stephenson and Adrian Huston recited "The Birthday of Washington" and "The Poor Man's Gem," respectively. W. K. Swan, Roscoe Gard, Harry Weidner, and Kearney Prugh presented essays on Abraham Lincoln, Nathaniel Green, John A. Logan, and George Washington, a list well calculated to show the patriotism of the young men. A debate, "Resolved, That Washington was greater as a statesman than a Warrior," closed the program. Perry Jenkins and F. D. Brewster took the affirmative, Sam Stephenson and J. D. Muddell the negative. The negative won. A glee club, "ably and gracefully" directed by that tireless musician, Mrs. Henry Snyder, assisted the boys in their program.

In March, the Erodelphians again invited the public to a literary feast. Brookins was roundly applauded for his animated rendition of "Young Lochinvar." Schultz melted himself and audience, especially the ladies, to tears with his pathetic rendering of "The Dying Californian." Pann, in "The Sea," was "as

leisurely and stately" in gesture and as "grand and solemn" in tone as the sea itself. In "The Probability of War in Europe," W. J. Greer showed, loudly and positively, his firm convictions. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That the Navy and Coast Defences of the United States Should be Strengthened."

The Erodelphian Society continued to give their literary programs, but it was difficult to keep the members up to exhibition pitch. The *Miami Journal* in 1888 reported the commemoration of Washington's Birthday "the most brilliant affair of the year." The "elite of the village" had crowded the chapel and the young ladies of the Oxford Female College had attended *en masse*. Two young gentlemen, at the close of their declamations on the flag-draped stage, received floral tributes.

The celebration of 1889 found both the main floor and the gallery of Erodelphian Hall completely packed with Oxford's "most fashionable society." On the rostrum "tastefully decorated with flags, evergreens and a large oil painting of General Washington," five young gentlemen held forth on Washington, Lafayette, and the heroic dead. The oil painting of Washington, destined to be a permanent ornament, was bought from Adrian Beaugureau at his Art Emporium. O. B. Finch, J. S. Muddell, and C. P. Pann represented the society in oratory, Sam Stephenson and Perry Jenkins in declamation.

The spring of 1887 found the campus and the village in a ferment. The Board of Trustees wished to oust President McFarland, but he had a strong following in the town and was well liked by many of the students. McFarland inspired either intense loyalty or bitter enmity—he was a very positive character. There was a feud between him and Doctor Hepburn who was devotedly loved and admired by his students, and Hepburn stood well with the trustees. Hepburn was as suave and gracious as McFarland was blunt and dogmatic. Both were thorough scholars and good teachers. S. D. Cone, editor of the *Citizen*, reminded the town-folk that McFarland had been chosen president with the understanding that he should serve four years at least, or until one hundred students should be enrolled; that McFarland was a liberal Christian gentleman, but not a puritanical witch-burner. In all fairness to an able administrator and scholar and to the

University itself, McFarland should be retained according to agreement. Jealousies, disappointments, or personal motives should not enter into the management of the University, for in that way lay disaster, warned the editor.

Hepburn was in charge of religious worship and instruction. The pious element trusted him, but they distrusted McFarland who spoke his mind too freely. Devotional exercises were held daily in the "beautiful and spacious chapel with its glowing memorial windows." Andrew Dousa Hepburn graced that chapel. The church people liked his beautiful language that soothed and comforted them, raising no disturbing questions. McFarland and his family considered Hepburn a hypocrite and always referred to him, in the privacy of their own home, as "The Hyp."

B. W. Chidlaw, trustee, said in the *Herald and Presbyter*:

The Board of Trustees are anxiously and diligently inquiring for a president, a Christian gentleman having executive ability, scholarship and a national reputation. They are willing to give such a leader a generous salary and a golden opportunity of serving God and the youth of our broad land.

The *Oxford Citizen* answered that McFarland needed neither defence nor praise from any source, for the excellence of his work was manifest. McFarland's policy put the school on the road to financial prosperity and enlarged its field of usefulness. McFarland, the editor said, should be given the time promised him to carry out his plans.

The town and campus might squabble all it wished, the students had to have a little fun. Oxford had been having great excitement about a gas well. After boring had ceased and the bright bubble of expected riches had burst, some restive students went down to the well on a Saturday night, built a huge bonfire, and fired an anvil several times. The village folk, awaking, saw the bright light and from all directions rushed to the well, thinking oil had been struck. Farmers, hearing the firing, drove into town early Sunday morning, only to hear that the pesky students had played another prank. Though the well failed, it did provide material for a learned paper, which Professor James read before the Cincinnati Society of Natural History. It was entitled, "An Account of a Well Drilled for Oil or Gas, at Oxford, Ohio."

In a short time, the high spirits of the students took a nose

dive. The trustees voted in June (1887) to admit women to the classic halls of Miami. Most of the boys considered it an outrage.

June came with its commencement festivities. For the first time in the history of the University, all the trustees were present. Calvin Brice donated five thousand dollars to the University. President McFarland was re-elected for one year, with the understanding that he would retire from the presidency the following year.

When school opened in the fall of 1887, there were about one hundred students enrolled, a gratifying result of McFarland's untiring efforts to build up the University. He had worked unceasingly during the summer putting the library in order. While the University had been closed, 1873-1885, many of the books and papers belonging to the literary societies had disappeared. But McFarland ferreted them out, catalogued them, and restored them to the shelves. Some vandal had clipped the signatures from letters written to the societies by such distinguished men as Henry Clay and Edward Everett.

In May 1888, Phi Delta Theta held their fourth biennial convention at Oxford. The rooms in the North Dormitory where the fraternity had been founded forty years earlier were visited by the Phis in a body. Doctor Walker, being a Phi, allowed his girls to entertain the Phi Delta Thetas at Oxford College one evening. A program of music and recitations called "The Peake Family from Alaska" was given by nine ladies. Such tender ditties as "I Want to be Somebody's Darling," and "No One to Love," received thunderous applause.

After the entertainment, the gentlemen adjourned to a banquet hall where a Cincinnati caterer served baked clams in the shell, broiled spring chicken, Parisienne potatoes, green peas, cold tongue, lobster salad, tomatoes mayonnaise, chow chow, cucumbers, rusks, French rolls, buttered biscuits, Neapolitan cream, strawberries with sweet cream, white cake, fruit cake, jelly cake, cocoanut macaroons, lemon drops, lady fingers, oranges, apples, bananas, French coffee with cream, and lemonade.

After this gargantuan feast, the Phi Delta Thetas were escorted back to Oxford College where "a serenade of orchestral music

and rollicking fraternity songs were given for the fair ones," many of whom were "willing wearers of the 'white and blue'."

From Oxford Female College to the Western Female Seminary the fraternity men went to repeat their serenade. It was almost morning when the boys returned from serenading "beneath the windows of the fair ones."

Soon it was commencement time again. The faculty were quarreling among themselves, and there were warnings of an imminent explosion. President McFarland made his commencement address, and at his request, a peculiarly appropriate song was sung by the Miami University Quartette, *Watchman, What of the Night?*

The Senior reception was given at the Opera House. The *Miami Journal* said that it was "undoubtedly the most elite affair ever given at Oxford." The hall and stairway were profusely decorated with Chinese lanterns which threw a soft light on the festive scene. Conspicuous by their "assiduous attentions and captivating manners," were the "charming young ladies and accomplished patronesses." Until eleven o'clock, the young people indulged in the mazy dance, chaperoned by Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Palmer Smith, Mrs. S. C. Richey, Mrs. Doctor Hinckley, and Mrs. F. J. Grulee, social leaders of the village.

With the help of Harry Weidner, Edwin Emerson devised a strange burlesque menu for the supper at Horner's Hall. It listed every bizarre thing they could think of, from Talawanda lizards with jelly to mules' ears fried in tar. After justice had been done to the true viands, and the tortuous wit of the burlesque menu had been laughed at, toasts were given. Then back to the Opera House to dance "until the birds with their sweet songs tried to vie with the melodious strains of the orchestra."

Edwin Emerson—"Birdie" to his friends—was unique. Miami had never seen his like before. After a short but colorful career, Birdie was leaving Miami. His friend, Harry Weidner, wrote the following obituary which appeared in the *Miami Journal*:

During his stay here he has made hosts of friends, especially among the merchants whose business signs he carried off so frequently; . . . he also made friends of three faculties, whose colleges he was known to patronize, mostly after dark.

Yea, "Birdie" has spread his golden wings and left us. No more will he sport his yellow cane and Sing-Sing hat; . . . never

more will he haunt the now truly desolate ruins [of a house on the Western campus]. What will his neighbors and Oxford people do for music after his piercing flageolet is silenced? . . .

No monument of stone tells us of his short but brilliant career in Oxford, but as long as the cheering tones of the old college bell peal forth, so long will the memory of him, who presented its clapper to the grave and honored president of the Board of Trustees, live in the minds of all.

There is but one place in Oxford where he never will be missed—the chapel . . .

But the college girls grieve, and my own sorrow is vain and idle; he has left us forever more. Amen. Vale mi frater!

As the year 1887-88 drew to a close, the trustees were busy looking for a new president. David Swing and other alumni had spacious ideas of a new executive for their alma mater. A canvass of the brighter stars in the academic firmament revealed, however, that those stars preferred to remain in their then present orbits. It was said the presidency was offered Herbert Spencer, though that evolutionary philosopher declined it. Vast dreams the alumni and trustees may have had, yet it is hard to understand why Herbert Spencer should have been invited to come to a small struggling school in America. At any rate, the *Miami Student* printed the story at the time that McFarland's successor resigned to become president of Lafayette College at Easton, Pennsylvania.

When John W. Herron wrote to Ethelbert Warfield to inquire if he would receive a committee of the trustees of Miami to discuss the presidency, Warfield replied in a tone of availability. He remarked, in passing, that his association with the Tafts, the Longworths, and the Herrons had added greatly "to the pleasure of" his "three years residence in the borders of Cincinnati."

In June 1888, Warfield was elected president. Only twenty-seven years old, he was among the youngest college presidents ever known in America and was the youngest ever to occupy the president's chair at Miami. The grandson of the Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge, and the brother of a professor of theology at Princeton, Warfield had the proper Presbyterian background. Warfield had graduated at Princeton in 1882 and had gone to England to study on a scholarship. Upon his return he attended the Columbia University Law School and for three years was a

practising member of the Kentucky bar, as well as a contributor to leading American journals and magazines.

In spite of the Warfield glamor, McFarland's many friends still supported him. The *Miami Journal* paid this tribute to him:

. . . The chief responsibility and the chief merit has been Robert McFarland's part ever since he left a high-salaried chair at Columbus to accept, on the basis of an unpresidential salary, the temporary presidency of a college the prospect of which, at the time, were exceedingly dubious. Laboring without an eye to his own advantage, with ceaseless devotion, pertinaciously refusing to yield even when the accumulated cares, under conditions requiring the most unremitting activity, of the presidency and of regular professorial instruction, of the librarianship and the general superintendence of the grounds and buildings threatened to break down his vigorous and hardened constitution. Dr. McFarland has worked steadily to overcome the worst of all obstacles to the development of any institution, despondency and distrust. Setting aside unattainable idealities, he has constantly reached out for the attainable, until, gradually, that became possible one year which had been impossible the year before. More than any other one man, he has succeeded in enlisting public sympathy and confidence, the safest basis of assured success. Moreover, and far better, he has won the warmest affection and lasting esteem of the student heart . . . All honor to the New Miami's first president: . . .

"For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every art."

Robert McFarland had never satisfied those who revered Miami's unbroken tradition of Presbyterianism. Though he had been brought up in a strict Methodist home, he always attended the Presbyterian Church in Oxford as a matter of duty. McFarland had been an officer in the Union army. Ethelbert Warfield, though from the South, was a Union man. Warfield was of distinguished ancestry, a polished gentleman, a man of the world, exquisite in dress and manner. McFarland was of good pioneer stock, a man of highest rectitude, but he did not possess the suavity of a Southern gentleman. His wife, however, had all the grace and aristocratic manner of a true gentlewoman. McFarland had come to Miami in a crucial time, had taken hold of a bad situation, had borne the burden and the heat of the day on a very small salary. It must have irked him cruelly to see this exquisite young man coming in to take his place at nearly twice his salary. The trustees paid Ethelbert Warfield the handsome salary of thirty-five hundred dollars.

In order to get rid of the professors they did not want, the

trustees declared all the professorial chairs vacant and re-elected only those who pleased them. McFarland, who had been promised the chair of mathematics and astronomy, was left out. Citizens of the town felt that the treatment of McFarland was outrageous. Twelve students said they would leave the University if McFarland were not retained. A minority report was read at the trustees' meeting which disapproved of the action of the Board, expressing a belief that it was unfair to the professors to declare all the chairs vacant, and that it would make a bad impression upon the public.

One of the trustees, the Reverend Jasper McSurely, wrote to his son that he had been in Oxford in June. He said that he had found the faculty "in a muss" and that McFarland had preferred charges against Hepburn. These charges, however, were blandly ignored by the Board. McSurely described President Warfield as a "fine-looking fellow, a good Christian man, has quite a leaning toward literature."

Oxford citizens sent in a protest, with a long list of signers, against the move directed against McFarland. Thomas Millikin (Miami '38) of Hamilton voiced the opinion of many when he said:

The failure of the trustees of Miami University . . . to re-appoint Dr. McFarland professor of mathematics is a fatal mistake. I consider such treatment . . . an outrage. He is a man who should not receive such treatment. The better years of his life were devoted to the success of the college, and now to slight him in such a manner is sufficient to make his friends indignant. Too much Presbyterian church seems to be the cause of the change.

Students and faculty turned to politics, holding a mock convention concurrent with the Republican Convention in Chicago. Trustees, alumni, professors and students were delegates.

Edwin Emerson, frolicsome beau of the campus, was temporary chairman, wielding an Indian club as a gavel. To please the ladies, he called for order and added another plank to the party platform—woman's suffrage. Cheers and wild waving of dainty handkerchiefs followed that gallant gesture.

The names of Blaine, W. J. Rusk, Professor Holben, and John Sherman were presented to the convention. Then rose Harry

Weidner to present the name of Ben Harrison. Loud cheers and great waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Weidner said:

"The pious moonlight dude," as his classmates called him, had perhaps the most curious adventure of his college career in broad daylight and in his room, which was located on the third floor of the northeast dormitory, at the head of the north staircase . . .

Dr. Junkin, then President of the college and a particularly saintly man had adopted the system, for the purpose of toning up the characters of the boys to the standard of his own innocence, of making unexpected afternoon calls at their rooms . . . Knocking at Bennie's door one day and encouraged by a cheery "Come in," he turned the bent nail which supplied the place of what had once been a doorknob. Meanwhile, Ben with his accustomed politeness had risen to meet his unexpected guest.

The day was hot, and Ben it seems, had indulged in what he termed "unbuttoning his collar." Imagine the Doctor's surprise when he found himself confronted by Harrison in an unusual uniform, not a cast-off one of his grandfather's, but—well, that of his more remote ancestor—Adam. (Loud laughter).

After such a masterly effort in his behalf, Harrison was nominated. The news was received with great enthusiasm by the delegates and by the crowd outside. Indian clubs were thrown to the ceiling, benches overturned, and pandemonium reigned. Party managers Emerson and Weidner immediately repaired to the depot to wire the Honorable John B. Elam of the Indiana delegation at Chicago that Harrison would receive the full support of Miami's "numerous, irresistible, and prolific graduates, scattered throughout the Union."

Upon receipt of the news of Harrison's nomination, the Phi Delta Theta fraternity hung a huge flag in front of their hall which reached from the third story almost within reach of a person on the sidewalk below. A placard was attached to the flag, reading: "Gen. Benjamin Harrison, a graduate of Miami, Class of '52, member of Phi Delta Theta." The boys sent a congratulatory telegram to their distinguished brother at once.

In September a log cabin was raised on High Street and a one-hundred-foot Harrison and Morton pole set up. Both Harrison and Morton were Miami men. For days before the election, torch-light processions formed nightly and marched from the campus to serenade Republican professors and call for speeches. The students went wild when the returns began to come in. On

election night, a large body of students and professors, with the elegant Warfield at their head, remained at the telegraph office till three o'clock in the morning. As soon as the result seemed certain, President Warfield sent a telegram of congratulation to President-elect Harrison. Congressman-elect Morey, too, was a graduate of Miami. One of the professors at Miami, a Mugwump from Massachusetts, received the day after election, by express, a fine rooster bereft of all his tail feathers, as a souvenir of the election.

The celebration of Harrison's election was an event long to be remembered in Oxford. Twelve Democrats from Indiana drove into town in a wagon, announcing their departure up "Salt River." Mixerville and Springfield, Indiana, were represented by a delegation in a large wagon drawn by four horses. Six large bells on the wagon rang jubilantly for Harrison and Morton. A rooster, stolen from Ezra Bourne, on the way to Oxford, was held captive in the wagon. Democratic young ladies of the town appeared on the streets wearing bandanna handkerchiefs draped with crape.

H. L. Morey came up in the afternoon to be the guest of Doctor Walker of the Oxford Female College. He was met at the depot by the Oxford band. Morey stopped at Oxford College to speak to the young ladies, who in return sang a number of patriotic songs. Doctor Walker and Morey then proceeded to the public square where they made short speeches. In the evening, about two hundred Hamilton citizens came up on the train to help celebrate. A torchlight parade, which was pronounced "a hummer," was a feature of the evening. The Oxford Republican clubs, colored and white, and the Miami University clubs took part in the parade. Miami was especially represented in the parade by Rusk and Morris of the class of '89, Smith of '90, and Tobey of '91. Their carriage was decorated with red, white, and blue and bore three huge placards—one a picture of Harrison, the others bearing the inscription, "Harrison, the honored son of Miami."

The whole town was illuminated, and Oxford College, especially, was an imposing sight. Private residences all over town were lighted up, and fireworks discharged. The Phi Delta Theta room at the University was decorated and finely illuminated. The most

intense loyalty to Harrison was evident. On election day, only fourteen students could be found who favored Cleveland.

On election day, William Jasper McSurely (Miami 1856) wrote to his son:

I have just cast my ninth ballot for President of the United States . . . I am very solicitous that Gen. Harrison should be elected, not only because he is a graduate of Old Mami, but also because I want a clean, pure, Christian life to count for something. I want the result of the election to put a premium upon such a life.

Miami University was very proud of her son in the White House. President Warfield advertised:

MIAMI UNIVERSITY Alma mater of President Harrison
and Expenses very low
PREPARATORY SCHOOL

In the fall of 1888, some startling changes came to pass on the campuses of Miami University and the Western Female Seminary. The young faculty from the East came to Miami in the heat and dust of September to see a group of battered buildings on the campus. They met the challenge unflinchingly.

Leila McKee, the same September, succeeded Miss Peabody as Lady Principal of the Seminary. The famous "dead line" for the male species was badly stretched during the McKee regime, for Miss McKee was a worthy exponent of Kentucky hospitality. Three of her teachers married three members of Miami's youthful faculty. Miss McKee drove her young fillies with a light hand, inviting the young men from the University frequently to entertainments and social functions at the Seminary. Never had there been such co-operation between the Seminary and Miami University.

William Jasper McSurely, a trustee of Miami, was so pleased with President Warfield and the new faculty that he entered his daughter Ella at Miami as a special student, after her graduation from the Oxford Female College. Ella was the first girl ever to attend Miami. Her father considered the teachers superior, though he thought they overdid the matter of the Continental pronunciation. He could scarcely recognize what Ella said in Latin, but he would cast no doubt upon Ella's mind, for "nobody talks Latin nowadays & the printed Latin is the same," he confided to his son.

There was grumbling about the deportment in the library. Some of the students made a playroom of it. There was too much loud talking, laughing, shuffling around, whistling, and flipping of pieces of cardboard.

By December, the young professors had classified and rearranged the books in the library according to the Dewey system. A card catalogue was made and put into a new case. Government documents were removed from the shelves and placed in improvised cases. The shelves were given over to books. The library was woefully deficient in fiction, poetry, and essays, and some lighter and more general reading matter was needed.

The town talked and talked about this dazzling new faculty, which Doctor Walker, in exasperation, called the "Dude Faculty." Warfield, Bridgeman, Cameron, Johnson, and Parrott were all eligible bachelors. Johnson was said to be only twenty-one, and Parrott even younger. It was told everywhere that this faculty had danced in every capital in Europe. Mothers with daughters entertained the young bachelors with an eye to business.

The young professors made many changes on the campus and in the social life of the town. Most of the professors and several of the prominent citizens of the town formed a new club—the Miami University Periodical Club. David Guy, a man of considerable foreign education and travel, was its secretary. A Natural History Club, under the presidency of Professor Hargitt (biology and geology), was organized by some of the professors and several Oxford gentlemen interested in science. They met fortnightly at the homes of the members.

Mrs. McSurely sized President Warfield up, a little doubtfully, in a letter to her son (November 20, 1888):

Well, President Warfield has been visiting us [at Hillsboro, Ohio]: . . . He is a funny fellow for a University president. Seems to me they might as well have elected you, save that he is over six feet high; talks exactly like the Southern girls, says "awfully nice," "just killed myself laughin'," and "son"; was much disposed to quiz and tease Ella, and argue with me; pleasantly, of course, but I can't but wonder a little at that grave board electing him with a salary of \$3500. One thing I liked about him was that he talked a great deal about his mother, who he says is an invalid and deaf; says he goes home once a month and tells her everything . . . Mr. Warfield keeps

house, and it is funny to hear him talk about cooking and it isn't unusual in Kentucky for a young man to keep house.

Mrs. McSurely was perturbed by Warfield's flippancy. She wrote to her son that, "I'll confess it seems to me there ought to be a middle-aged father at the head of affairs there [at Miami]."

Professor Cameron created much comment among the students. Ella McSurely described him in a letter to her mother:

Prof. Cameron is *great fun* for all his pupils. He is a regular Frenchman, very excitable, gestures all the time and is *excessively* polite. His bows are something wonderful, he stoops almost to the floor, and his gait is also peculiar . . . the boys say, "his feet get away from him," they always appear to be two or three feet ahead of the rest of his body.

In 1945, fifty-six years later, Professor Cameron wrote of his years at Miami as "the Golden Age of Innocence for those happy members of Miami's small newly young and patriotic Faculty." President Patton of Princeton told Cameron that Miami had produced more great men than any other institution in proportion to its number of students.

In the spring, Ella McSurely wrote to her mother that she had never had so much fun in her life. She was studying hard but learning much outside of books. Lectures and social affairs, plenty of beaux, and a general good time with young people were an education in themselves, she thought. Ella lived at Miss Sallie Molyneaux's select boarding house, and Miss Sallie always enjoyed seeing young people have a good time. Ella had fun, but she never did anything more daring than to walk out to "Osage Abbey," the picturesque country home of Joe and Adele Molyneaux, or to sit on Mary Kumler's front porch singing with a group of boys and girls, or to go on a serenade. Of one serenade she wrote:

We had a lovely time. We were out till after one o'clock.
The music was very pretty . . . Will Clough had his guitar and
Jack McCready his violin.

While Ella was at Miami, she helped to choose the Miami colors—scarlet and white. Fred Brookins and W. J. Greer, a Senior and a Junior, were on the committee with Ella. Professor Bridgeman had suggested the colors they chose.

President Warfield's first commencement was held in June

1889. Class Day exercises were given in the chapel. Seven large sedan chairs stood on the stage, each occupied by a large palm leaf fan bearing the painted numerals " '89." In single file, the Seniors marched in to the music of the orchestra. Each Senior solemnly deposited his class cane and his silk plug hat in a receiver and marched across the stage where he made an unintelligible mark on a blackboard. The combined marks made "89." Jack McCready gave the class oration, Will Clough the class history, and Will Rusk the class prophecy. Then Sam Townsend, dignified and sarcastic, "roasted" the Juniors. The Juniors retaliated. They had hired a Freshman to play a music-box in the gallery to distract the attention of the audience from Townsend. However, he was unabashed by the frequent interruptions. In a rough and ready style, Roscoe Mason answered the Seniors. Revenge was sweet. Finally, Townsend and Mason sat down together and smoked the pipe of peace.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of Commencement Day, the Beta Theta Pi fraternity was given a reception at the Western Female Seminary. At seven-thirty in the evening, the Betas with their ladies and a few invited guests sat down to a banquet in the old chapel which was then used as a museum. Lloyd Johnson, caterer of the University Club at Cincinnati, served the banquet. The room was decorated in the Beta colors. John I. Covington acted as toastmaster. Mrs. Hepburn, after the toasts had been given, rose from the banquet table and announced that the Betas had chosen a floral emblem, the rose. Mrs. Hepburn, her daughter Etta, and Miss McKee, Lady Principal of the Seminary, had chosen it. Three roses she presented to Mr. Covington who gave one to John Reily Knox, founder of the fraternity, and one to Samuel Taylor Marshall, co-founder. The next regular convention would doubtless adopt the rose as the fraternity flower, and each chapter would be asked to select some kind of a rose as a chapter symbol. The three roses presented that evening had been plucked from a bush that climbed over the verandah at the Western Female Seminary.

Miami was having many financial troubles, as she faced the Nineties. Calvin Brice, who attended the commencement exercises, offered to match any appropriation the state would

make. Letters from ex-President McFarland to his daughter Fannie described the way things looked to the anti-Warfield party. In one of those letters, he said:

The trustees of Miami appropriated nearly 30,000 doll. for the coming year, and that is about \$12,500 more than the total income—Brice will have to shut down pretty soon, or he will be left out in the cold. He will get tired of running the college . . . There will be small fun and no glory.

. . . The college cannot live long at its present extravagant expenditure of money—and excessive juveninity of its Faculty. That is "town talk in Oxford."

If he (McFarland) should be invited back, McFarland said, he might walk in only to be in at the death of the institution. If Warfield's administration were to succeed, there would have to be radical changes in the curriculum as well as the faculty. McFarland considered Warfield a Kentucky swell and thought little of his ancestor, Robert Breckinridge.

CHAPTER XIV

MIAMI IN THE 1890's

Many of the universities and colleges, both East and West of the Alleghanies, were co-educational by 1890. Miami University, however, was still a man's school. There had been no open antagonism to women students, but there had been a strong under-current of feeling against them.

The Miami faculty had been on excellent terms with Miss McKee and her teachers. In February 1890, Professor Bridgeman's engagement to Miss Watterman was announced. In June, President Warfield's engagement to Miss Tilton set the village to buzzing, for Warfield had been the darling of more than one female heart in town. A story was told that Warfield tossed a penny to decide which of two young ladies he would propose to, but that story smacks of the apocryphal.

The beginning of a new decade found the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity with newly-repaired rooms in the old Mansion House (southwest corner of High and Main), the very same rooms that Miami's first fraternal organization, the Alpha Delta Phi, had once occupied.

The Y.M.C.A. was now housed in the South Dormitory. Being in a chronic state of financial anemia, they gave an entertainment in May 1890 to remedy their condition. A program of illustrated poems, shadow pictures, and vocal and instrumental music was given in the G.A.R. Opera House, with the energetic Mrs. Snyder in charge. She was assisted by Professor Hoffman of Oxford Female College. "Maud Muller," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "The New Lochinvar" were illustrated by pantomime. Of special interest were the bicycle scenes in "The New Lochinvar," particularly the one in which Lochinvar came riding out of the West on his bicycle and carried off the farmer's daughter. In December, they gave another entertainment, the music being performed by Mrs. Snyder and the Banjo Club. Charles A. Wilson

and William H. Powers gave a colloquy as to whether or not the World's Fair should be open on Sundays.

Representative McMaken spent the summer in Oxford in 1890. He roomed at the dormitory, which gave him an idea. He wanted to build five or six four-room cottages on the campus. They could be rented by students during the school year and let to city families in the summer. The campus might well become a summer resort. McMaken had another idea, and that one stirred up a hornet's nest. He introduced into the Ohio House of Representatives a bill to consolidate Miami, Ohio State University, and Ohio University. Under fifteen trustees and with a special levy of one-seventieth of a mill for maintenance, Miami could be the School of Arts and Literature; Ohio State University could be the School of Mechanics and Agriculture, and Ohio University at Athens could be the Normal School.

R. W. McFarland, still smarting from his wounds, wrote of the McMaken bill to his family:

Mr. Warfield's advocacy of the McMaken amendment did more harm than good . . . I was told that when Brice was called on he made his statements straightforward and modestly, and that his word and manner were very much better liked by the committee than Warfield . . . But without state help, Miami can not get along. There is not enough money for ten professors—seven is all the college can afford.

Bitterly he commented, also, on the religious state of Miami:

Miami is the most religious place in the world—to *hear them tell it*. Every week they publish the name of the saint who conducted chapel service—or held forth at the Y.M.C.A., . . . &c.

Religious instruction was given regularly by Hepburn and Warfield. Bible classes met every Sunday afternoon for thirty minutes, and the classes were well attended.

The most important improvement on the campus was the new science building. There was talk of calling it Warfield Hall, but Calvin Brice had to donate so much money toward its construction, that it was only fair to name it Brice Hall.

Miami students were busy with a new hobby in 1890. They were kodaking. Many a beauty spot of Oxford, and many a likeness of Oxford's fair ones were preserved in sky-blue photographs as mementoes of happy days in the classic village.

Another new fad was the smoking of cubebs. The *Student*

complained that cigarettes were bad, Fardy Devine's (Irish janitor) pipe worse, but cubebs worst.

The Seniors of '91 gave a banquet at the University on February 16, 1891. It was a masculine frolic. Promptly at eleven o'clock at night the boys left the North Dormitory and proceeded to Old Main. There they were joined by others, making in all fifty men, masked and attired in sundry bizarre costumes. In a room on the second floor, Jacob Duerr, village caterer, served a supper of malaga grapes, oranges, bananas, apples, mixed nuts, orange cider, and ginger ale, topped off with cigars. Walter Tobey acted as toastmaster. The Banjo Club and the German orchestra played a few tunes, and then the boys adjourned to the chapel where they removed the seats and joined in a grand march. For an hour they danced and cavorted before they went out to wake up the town.

The next week, the Erodelphians gave their annual Washington's Birthday exhibition. The program was somewhat weighted with music, only two orations being given. Old loyalties were giving way to new. There was more interest in the Banjo Club than in oratory. The *Student* commented, "The music of the Miami University Banjo Club is great—simply 'Out of Sight.'" The Banjo Club had its inception at the first Y.M.C.A. reception in the fall of 1890.

In April 1891, big news broke. President Warfield was invited to become the president of Lafayette College at Easton, Pennsylvania. Warfield had rehabilitated Miami to some extent, at least he had put up a science hall and had made a number of changes in administration and curriculum. Warfield's enemies, however, were bitter in their denunciations.

Doctor Walker of the Oxford College made a big headline—"Dr. Walker Talks"—in the *Butler County Democrat*. Walker blamed Warfield with all the mismanagement of Miami's affairs. He told a reporter:

Miami University is certainly in a very deplorable condition . . . In the first place, the discipline at the University amounts to nothing. Only about forty students are now in attendance and as a rule they please themselves about getting their lessons.

Walker, being an alumnus of Miami, was sincerely interested in

her welfare. He pointed out that the students frequented the seven saloons and gambling houses of the town. There was so little supervision at Miami, he said, that even some of the trustees—and alumni, too—sent their sons elsewhere to college. One trustee had told Walker that he would not send his boy to Miami, for he was afraid he would go to the devil.

Walker had a remedy: The trustees should declare every professor's chair vacant, elect a president at a "first-rate salary" and find professors well known in this section of the country. The president should be the sort of man who could go across a field, talk education with a farmer's son, and induce him and others to attend the University. All boys should room in the dormitories under the supervision of married professors whose wives would exert a good moral influence. In fact, Miami men should not be allowed out of their dormitories after seven-thirty or eight o'clock at night.

"There has been mismanagement and gross mismanagement," declared Walker. Disgustedly, he mumbled something about a dude faculty, and closed the interview by saying that it would take a good man to build up Old Miami.

The *Miami Student*, highly indignant at Walker's tactless remarks, denied that Miami was in a deplorable condition, that its standards were low, that discipline was lax. The *Student* caustically inquired, "Why let these unruly drunken rowdies called students be allowed even to walk the streets?" Why allow sons and daughters "to be educated where such animals as Miami students roam free and unrestrained, supported in their actions by a *dude faculty*?" The *Student* continued:

Can it be that down West Street [College Avenue] rolls the waters of the Rubicon, separating the noisy haunts of Bacchus on the east from the groves of Minerva on the west?

But now comes the remedy and with it the millennium . . . Then we will be Mamma's boys and at 7:30 in winter and at eight o'clock in summer we will be tucked in our little beds and lulled to sleep with "Rock a bye baby." Then Oxford will have no need for local option, for the drug stores can supply alcohol for camphor.

The tennis courts will then be turned into onion beds, . . . boys won't have time from their studies [to play].

All the trustees and alumni will send their boys to Miami then. All the professors will wear Prince Albert coats and overalls. The first, to distinguish them from the tennis coats

of their predecessors, the second because they may have a pair or two left over.

The irate Student went on to say that co-education would probably be the next thing and that Miami men would wear mortar boards and gowns; that no Eastern professor would be allowed on the faculty because he might be in touch with higher education; that the new science building would be used for a wash-house, as there was a cistern handy.

Warfield offered his resignation. The *Butler County Democrat* declared that his successor should be a man experienced in Western colleges, a man who would be in sympathy with Western ideas, and one who would have that enterprise which is characteristic of the West. Warfield and his faculty had been too sophisticated for democratic Butler County.

These thrusts so aroused the students that they felt compelled to demonstrate their indignation. President Warfield was away when the *Democrat* published its second attack on the president and faculty of Miami. Whereupon the students met the president at the train with a brass band when he returned. Not one student remained at home. With plenty of red fire and firecrackers, and accompanied by about two hundred of their friends, the boys gave President Warfield a rousing welcome. After the train pulled in, a procession, headed by the president, marched up High Street and down to Warfield's house on Church Street. At every pause in the music, cheers went up for Miami, for Warfield, and for the faculty.

Upon reaching the house, the students assembled out in front. Walter Tobey, a Senior, introduced President Warfield who addressed them on the future of Miami. Then Professors Cameron, Hargitt, Collins, and Bridgeman were brought out on the piazza amid deafening cheers. Some one discovered Miss McKee of the Seminary in the house—there to comfort and sustain Mrs. Warfield, no doubt—and Miss McKee, “supported by President Warfield and Professor Cameron,” came out to speak to the students. Her remarks were greeted with a storm of applause, for Miss McKee was loved by the Miami students. The silence of the night was again broken by the cheers of the students for Miami, for the Seminary, for Mrs. Warfield, for the janitor,

and for Mrs. James Rusk, mistress of the South Dormitory. In their enthusiasm, they even cheered for co-education. There were no cheers for Doctor Walker.

Before school was out, Mrs. Rusk was advertising for summer boarders at Miami University. Mrs. Rusk pointed out the advantages of a summer on the spacious campus—natural forest, beautiful lawn, pure water, a good table. Oxford was only one hour from Cincinnati. Her rates were six dollars a week, with reduced rates for children and servants.

As usual, Class Day (1891) was a day of rip-roaring fun. To the music of the orchestra, the Seniors, arrayed in Oxford caps and gowns and headed by President Warfield, marched down the aisle and up to their seats on the platform. Walter Conger Harris, destined to become an eminent artist, gave the salutatory. Accompanied by Robert Hiestand at the organ, a Freshman quartette followed each speaker on the program with a topical song full of personal hits. This feature of the program, entirely unannounced, was a surprise.

Sam Stephenson delivered an oration thanking the Oxford people for their paternal interest, especially for sending anonymous letters promptly to a young man's parents if he happened to look at a college girl or step into a saloon. The class poet, Charles Wilson, was rewarded with a bunch of radishes. While Walter Tobey was giving the class history, a number of cats of miscellaneous breed were turned loose upon the stage, a performance that was extremely annoying to the speaker. At the close of his history, Tobey received "a modest looking beer keg." Robert Harvey Cook, class prophet, was presented with a fine large goose, in recognition of his known biological tendencies. Hinckley Smith, the sachem, roasted the Juniors. He received a deck of cards. After Asbury Krom responded for the Juniors, the orchestra played a lively air while the pipe of peace was smoked by Smith and Krom. This "piece of big music" was led by James Edwin Lough, with Walter Harris playing the tenor drum and William Chidlaw the horn. In tribute to the faculty, they performed "Warfield's Kentucky Reel," "Cameron's Hoboken March," "Collins's Lullaby," and "Hargitt's Dead March to Cats."

"The Junior Jim Jams" was a delicate musical compliment to the Juniors.

Meantime, the trustees were looking for a successor to Warfield. W. O. Thompson was being considered. William Jasper McSurely met him at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Detroit in May 1891. McSurely had been authorized to offer him the presidency, if Thompson pleased him. In a letter to his wife, McSurely said:

I have met Bro Thompson . . . He is better looking than I expected, has fine dark eyes . . . His wife died last December. Has three children . . .

I am pleased with him. He impresses me as a frank, straightforward man. Those who know him best are very warm in commending his manliness, that he is free from crankiness, is a substantial well-rounded man.

W. O. Thompson came to Oxford in the summer and immediately went to work. He was a man who could walk across a field and persuade a farmer's son to come to Miami.

In August, Ella McSurely wrote to her mother:

. . . She [Mrs. Faye Walker] says everyone is wonderfully pleased with Dr. Thompson, that Dr. Walker is working for Miami in his travels. She does not think much of Mr. Warfield . . .

Dr. Thompson and Dr. Walker are going to Connersville this afternoon to see two boys that have been going to Hanover, who Dr. Walker thinks will come to Miami. Tomorrow Dr. Thompson is going to Miamisburg. He is on the go continually and everyone seems to be impressed with his energy and interest . . .

Dr. Thompson told me in confidence to tell Papa that Arthur Miller and also his brother do not believe in miracles and they do not hesitate to announce their belief openly. Of course Prof Miller will not be elected. Dr. Thompson would like to get a U[nited] P[resbyterian] if he knew of any. Don't you know of some one he could get, so as to please the U.P. people and get the young people from around College Corner and Morning Sun?

Ella was looking for a room for her brother at Miami. She found that a double room or a large single room could be had for five dollars a term. Mrs. Rusk had charge of the South Dormitory, and there the halls were clean and there was a light in each hall. At the North Dormitory there was no one in charge but the boys; they had to grope through the darkness, and the halls were seldom swept. All the rooms on the second floor of "South" and three

on the third floor were already engaged, while only five rooms were engaged at "North."

The University opened in September with ninety-six students—it had closed in June with thirty-nine. The new president was working hard. Young women were urged to come to Miami, for fees were fees, whether they were paid by men or women. Seventeen young ladies swelled the roll at Miami: Ada Craig, Laura Allendorf, Maggie Hewitt, Lizzie Rush, Mary Stewart, Hattie Coleman, Myra Brown, Lizzie Roettig, Mabel Gillard, Jennie Brooks, Anna and Julia Bishop, Nellie Keely, Maude Toler, Frankie Wadleigh, Anna Gray, and the Misses Fitzgerald. Some of the Miami men boldly proposed to hold an indignation meeting to see what action might be taken against the co-eds, but the majority were willing to let the girls stay. Certain members of the faculty were averse to co-education and some said that they would not teach women. However, the women soon convinced the faculty that they could hold their own with men. Yet the women were not happy, for they complained of ill treatment. In June 1892, the board of trustees announced that women would be admitted to all regular college classes upon the same terms and conditions as men; they would no longer be "specials"; they were not expected, however, to enter classes in the Preparatory Department.

The thoughts of a Freshman in the fall of '91 are found in a letter that James McSurely wrote to his mother:

. . . I wish prof Snyders were out of here, I like him well enough. But every little noise Mrs. Snyder comes running to see what the matter is. None of the boys like her. Last year they threw stones in her windows, because she was always fussing around . . . The boys all like Dr. Thompson. I went to the Pres. church sun morn, and eve and chapel in the afternoon . . . The choir was composed of Mrs. Snyder. They are going to put water-works in the University and Dormitories.

In the early winter, the Edison electric light plant for the new Brice Hall was installed. Physics students, under the direction of Professor Snyder, wired the building.

The Phi Delta Thetas went to Chattanooga in great style in 1892. Joining a number of their brothers from the East, the West, and the North, they travelled, together with a bevy of young ladies, in two luxurious Pullman boudoir sleeping coaches char-

tered for the occasion. As the train pulled out of Cincinnati, there burst forth from Phi throats a noble yell:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rhu! Rhu! Rhu!
We are Phis!
Who are you?

Someone, slightly intoxicated by so much grandeur, wrote to the *Student*:

It was a delightful evening for traveling. As she slowly glides over its steel rails in the outset the queen of night could be observed through the car windows ascending the azure expanse of the sky. The *coup d'oeil* was grand in the extreme.

In March 1892 the Phi Delta Theta and the Beta Theta Pi fraternities announced the first Pan-Hellenic banquet ever to be given at Miami. Reservations were taken at three dollars a plate, a sizable price in 1892. Many alumni were expected.

A hazardous custom was discontinued by Doctor Thompson. The custom of painting Freshman class numerals on the "bull's eye" of the University tower had been started in 1887, and there had been strife between the Freshmen and Sophomores ever since. When a Freshman in 1892 shot down the Sophomore flag from the tower, Doctor Thompson thought it was time to put an end to so much foolishness. It was too dangerous for boys to scale the tower (eighty feet above ground) at midnight and to suspend one of their number from a frail support over the railing for a half hour to paint the bull's eye. The president had the tower window cleaned and neatly painted, and that was that.

Under the influence of President Thompson, there was a revival of interest in the Erodelphian Literary Society's annual celebration of Washington's Birthday. On that day, in 1892, in spite of snowdrifts and piercing winds, the Oxford band, under the direction of Billy O'Neal, assembled in the bandstand in the west park and discoursed patriotic airs with notable energy to a shivering audience.

That evening, even before the ringing of the bell, citizens and students wended their way to the college chapel. The program was opened by the Amphion Trio. The *News-Citizen* noted with pride that the numbers were not announced, "as every

person in the audience was favored with a programme." Vocal numbers by Miss Jennie Richey and the Miami University Quartette, violin numbers by Dr. Ebeling, and piano numbers by Miss Allen relieved the profundity of thought in orations that dealt with the weighty questions of temperance, immigration, citizenship, and politics.

"Undoubtedly the most gorgeous affair ever given in Oxford" was the masquerade ball and banquet given in honor of the Seniors in February. The "mazy dance" began in the "elegantly lighted chapel," promptly at ten o'clock. At half past eleven, caterer Jacob Duerr served the banquet. After a round of toasts, all adjourned to the campus where they formed a procession and treated the populace to a good old-fashioned walk-around till the small hours of the morning.

Equally enjoyable and elegant, but small and exclusive, was the party given for the Phi Delta Thetas by their sweethearts at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Young. The house was decorated in fraternity colors, and young ladies in white and blue dresses adorned themselves with carnation pinks. Refreshments and games vied with feminine charms as chief attractions of the evening.

A famous landmark of the early days was modernized in the second year of Doctor Thompson's reign. The old well north of Old Main was given a new pump. The ancient curb and the moss-covered bucket were no more. The water was still as sweet and cold as when old Doctor Bishop came to the college in the forest in 1824.

Doctor Thompson startled the village by publishing a card in the *Oxford News* notifying the public that the walnuts on the campus were for the exclusive use of the squirrels. Any person found taking these nuts or molesting the squirrels would be arrested and dealt with by the courts. Parents should so inform their children. Loafers and idlers were warned off the campus.

The late winter of Ninety-four had its quota of pranks. Always the chapel came in for a trick. This time someone took the matting off the floor and turned all the seats back to back at right angles to their customary position. Two lower classmen became the victims of a joke at Oxford College. While

calling on their lady friends at that institution, someone filled their hats with onions and hairpins and sewed their coat sleeves together. Pranking was a pastime that never grew old.

In the spring of '94, Phi Delta Theta set the social pace. They waxed the floor of the "big banquet hall" in their rooms till it was "smooth as glass." The smooth Phi Delts danced to the music of a mandolin and a guitar with Bessie and Leontine Hamilton, Delia Cone, Olive Flower, and Etta and Jeanette Gath. A week later, the "Phi reception" was pronounced one of "the most brilliant and successful" parties of the year. The rooms were decorated with Phi colors and "rare potted plants." Behind an embankment of flowers in a corner of the hall, Rocco Satalia, Dayton harpist, discoursed sweet melody. Hacks rolled up to the entrance from seven-thirty in the evening until nine, discharging friends from Oxford College, The Western Female Seminary, and "from Hamilton, Liberty, Millville, and other places." Fully a hundred guests were there. The Phi sweethearts had nobly assisted in all arrangements for the festive occasion.

Since 1825, Miami men had staged a frolic once a year. On a spring night in '94, about a hundred men formed in line, dressed in grotesque costumes of varied hue and fashion—some on horses, some on foot. At nine-thirty, they banqueted in the chapel and at eleven o'clock started out to do the town. Armed with shotguns, revolvers, red light, fireworks, tin horns, cow bells, and every conceivable noise-maker, this strange congregation which called itself Coxey's army, set out for The Western under the command of H. Martindell. There the girls were roused from their slumbers by a procession marching around the building, making enough noise to bring down the walls of Jericho but not the stout walls of the Seminary. The next place visited was Oxford College where the boys repeatedly fired off a huge cannon on the college lawn. Then a circuit of the village streets was made. At last, they returned to the campus and allowed the villagers to take an early morning nap.

A real Coxey's army visited Oxford in the summer of 1894. Coxey had led his army of unemployed to Washington, D. C., to state their grievances. He advocated the building and improving

of roads as a cure-all for unemployment, the expenses to be met by large issues of paper money. Late in July, Kelsey's division of Coxey's army arrived in Oxford on a Thursday evening and encamped on the Talawanda until Monday morning when they resumed their march to Washington. This division, organized in Omaha, Nebraska, in May, had dwindled from two hundred to thirty-eight men. This small but faithful remnant had marched almost a thousand miles. On Friday and Saturday evenings, "General" Kelsey made speeches in the park to large crowds that listened respectfully and attentively, but contributed little when the hat was passed. The General's appeal to the business men of Oxford and to the trustees of Oxford Township for financial assistance was met with stony indifference. The nondescript character of Kelsey's army dampened any enthusiasm that might have been felt for the cause. In November 1897, Coxey's son-in-law, Carl Brown, camped in Hamilton with his wife. He made speeches on the same old line with the same poor results.

The Kappa chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon tried an experiment in 1894. They rented A. F. Sloane's residence (southeast corner of South Main and Walnut) for a chapter house. Fraternities watched this new venture with interest. If the Dekes succeeded in maintaining a house, others would try it. At that time, there were few chapter houses in the state of Ohio. However, the Dekes wound up in an old brick mansion on the site of the present house at 216 East High Street.

In February 1895, the fourth annual Alumni Dinner was held at the Grand Hotel in Cincinnati. The elaborate menu was as follows:

Sherry		Blue Points
Celery		Olives
Lobster	Cream of Lettuce a la Newburg, in cases.	
Claret	Supreme of Chicken, Richelieu Puree of Spinach	
Champagne	Creamed Potatoes Roast Doves, au Cresson Julienne Potatoes	
Frozen	Sorbet Imperial Lettuce Salad Parisienne	
Cigars	Pudding, au Maraschino	Cherries
Cheese	Cakes Wafers	Fruit Coffee

In his after-dinner speech, President Thompson complained that Miami had lost several professors to such colleges as Harvard and Yale. Miami University, he declared, had limited ambitions and never hoped to become co-educational, nor to spread out beyond the classic and scientific fields. He thought the Miami Valley could almost keep the classes full.

President Thompson was loved by the students and liked by every one. It was said that he was a boy among his colleagues, a jolly good fellow among teachers, a granger among farmers, and a young man's friend among the students. He was in great demand as a preacher and as a speaker. President Thompson was a dynamo of energy and tireless in his labors for Miami.

The night after Washington's Birthday, 1895, a strange procession formed at ten-thirty—fifteen masked, white-robed figures carrying torches and bearing in their midst a small coffin with twenty candles burning on it. Silently the ghostly procession moved, now and then a wild and plaintive tootling of the bugle piercing the calm night air. At Oxford College these sheeted figures stopped to burn red light and chant a dirge. Turning back, they proceeded down High Street to a lonely spot on the campus where a funeral pyre had been prepared. A dirge, an obituary, cremation, invocation of spirits, an ode to the departed, requiem and benediction were performed with befitting dignity. The "Ode to the Departed," a humorous ode of many verses, was from the pen of young Alfred Upham, who would some day be president of Miami University. The cremation of the bier was the climactic event. What was in that dark and gloomy casket? Wells's College Algebras! The white-robed figures, who were they? The Sophomore Class. After the burning of the books, the grim figures marched to the home of E. P. Thompson, professor of mathematics. Nothing more fatal than a serenade was suffered by the professor, after which the spooks quietly dispersed. After all, the semester had ended, and the algebra course was finished.

In the fall of 1895, the President employed a new part-time professor. He was James Madison Chapman, Professor of Oratory at the University of Cincinnati. Trained under distinguished teachers of the East, including the brother of James E. Murdoch, Chapman was considered a real asset to Miami.

The Miami University Mandolin Club and the Miami University Quartette went on tour during the year 1895-96. In bright tan shoes, high collars, derby hats, and sharply-creased trousers, they traveled to Liberty, Reily, Eaton, New Paris, College Corner, Hamilton, and Connersville. When Paul Hoffman played a mandolin solo at Eaton, one lady said she never knew that so much music could come out of a gourd. At Millville, the church treasury was just five cents ahead after the boys had taken their cut.

The Mandolin Club gave an entertainment in the University chapel in January 1896. The *Oxford News* called it "one of those enlivening forget-me-not occasions which form a beautiful oasis in the desert of life." The *News* complimented the Club by saying that it was a "music-loving, heart-o'erflowing sextette," whose "numbers would awaken old Nature from her slumbers."

Miami University and Ohio University, land grant colleges, won the fight for a share of the state revenues in 1896. Doctor Thompson came home from Columbus tired and worn from the fight to get the bill through the legislature. His heart was gladdened by the enthusiastic demonstration of the students at the train. It was indeed a compliment, for at that time the students were so busy watching the construction of Oxford's waterworks that they could scarcely find time to meet the trains. When Doctor Thompson returned, a decorated carriage was waiting for him and Mrs. Thompson at the depot. It was drawn through the streets by jubilant students to the President's home. Doctor Thompson responded to O. L. Stivers' address of welcome in a brief speech on the success he had met, and predicted a rosy future for Miami.

In May 1896, the Sigma Chi Convention was held at Oxford. General and Mrs. Benjamin Piatt Runkle arrived early for the event, for Runkle was the most active of the seven original founders of Sigma Chi. While in session, the convention was entertained by Doctor and Mrs. C. O. Munns, by Oxford College, by The Western, and by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fenton. The parties were very elegant. The Dekes received the Sigma Chis at their chapter house one morning. On the last evening of the convention, the fraternity brothers repaired to the Knights of Pythias

Hall where they enjoyed a banquet. There were numerous toasts, and General Runkle eloquently told the story of the founding of Sigma Chi in 1853, paying a glowing tribute to its founders.

In June, the trustees of Miami University formally recognized Greek fraternities. Moreover, they authorized the Phi Delta Theta fraternity to build a large chapter house on the college campus. Calvin Brice had once offered to build a chapter house for the Dekes, but at that time the trustees had refused their consent.

Something new was added to the commencement exercises in 1896. It was a declamation contest. Professor Chapman presented his pupils to a crowded house. The Mandolin Club opened the program with a popular march. Alfred H. Upham then presented Tom Corwin's "Unjust National Acquisition." After three elocutionary numbers, the audience relaxed under the beguiling strains of *Stolen Kisses Waltz*, played by the Mandolin Club. Three more readings, then the *Company B. March* by the mandolinic sextette. Invigorated by the military march, the audience was ready to hear the pièce de résistance of the evening—T. B. Read's *The Revolutionary Rising* by Professor Chapman himself.

The next year, Professor Chapman gave another entertainment. To it he invited the faculties and Senior Classes of the three colleges, the clergymen of the village with their families, the resident officials of the University, and the family and guests of the Girard House. The program was given in the assembly room of the Miami Gymnasium. Selections from Shakespeare, Poe, Hood, Gray, and Lowell were listened to with "closest attention" and received "hearty applause." Under the direction of Mrs. Snyder the Ladies' Lyric Quartette embellished the literary program from time to time. In appreciation of his fine coaching, Professor Chapman received a large bouquet of rosebuds from Mrs. Thompson and the faculty. Professor Chapman was assisted in receiving his guests by Mrs. Thompson, the former Miss Clark of the Oxford College faculty. Ushers were representatives of the four fraternities—Simpson (Beta Theta Pi) Garrett (Sigma Chi), Grove (Delta Kappa Epsilon), and Stokes (Phi Delta Theta).

Class Day in 1897 was marked by the usual frolicsome spirit. The class poet was Alfred H. Upham; Lyle Evans was the class

prophet; Stanley Rowland, class historian; Earl Watt, class orator; and William Fowler, guitar soloist. With a noble speech, Dwight Huston presented the peace pipe, decorated in the Senior colors of blue and white, to John Roy Simpson. No Junior, he said, could be found to take "the cherished treasure," so it was given "to the tender hands of '99" for safe keeping. While the two sachems, dressed in Indian costume, puffed the pipe of peace, the Quartette sang most impressively a dirge:

Go bury poor Willie away, away
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the woodpeckers sing and the bumblebees play
And the straddle-bugs straddle all around.

John Roy Simpson, the brilliant young Sophomore chosen to receive the pipe of peace was a prominent student on the campus. On the editorial staff of the *Student* (1896-97), he succeeded Alfred Upham as the editor of the "Local" column for 1897-98, when Upham became editor-in-chief. One of Simpson's choice gems as "Local" editor was:

Afternoon chapel continues to be the one bitter drop in the average student's cup of Sabbath-day joy. It almost counter-balances the pleasure afforded by the blessed presence of the College girls at church.

Another "Local" referred to the minister of the Presbyterian Church. After the anthem was sung by the choir, the Reverend Mr. Robinson read: "In two days the Lord will revive us, and in three days we will live again."

John Roy Simpson was a prominent member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, a ready debater, an outstanding athlete, and was the president of the Junior Class. Campus activities and keeping fit as an athlete kept Simpson so busy, he was often forced to rise at five o'clock in the morning to study.

In World War I, Simpson attained the rank of Colonel. In 1930, Colonel Simpson gave to Miami University the charming little house that is the Simpson Guest House. He has been a loyal alumnus and friend of his alma mater.

Among the social affairs connected with commencement week at Miami in 1897 was the elegant Sigma Chi reception. Ella Mc-Surely, who had three invitations, wrote to her brother a detailed description of it:

The cab came for us a few minutes after eight. The house was decorated beautifully, Chinese lanterns in the yard and on the porches. In the house, the rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. White syringa, red peonies, and green vines. The white and red to represent the Miami colors. The stairway was banked with flowers, and the mantel-pieces, and every place that could be. I tell you it looked swell. Ed Hill helped the boys arrange things. You know he has a gift for decorating.

In the receiving line were Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Dr. Munns, Sydney McClintock, Jack Garrett and Sullenberger.

I saw lots of people I knew. The Seniors from the College were invited, a number of Western girls . . . and a number of town girls. The boys invited three from each of the other frats. Nearly all of the Professors and their wives were there. Dr. and Mrs. Walker, and one Western teacher. I should judge there were 75 or 100 people there. They served frappe all the time, and later on they had brick ice-cream and two kinds of cake.

I had a splendid time . . . I tell you the reception was a swell affair, and the Sigs "done noble." . . .

Tell Mama I wore my yellow silk, and I was very warm and comfortable. I steered clear of all drafts and open windows and didn't go out of the house . . .

In connection with the Senior reception at Oxford College, Ella wrote that a great many town people were there. Of one of Miami's future presidents she said:

Dr. Upham and Harry Scott came home with us. Mr. Upham is one of the seniors. He is considered the brightest fellow in the University. I expect you have seen his poetry and drawings in the Student.

The Erodelphian Literary Society, in spite of its long and proud history, was suffering a decline—boys were more interested in athletics than in debate and oratory. The Student commented: "Some say that when she was very weak, her sons began to play football—and that worried her into a state of unconsciousness." The society proved this a slander by electing ten new members the next year, raising their membership to twenty.

In 1897, the Erodelphians had four Seniors graduating—W. J. Hale, Lyle S. Evans, E. H. Watt, and J. R. Bickley. The Seniors of Miami Union Literary Society were A. C. Shaw, D. M. Huston, A. H. Upham, and Frank P. Zerfass.

Alfred Upham reflected glory upon the Miami Union by winning special honors in Latin and by being appointed to teach Latin the next year in place of Professor Langsdorf who was going abroad for a year. Upham's oration on Commencement Day—"Literature and Politics"—was considered "one of the most

scholarly and dignified ever delivered at a Miami University commencement." "His reading was easy and inspiring, while the matter of his oration commanded the closest and most appreciative attention."

At the close of this year (1897), Doctor Thompson was more popular than ever. The *Oxford News* declared that it would require a library to recite the grandness of the man, and to recite his noble unselfish labors for the University would require a volume. Doctor Thompson was a Western man's man. He refused to carry a cane or wear an ulster. Wherever he went he found Miami alumni ready to help him. David Moore (Miami '71), editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, said that Thompson was "a Presbyterian minister with a Methodist soul."

In the fall of 1897, the students organized the Miami University Band, with Paul Hooven as official drum major. There were about a dozen available instruments and as many musicians.

Improvements in curriculum, extra-curricular activities, and on the campus buildings and grounds continued steadily under the guiding hand of President Thompson. It was not long, however, before the threat of war disturbed the minds of the students and the faculty.

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On the evening of February 15, 1898, the United States battleship *Maine* was blown up in the Havana harbor. On March 11, Congress began to mobilize the regular army. Still President McKinley sought to avoid war. The *Miami Student* somewhat querulously expressed the opinion that, "If some excitement would arise somewhere else, the war with Spain would soon fade away and be forgotten." It was all newspaper talk, the editor said.

But in April, even before Sampson bombarded Matanzas, Oxford citizens were fighting the war every night in the corner grocery. The *News* carried a rhyming description of those goods-box battles:

We've sunk her famed torpedo fleet,
It didn't take an hour;
We've captured Cuba forty times,
And shorn Spain of her power;
We've stormed Madrid and taken it,
And put the Dons to flight;
You ought to see us light our pipes
And whip Spain every night.

Charles Wright, veteran of the Civil War, wrote a stirring song, "Marching Through Cuba," set to the tune of *Marching Through Georgia*. "Pap" Grennan, another veteran, wrote two songs: "Our Banner," set to the tune of *Sherman's March to the Sea*, and "After the War," which was sung to the tune of *After the Ball*. *Admiral Dewey's Two-step* was a popular dance number.

Men were answering McKinley's call for troops, and a few boys from the community were joining up; two or three joined Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. "If our troops once land in Cuba," boasted the *News*, "after the dons are shelled and then dusted by the infantry, the Rough Riders will . . . shave the long-haired, long-whiskered dons until their own mothers will not be able to identify them."

An Oxford boy, Lieutenant Paul Millikin, raised a company for the First Ohio Infantry. The regiment was expected to go to Cuba or Porto Rico. Robert Schlenck and Lawrence Grennan of Oxford, anxious to take a crack at the Spaniards, joined up.

Several Miami boys volunteered for the service late in April. By May 8, only three had been accepted—J. H. Howard, S. F. Van Pelt, and J. R. Griffis. Van Pelt was the Miami University Band's snare drummer, Griffis its first B-flat cornet. It was President Thompson's policy to advise the boys not to rush into the war. By his wise counsel, he kept most of the boys in school, though they were a restless lot. The *Student* recorded the names of only seven boys who went into the army—Howard, Van Pelt, Millikin, Boyle, Fee, Keys, and Fahnestock who joined the Red Cross. According to the Bartlow roster, Franklin T. Dubois served as a captain and assistant-surgeon, and Ernest A. Ittner served with the Third Nebraska.

The most colorful Miamian in the Spanish-American War was Jacob Hurd Smith, who had attended Miami in 1859. He had been a notable Indian fighter in his youth and had been an officer in the Civil War. In the war with Spain, he held the rank of major. By his sizzling tirade against Teddy Roosevelt, while in the Philippines, he won the title of "Hell-roaring Smith." He became Brigadier-General Smith in 1901.

During commencement week in June, the war received some attention. In the declamatory contest, John C. Parrett recounted

the cause of and apologized for the war in an original declamation entitled, "A War for Humanity." President Thompson dwelt upon the war in his baccalaureate sermon. Some of us, he said, declaim against entangling alliances, and some of us affirm that we must put the United States where she can control the Western Hemisphere and keep a strong hold upon the destinies of Asiatic civilization. The reasons for that assertion of power he considered "intellectual, moral and Christian." He prophesied that "Africa and South America may yet furnish the battlefields of the world."

It was about this time that Edwin Emerson returned to New York from a dangerous mission to Porto Rico as a spy. After some hair-raising adventures, he returned to the United States with valuable maps, sketches, and facts concerning the fortifications and the army on the island, which he submitted to the War Strategy Board. Teddy Roosevelt said of him in Cuba, "Danger acts upon him like sweet wine." When Colonel Roosevelt presented young Emerson to his wife on their home-coming, he said: "I bring you the most unmanageable of my Rough Riders, Edwin Emerson, gentleman adventurer."

In July, assaults against Spanish positions took place under a huge maple on West High Street. The Oxford board of strategy favored the advancement of Captain Charles D. Sigsbee three ranks for his gallantry before San Juan. The Millikin Relief Corps, for the benefit of army nurses at the front, gave a lawn fete at Mrs. Wealthy Corrington's on West High Street, where the Standard Oil station now stands.

In August, news of the peace was received with joy and relief. The scene was described in the village paper:

At the post office, Old Glory was unfurled and the news of the peace spread like wild fire . . . The band was notified and expressed a readiness to run out at any appointed time. The hour was set for 7 p.m. The church sextons were notified and at that hour, the band left their room, the bells rang, the whistles blew and anvil and shot gun belched forth their applause . . . The citizens of Oxford turned out and in a short time the sidewalks were crowded, everybody speaking pleasant words. The country people came crowding in, attracted by the unusual din and soon joined in the common congratulations.

The display of fireworks on the public square by Philip Faber was entirely creditable.

Some of the stores and notably W. H. Gillard, displayed colored lights.

The musical tones of St. Mary's bell filled the space between the booming of the town bells.

Now that the war was over, Oxford relaxed. They laughed at "Pap" Grennan's story of the Englishman who said that before the war Manila was spelled with two hells, but since the war, with one hell—the Americans knocked one hell out of it.

An October issue of the *Student* carried an editorial headed, "The Hispano-American War." It solemnly took leave of the war by saying that it was significant that the United States, a new nation in the New World, had fought the first war for the proclaimed cause of humanity, and there was a bright and glorious future for America. In December, the *Student* noted that the Peace Conference was sitting in Paris. Soberly, it wondered if the United States could keep from being intoxicated by her power. The country had come out of the war richer and more powerful; her exports and commerce had increased tremendously the last year. "War," the editor said, had been "a great big advertisement" of articles of American manufacture, of American ability, and of America in general. Anxiously he propounded the question, "Will she meet her possibilities aright?"

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While the war was being fought, the trustees of Miami University never faltered in their plans for the advancement of the school. In the summer, they decided to build a power house and install a central steam plant which would be connected with the main building and the two dormitories. Later it could be extended to Brice Hall and Herron Gymnasium. The dormitories would be repaired and electric lights and bathrooms installed. The next thing they would attempt would be the erection of a library building.

In July, the trustees decided to build an east wing onto the main building and to lengthen the west wing thirty feet to correspond with the new wing. A second tower would be built to correspond with the first one. The enlarged west wing would provide larger recitation rooms and an additional office for the president on the first floor. The chapel would be changed considerably. The stage would be placed at the east end then occupied by a gallery, and a new gallery would be built in the west

end. The floor would be sloped and opera chairs installed for about five hundred people. Improvements on Old Main were estimated at \$25,000 by Hannaford & Sons of Cincinnati.

In the midst of the building activity on the campus, the next year, the *Student* wondered what the next generation would be reading. In a troubled frame of mind, this college sheet noted that *Rupert of Hentzau* would have to be rebound, its covers were completely worn out. How much more would the literary taste of the students decline? Why, fifty years ago, students literally wore out copies of *Paradise Lost* and *Watts on the Mind!*

Commencement 1899 was a time of jubilee. Old Main had been enlarged and renovated for Miami's Diamond Anniversary. Fifteen hundred flags waved from shop windows and doors and from every available place that week. Every street in Oxford was a promenade.

The new library room, gaily draped with bunting, was used as a reception room. The University chapel was "tastefully decorated" by Ed Hill. The painting and frescoing of the chapel was done by two young men of the town. On Sunday the remodeled chapel was dedicated and named Bishop Chapel. The sermon was both a baccalaureate and a dedicatory sermon. It was preached by Chancellor Henry MacCracken (Miami '57) of the University of New York.

For the entire week, the Buckeye State Band played for the assembled company. Annoyed because the Hamilton band had not been invited to play, the *Butler County Democrat* peevishly remarked, "Our own band is in excellent condition and fit to play before McKinley." Additional music for the various programs was furnished by the Merz Mixed Quartette from the Methodist Church and a double quartette from the University.

On Tuesday afternoon, a threatening sky and drenched grass made it necessary for the Class Day exercises to be held in Bishop Chapel. John Roy Simpson, president of the Senior Class, "summed up the situation in a few well chosen words . . . and started the machinery." G. T. Poor, the class prophet, settled many scores with the village folk besides forecasting the future of his classmates. "It was the most thorough piece of 'score-settling' since the Deluge." The most significant part of the ceremony, as

usual, was the smoking of the peace pipe. In spite of some obstinacy on the part of the pipe, the smoke clouds of strife were puffed away "to reveal the serene sky of peace." When "the last hatred-tinged memory of class rushes and tower fights had floated into nothingness with the smoking of the pipe of peace," W. H. James accepted for the Junior Class the mantle of the Senior Class. Somehow or other, a class poem failed to materialize, but there was a class song, which would have been a glory, indeed, had there not been so much disagreement among the singers as to how the tune went.

Following the Class Day exercises, on that same afternoon, the Phi Delta Theta fraternity celebrated their semi-centennial. That fraternity had been founded in the North Dormitory on the evening of December 26, 1848. Reverend Robert Morrison ('49) and John Wolfe Lindley ('50), two of the founders, were present. Promptly at three o'clock, the Phis marched into the chapel that had been decorated with flowers and the fraternity colors. The Buckeye Orchestra from Dayton enlivened the occasion with music and many speeches were made. Doctor Andrew Carr Kemper read the anniversary poem, "Our Fifty Years."

Formal invitations had been issued to fair friends. On tip-toe were the ladies from the surrounding towns. From Hamilton the La Coterie Club, with a chaperone, arrived and took lodgings at Oxford College. Both Oxford College and The Western had been turned into lodging houses during the Diamond Jubilee.

At eight o'clock, the fraternity gave a general reception at the new Herron Gymnasium, which had been elaborately decorated with the argent and azure of Phi Delta Theta. On one wall was hung the immense American flag that had flown over the Ohio Building at the World's Fair, on another wall was a large Phi flag. On one side of the hall, there were "two palm-shrouded bowers, one for refreshments and one for tete-a-tete." Mrs. Faye Walker headed the receiving line. Other Oxonians in the receiving line were the Misses Bessie Hamilton, and Etta and Jeanette Gath. To the strains of the Buckeye Orchestra of twenty pieces, the dancers glided over the polished floor. Electric fans and electric lights were then new enough to be mentioned with pride. Over two hundred and fifty guests were present. Karl

Zwick and Harry Weidner were given unlimited credit for the success of the affair.

On the same evening, the Dekes received in their chapter house on High Street. At the Oratorical Contest, John T. W. Stewart won the gold medal.

On Wednesday morning there was an alumni meeting. In the evening, the annual dinner was given at Herron Gymnasium. Five hundred people were there to partake of spring chicken, fresh peas, new potatoes, olives, pickles, salted nuts, cold roast beef, tomato salad, brown bread, strawberries and ice cream, cakes, and coffee. Greetings were read from Governor Bushnell. Among the distinguished speakers were Whitelaw Reid, General Gates Thruston, and Chancellor MacCracken.

In the afternoon at four o'clock, Miss McKee held a reception at The Western for the visitors.

Wednesday evening was a large evening. There were literary society reunions at seven o'clock in the society halls. In the Erodelphian Hall, ex-members engaged in an animated debate on the Philippine question. At eight o'clock, the citizens of Oxford contributed their share of the entertainment—fireworks and a band concert on the public square. At the same hour the Dekes held their banquet. At nine o'clock the Phi Delt and Beta banquets were beginning. The Sigma Chis gave their banquet the same evening at ten o'clock at the Gear Hotel (now Doctor Stafford's office and apartments). General Benjamin Piatt Runkle, founder of Sigma Chi, acted as toastmaster.

On Thursday the commencement exercises were held. Three orations were given that day, significant of the times: Harry Scott, "Democracy in Prospect"; John T. W. Stewart, "The Responsibility of Americans"; and "A Plea for Diplomacy" by John Roy Simpson. Philip Shera and Lee Lantis withdrew their orations to give more time to Whitelaw Reid, the commencement speaker.

Reid's speech, "Our New Duties," was on a controversial subject. What should we do with the fruits of victory after the close of the Spanish-American War? Reid was one of the great journalists of his day, and had been a member of the Peace Commission that terminated the war in 1898. What he had to say was

discussed by the press all over the country. Reid felt that now that the war had been fought, the United States would have to accept the responsibilities of the victor to establish and to maintain order in Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippine Archipelago. "No matter what we wish," he said, "the old Continental isolation is gone forever." Reid argued that the United States had the constitutional right to hold the conquered territory, thus seeking to counteract the arguments of so-called anti-imperialists. Having chosen to go to war and having won the war, the United States should be ashamed even to think of running away from what inexorably followed, he said.

The speech was generally well received by Republicans, but a statement that the United States was to blame for the state of rebellion in the Philippines caused considerable unfavorable comment. Reid said that Aguinaldo should never have been allowed to gather an army without interference by the United States troops. At a Cabinet meeting in Washington, D. C., this statement was "disagreed with heartily and with spontaneity." The question was asked why Reid was so critical in his Oxford address. A Washington correspondent to the *Butler County Democrat* wrote that many persons in Washington remembered that Reid had been thwarted in his ambition to succeed John Hay as Ambassador to Great Britain. They suggested that Reid was still angry with President McKinley for appointing Joseph Choate.

The speech stirred up a storm of protest by those who contended that the United States had no constitutional right to extend her territory. But Reid had argued his case well. It was the polished and thoughtful address of a scholar and a statesman.

After the excitement attending the Diamond Jubilee had died down, Miami University received a shock. President Thompson resigned to accept the presidency of Ohio State University at Columbus. Late in the summer, David Stanton Tappan was elected president.

The new president came to a flourishing school, with cordial relations existing between Miami and the two women's colleges. The prospects were bright. In thirty years, Miami had declined, had closed her doors, and had reopened under adverse circum-

stances. McFarland had put her house in order. Warfield had liberalized her curriculum and had built a new science hall. Thompson had built up her enrollment, improved her physical equipment, and broadened her entire educational program. Miami had assumed her rightful place among the outstanding colleges of the West.

